THE RED HILLS

UNDER THE WELSH MOUNTAIN

THE RED HILLS

A Record of Good Days Outdoors and In, With Things Pennsylvania Dutch

BY

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"Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home."

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TO

S. M. W., C. N. W. *and* A. M. W.

PREFACE

It is no more possible to generalize about the Pennsylvania Dutch than about any other American stock. We are of every sort and condition, just as are the New England Puritans, the Scotch-Irish of the Alleghenies, and the Virginians from Tidewater or Valley. If you come to conclusions about us from what our story-tellers have written of us you will put us down as almost all of one class. These writers have chosen, nine out of ten of them, to consider only the more primitive of us, for it is among such folk, as Wordsworth long ago pointed out, that you find emotions least concealed, and language most picturesque.

Philadelphia, too, though it is as basically "Dutch" as Quaker, likes to emphasize our provincial ways. To it we are "Country Dutch." Its newspapers and the gossip of its people dismiss us cavalierly, as the city is apt to dismiss the country. And this dismissal is often acquiesced in even by that large part of Philadelphia that is itself of ancestry come from Germany in the first half of the eighteenth century, and resident on farms more or less remote from the city for a hundred years.

I have no quarrel with the phrase "Country Dutch" in itself, but only with its use in a sense that will narrow all to whom it is applied to uniformity. Nor have I any quarrel with the phrase "Pennsylvania Dutch." It is "Dutch" that we call ourselves, or "Deitsch," according to the language that we use, and it is "Dutch" that our neighbors and all our countrymen call us. It is pedantry, and worse than pedantry, to insist on "Pennsylvania German." The rank and file of us do not so

insist. We are as glad to be "Dutch" as New Englanders are to be "Yankee."

We are, of course, pretty generally of middle-class origin, as are most Americans whose forbears left Europe in Colonial times. There were peasants among the first comers, and some of us were held to the condition of farm laborers until a generation ago. There were upper-class folk among the German settlers, and some families continued to send their sons back to the old country to marry until as late as the early nineteenth century. We have, like other Americans, our share of crests and coats of arms.

There was wealth among us almost from the earliest immigration, before 1700. Homes more than comfortable were plenty even before the Revolution. In the prosperous days that followed quickly on that struggle's end, not a few estates that can rightly be called manorial were laid out by German Americans in the triangle of southeastern Pennsylvania whose three corners are Philadelphia and Easton and York.

There was learning among us from the first. Pastorius was only one of the scholars among those who laid the foundations of Pennsylvania Dutchland with the settlement of Germantown in 1683. There were many artisans of high skill too among the early immigrants; printers, potters, turners, gunsmiths, weavers, wine-makers, and a score others. No output of America's eighteenth century press compares to the *Martyr Book* of Ephrata, of 1748-49. David Rittenhouse, super-artisan and scientist in one, is but the first in a long line of wideners of horizons. Leidy is of the line, and not its least.

There were many of the makers of America among the early emigrants from Germany, Conrad Weiser first among them. No other man of the mid-eighteenth century was so effective a mediator between whites and Indians as he, and so potent to reduce the danger of raids. From his day to General Pershing's, we have contributed our share of leaders to America.

Good music flourished first in America among the Germans of Pennsylvania. Even to this hour, it has its place as one of the recognized phases of social entertainment. The country band is to be found everywhere in our "Dutch" counties; singing societies prosper; and orchestras, often surprisingly large, and playing the best music, are not uncommon in country towns. Moravian churches are famous for their Bach and Haydn and Mozart, and the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, in many instances, do not, in this respect, fall far short of the Moravian.

No other phase of our culture reveals more clearly the many sorts and conditions of us, social, intellectual, and spiritual, than our churches. We range all the way from the ritualistic Lutherans, through the German Reformed and Moravians, to the Methodist-like Evangelicals, and such plain and Quaker-like sects as Schwenkfelders and Dunkards, Mennonites and Amish.

They will tell you that the Pennsylvania Dutch are what they are because of a hundred years and more of isolation. They will tell you that we have been cut off alike from the Rhine Valley and the Switzerland from which we came, and from the English-speaking districts about us. Neither of these statements is true of a majority of us, though the one may be true of a remote countryside and the other of a sect. From the middle years of the eighteenth century, when the first great waves of emigration from Germany had begun to subside, we have never ceased to be recruited by arrivals from Germany.

The Hessians who came here with the British armies remained in large numbers. The opening up of new areas of our back country that followed the establishment of normalcy after the Revolutionary War brought many Germans. The troubles in Germany that led to Eighteen Forty-Eight forced emigration, much of which found its way to Pennsylvania. The eighteen-fifties saw no cessation of the flow.

There were always among these later arrivals from Germany workmen who brought the oldest traditions of their crafts as they had persisted in the Fatherland, and other workmen who brought the latest developments in their crafts. Think, too, how many artisans from Germany were among the creators of what we regard as distinctively American products, such as Wistarburg and Stiegel glass. Caspar Wistar's glass blowers and decorators in Alloway, New Jersey, were old-country men. Such, too, were most of Stiegel's in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Potters came to Stiegel's town of Manheim from Germany even as late as the eighteen-fifties, and made, in Gibbel's pottery, pitchers and sugar bowls and hanging baskets with decorations that cannot be distinguished from those of South German wares. So, too, came other potters from Germany, about the same time, to Fritztown and Shillington in Berks County.

England kept in constant contact with Pennsylvania Dutchland from 1790 to 1840 through the output of its potteries. It decorated porcelain and soft paste to suit our taste. Spatterware with peacocks and tulips and pomegranates in gay colors and those kinds of Leeds and Bristol and Staffordshire known now as "gaudy Dutch" were made especially for us and almost only for us.

Stiegel's glass went all over the colonies. Its successors followed wherever it had gone, to supply the market it had made. Our slipware was imitated in New Jersey and Long Island and Connecticut potteries down to 1850.

Our people, home-loving though they are as a race, have their restless elements, and "Dutchmen" with a wanderlust found their way to all corners of the states. Young men were always going to the cities, and settling there, some of them. These men went home, naturally, from time to time, and kept their country relatives in touch with the center. Always families were moving west, and, from 1790 on, emigration to

western Pennsylvania and Ohio was continuous. Families moved, too, down into the Valley of Virginia. Immediately after the Revolution loyalist Dutchmen emigrated to Ontario, giving parts of Canada much of the look of sections of their native state. There grew up, thus, many outposts of Pennsylvania west and south and north of Pennsylvania. The goings to and fro between long-settled places and the outposts helped to keep all sections from stagnating.

Always in the home counties of Pennsylvania there were Americans of Scotch-Irish and Welsh and English stock side by side with those of German stock. Intermarriage and all other social contacts tended to keep us a part of America. Most of us were bilingual, and English books found place side by side on our shelves with books in Latin and German brought from the old country and with books in German printed by Saur and Billmeyer in Germantown and by the Brethren in Ephrata.

In the pages that follow I am chiefly concerned with those characteristics and habits and modes of thought that distinguish the Pennsylvania Dutch from their neighbors in America. It must not be forgotten, however, that we were never, as a whole, a people apart, though clannish in some of our orders, and clinging, in most of our orders, to the ways of our ancestors. It is in the country that we have remained most conservative, and have retained Old-World habits and objects of household art in the old tradition. And it is from the angle of the country that I have looked at ourselves and our relations to the world.

CORNELIUS WEYGANDT

Germantown,
Christmas, 1928

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I. M.
Oswald Seidensticker,
who taught me much of
my people

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

The Red Hills

WHEN anyone refers to our "Dutch" up country the first image that rises before my inward eye is one of red hills. High ploughland rolls away from a climbing road sparsely lined with cedars, ploughland as warm a red as the freshly worn road I am following. As the ridge is topped, another ridge, red like this one I am passing over, shoulders up across a valley, and above and beyond the farther hill low mountains lay their dim blue across the horizon.

So it is in Bucks and Montgomery and Berks; so it is in Lebanon and Dauphin and York; so it is in—many "Dutch" places elsewhere. The redness of the soil is now because of triassic sandstone, and now because of Mauch Chunk shale, and now because of iron in the limestone. The blue of the mountains in the offing is only the blue of distance, but for all that a solid background to the little world we look upon. Always they lie there, the Blue Mountains, the line, in many places, between the "Dutch" and other folks who have not such a predilection for good land.

We have, of course, gone over the Blue Ridge, and over the Alleghenies, and over the Plains. We have left our impress on Ohio and Indiana and Illinois, on Iowa and Kansas and Cali-

fornia. There are Swiss barns from the Atlantic to the Pacific; but it is the red hills of southeastern Pennsylvania that is our home country, the center of our culture. It is said we could smell limestone from the tidewater where we landed on our coming to America, and it is certain we found our way to rich land as if by instinct. We had no overmastering love for red hills as such perhaps, but we found our way to them because, so often, they enfolded the limestone valleys of our choice.

Red the color we did love and do love, even better than yellow or white. Red we love wherever it may be, in soil, in burnt brick and tiling, in the paint we put on our barns, in the flowers that make gay our dooryards in summer and our windows in winter, in the many fashions of our household art. We maddered or red-stippled our rude furniture in pine, light-stands, tables and cupboards. We put red into our woven coverlets and patchwork quilts, into our rag carpets and hooked rugs, into our samplers and door towels, on our painted tin and enamelled glass, into our pottery, into our illuminated writing.

Nature, too, indulges us in red, not only in our soil, but in the redtop of our fields, in the autumnal red of our maples and oaks, and in a half dozen berried trees and shrubs, dogwood, viburnums and black alder prominent among them. These vivider reds of berries, so much rarer than the duller reds of soil and grass and autumn leaves, of barn paint and bricks and roofs of tile, give sharpness to the sense of redness one gets from our landscape as it appears from autumn to spring. There are places where snow lies long in our undermountain country, but even here there are more winter days when the ploughed lands are bare and red than when they are white with snow.

It so happens that my familiarity with our tier of counties from Franklin to Monroe is largely the outcome of visits in hard weather. I know Franklin and Berks at the top of spring, and Adams and Montgomery in high summer; I know Lancaster and Lebanon in the late harvest of September; and North-

ampton and Monroe when the mountains are leopard pied in black and red and gold, in black of spruce and red of maple and beechen gold. At will I can recall our countryside at any time of the changing seasons, but the image that comes up out of memory without will at mention of it is of the red hills of late fall and of the long winter and of early spring. A road climbs, red and cedar lined; ploughed land, red and bare, rolls up to farm buildings of red and white; beyond, low mountains of misty blue dim into the gray of the sky.

GEORGICAL

It is a worn witticism in Pennsylvania that we still vote for Andrew Jackson in Berks. This saying, interpreted with sympathy for us, means that things change so slowly in the heart of the Red Hills that people are doing there what they did in the days before the Mexican War. Interpreted without sympathy for us it means that the "Dumb Dutch" do not know that the world moves. A libel, some of us declare the last interpretation, a half libel others. There are those among us who will admit it has in it a modicum of truth, if it be taken, of course, figuratively. In any event it serves to point out that we Pennsylvania Dutch are the most conservative people in America. We still approve strongly of all Andrew Jacksons, of their works and of their ways.

There is one large exception to our conservatism. We have always been quick to accept new developments in farming, new kinds of agricultural machinery, new ways of fertilizing land, new breeds of stock, new grains and grasses and varieties of fruit. Barred Rocks and silos and alfalfa became the vogue in all the "Dutch" counties as quickly as anywhere in the States.

Old ways, however, in household economy, in family government, in allegiance to church and political party, did persist among us longer than in almost any part of the country. Down

to 1900 the standards and the ways of living were about what they had been for a century. We were still largely a farming people, with nearly all the old-country crafts demanded by a farming people descending from father to son among artisans who were also something of artists.

So, at the end of the nineteenth century, it could be said that the barn was the symbol of the Pennsylvania Dutch, people and countryside. The barn dominated the life of the farm as its greater proportions dominated the many other buildings, and the plantings of trees, orchard trees and shade trees both, about the homeyard. The barn generally stood well out of the dooryard, and sometimes across the road from the house, than which it was from five to seven times larger. Forty feet by sixty feet was a usual size for a bank barn, forty feet by eighty feet no unusual size, and forty feet by a hundred feet of more than rare occurrence.

All the family worked, at certain seasons, in and about the barn. There were hard chores enough elsewhere for all hands. All the year round the women folk had a heavy routine of cleaning and cooking and handling of milk, and, in addition, at this season and that, other special chores in house and summer kitchen, ground cellar and smoke house, oven and garden. Their daily trips to the barn to hunt eggs or tend chicks or poults were sometimes a relief from duties about the house. It was wearing labor they did in the barn at harvest time.

The men had, too, according to the season, heavy work in fields and woodlot and limestone quarry. It was in and about the barn, however, that all this work culminated. Here, and in the offices hereabouts, all the yield of the farm was stored, and the storing, like the producing and harvesting, demanded determined and long-continued energy. It was haying, of course, that brought all the household, family and help, to united effort in the barn. In old days this turning in of the entire man power of the place was almost universal, and on the poorer hill

farms, where hired help was lacking, the women folk lent a hand with father and sons, until well to the end of last century.

In most cases all, young and old, weaker and stronger, turned in with right good will. Family pride has always been strong among us. We had to submit to a patriarchal system of family control, but we knew that the place and all that in it was would be left to us children. Father might take from son every cent that the son earned until he was twenty-one, if that son worked out, and as a matter of course father paid son nothing for his work at home. Father might give son spending money, or the son might have to get mother to "knock it down" for him in one way or other, but, as a rule, when the son was twenty-one and wished to marry, father would give him a slice off the home farm to build upon and run, or help to set him up for himself on some place in the neighborhood.

If the barn was in good upkeep, and full at the right time of the year, it spoke to all the little world of the neighborhood, and to the stranger who might come within our carefully shut gates, of the prosperity of the place, *our* place. This was, of course, in the days when the children intended to be farmers, too, in the days before the cigar factory and clothing factory and silk mill had invaded our countryside, and when there were only the railroad and the foundry to draw away boys from the farm, and very little at all to draw away the girls.

There were a few, as might be expected, who revolted against the tyranny of the farm, as they were pleased to call it, even before the eighteen-nineties, but they were the exceptions. Now, fully half of the young folks, boys and girls alike, are gone to town or working in the local factories that have been established along the railroads which penetrate our countryside. Those who did so revolt in the old days would say that it wasn't right to be slaves to the farm, and yet they would not advocate the cutting down of the size of the place. There were farms of all acreages, of course, in our share of Pennsylvania, but the quarter section had been the basis of the country's

occupation, and one-hundred-and-sixty-acre farms and eighty-acre farms were still prevalent in many sections. In others there had already occurred that cutting up of the ancestral place among the owner's sons, of which I have spoken. I have come upon places, in Lancaster County oftenest, where there were houses of all ages fairly close together on the pike, the original quarter sections having been cut into ribbon-shaped farms to accommodate the children who were willing to stay at home. It was curious that here, in a district almost solely devoted to farming, a division of land should have occurred very like that arranged for in the laying-out of Germantown. In Germantown the properties ran back, in narrow strips, for more than a mile from Germantown Road towards the Wissahickon Creek. This arrangement brought the houses side by side on Germantown Road, ensuring that protection and that easier co-operation in community efforts and those social advantages that come from a centered population.

Upstate, most of the farm acreage would be in cultivation or in pasture, the woodlots being rather small, often not sufficing to keep the farmer in fuel and posts and rails for fencing. That being the case, we turned rather quickly to barbed wire and patent iron gates and the like.

Such dissentients from the code of the farm as there were would, in this yesterday, acknowledge the other side of the case. If there were crops that had to be housed hurriedly and under pressure lest they spoil; if there was stock that had to be fed, no matter how tired you were after a day's work in the fields; if there was constant tinkering with farm machinery of all sorts, from separator to windmill, still, after all, the barn was a great and good thing.

What a place was the barn, say, of a November night and the cold falling. The stock, fed and bedded, voice their content with gratulatory noises, as they stir placidly at the pleasant task of eating in warm quarters. It is snug here in the stables under the protection of the bank into which this lowest

level of the barn has been dug. You have a sense of all that mass of hay above you in the great lofts. It is between you and the menace of winter; it will spend but slowly, and keep all the creatures in fine fettle until there is pasture again. It is, directly or indirectly, food and shelter and money in the bank.

You have just drawn from the store of oats and corn and bran that fills the bins along the threshing floor above you. There is wheat there, too, that you have not drawn. Yellow and brown feeds have poured down the shoots in hurrying streams. The barn teems everywhere with increase, in stock, in grain, in the fruits of the earth. In the root cellars, dug into the bank from the passage at the inner end of the stables and extending out on either side of the barn bridge, are potatoes and pumpkins, carrots and turnips, mangels and sugar beets, and apples and cabbages after their several kinds. All is stored away safely against any degree of frost. Everything you need for stock and man is here, right at hand. There is a steer among the cattle, and there are hogs nearby, that will find their way into the smoke house in due time. The cows will give you milk, and cream, and butter all winter through. The pullets in so protected a yard, with barn to north and sheds to east and west, and with so much litter everywhere to scratch in, will give you eggs no matter how snow flies.

You pass out from the stable doors. You pass on out from under the overshoot of the barn. The pigeons roosting here above you waken in the light of the lantern, and coo, and move about softly, and coo, and settle again with sleepy murmurs. The little calls blend pleasantly with the noises from within the barn, with the subdued whinnying from the horse that hates you to leave him, and with the snuffing and blowing and soft trampling of the cattle. Your dog comes from somewhere in the darkness, nosing your hand. Your family are in the lighted house across the way. The children are not old enough yet to have absorbing interests away from home. You are fortunate in your help, a stout boy of twenty, who calls

everything about the place "ours." Let it snow. All that matters most to you in the world is here. Let it snow until you are snowed in. What's the difference if you can't get out for paper and mail? For a week, at any rate, you can do without the world.

There are other memories of the barn to cherish than this of late November, but none more lasting. You can recall how firm an oasis the barn was when all out-of-doors seemed ready to dissolve in the spring thaws. How good, too, the barn was to get to on those May days of plowing, when storm clouds would gather in a trice, and driving rain break loose so wildly that the surface of even this shaly hill land would turn liquid mud by the time you finished out the furrow to the field's end and ploughed back to the roadside. You and your beasts housed, and the beasts rubbed dry, you would run up to the threshing floor to be sure the great doors were secure against the wind. They would be, of course, and resounding to the volleying of rain and recurrent bursts of hail. How loud the whole dark interior was with reverberant noises! Rain beating everywhere its ceaseless tattoo, on the old split shingles of the roof and on the long boards of the north side! Wind whistling through the hundred cracks of the boarding, and pushing so hard everywhere that the staunch old framing of oak would creak and groan and all but stir on its foundations! And the thunder! Expected, long waited for, as it was, when it came it came with the quickness and surprise of an earthquake, and seemed to shake all your little share of the world!

If, in a moment's pause in the storm, you would open the manhole in the barn door, you would see lightning stabbing down in zigzags. They were short zigzags, so low were the leaden clouds banked up, hardly higher than the fence-row cherries, now strangely white, as they climbed the sudden hill, in the illumination of all the landscape. You would sink back on the pile of bags within the little door, content to rest a spell while the storm went wild again. Were there not symbols

BARN SYMBOLS IN BERKS

on the barn? They would keep the lightning away. The barn had stood there a hundred years on the open hilltop, with no lightning rods and no high trees nearer than the pines before the house a hundred yards away. Six-lobed the symbols were, in weathered lead that was still strikingly white against the ironstone red of the wooden front. Six-lobed they were, within their circle of four-foot diameter, the six petals of the conventionalized tulip that is the sign manual of all good things in our folk culture. They were on the south side of the barn, and only four of them, not the miraculous seven that keep away all harm. Yet they had kept away the lightning for a hundred years, and they were, no doubt, still potent, as sure in their efficacy as anything in life may be.

There were pleasanter places than the overhead on hot hay days of June and July, but even then the threshing floor was a refuge from the sun-baked fields without. The great doors past which you drove in were open behind you and the smaller doors on the south side open before you, and there was a draught drawing through. The wind was never still on these heights. And if there was no shade about the barn save that cast by its own walls, the absence of trees gave the wind so much the better access to all quarters of the lofts, through the cracks between the boards of the sides, the slits in the stonework of the ends, the round windows above the slits in the high gable, and the great doors to the threshing floor. There were the other harvestings of wheat, of oats, of potatoes, of second-crop hay, of corn, of buckwheat, and of apples, that brought you to the barn on all sorts of days the summer through and all the fall.

How good it had been, too, in one of boyhood's moments of stolen leisure, to climb up the ladder from the threshing floor and to work your way across the hay to the little window, circular and bricklined, which looked out westward toward the Blue Mountain. You were so high you could see over the roof of the tenant house. Beyond lay the near valley, with that

abrupt gap in its further hill through which ran the road to Saylorsburg. Beyond was a line of mountains, the Blue Mountains. They were, in their misty mole-grey, the perfect background to the banked masses of oaks, ruddy brown these October days, that covered so thickly the nearer hills. How soon, you would wonder, would those Bluebergers up there be plucking their geese, and the feathers, turned to snow-flakes, be whitening all the red ploughland.

There are other symbols of the Pennsylvania Dutch than the barn. We are, no more than any other stock, wholly a farming people. Yet we have stuck to the farm more faithfully than any other stock in America. That faithfulness has been due as much, I think, to our love of doing what we want to do in our own way, as to our innate love of the soil. Though the farmer may be a slave to his farm he is freer of the domination of his fellow men than any other man in modern life. Yesterday, when he spun his own flax, wove his own woolen cloth, and tanned his own leather, he was still freer. The farmer has obviously more of the necessities of life on his own place than any other man.

We have stuck to our ancestors' ways of worshiping God with a resoluteness unusual in America. Our plain clothes sects have even preserved that distinctive dress that marks the elect from the world's people. Quaker bonnets are all but gone, but Mennonite bonnets are still plenty in the country districts. They are not infrequent even on the streets of the cities within easy access to which the Mennonites live. They were surprisingly numerous among the crowds at the Sesqui-Centennial in Philadelphia in the autumn of 1926. A large part of the social as well as the religious life of the countryside is still centered in the churches. The country roads are alive with all sorts of vehicles on the way to church on Sunday mornings, and, with the whole countryside, almost deserted during the hours of service.

So you might write down church, too, as a symbol of the

Pennsylvania Dutch. It has so thoroughly permeated our lives that it inspires even the details of our household arts. The bells and pomegranates of Solomon's temple are repeated on our fractur and on the china made in England for our market. Since the "bells" of this combination are very like to tulips in shape, we have forgotten the origin of the bells and pomegranates motive in our decoration and adapt the pomegranate flower until it looks not unlike a full-blown tulip. We use three tulips as representative of the Trinity on many different objects, on painted tin, on pie plates of slipped clay, and on bed quilts and woven coverlets. We put Bible stories on stove plates, often with the utmost naïveté, as in that one of the eighteenth century which represents Joseph fleeing from the wiles of Potiphar's wife. Yesterday we hung on the wall—and in many homes it still hangs there—our favorite psalm, copied by the school-master in fractur, with a border of soft-toned reds and greens and blacks.

The backyard shop of the artisan might, too, be taken as a symbol of the Pennsylvania Dutch. So, again, might the office of the country doctor, with its books, not all medical by any means, and its almost inevitable collection of some sort. The truth is, of course, that there are as many kinds of us as of any other people numbering a million. We are not all farmers and artisans and merchants and men of the professional classes. We are as diversified in our occupations as in our religions. Our varying church backgrounds account for some of the differences among us. The Lutherans, Reformed, and Moravians have always had high ideals of education, and the Mennonites, Dunkards, and Evangelicals have been gradually won over to the belief that they must thoroughly educate their young people. These latter sects now have colleges of their own. Only the Amish are content with the education that ends at fourteen.

It is true, of course, that farming is the basic occupation of all self-supporting countries, and that men the world over have

an almost instinctive desire to be raising crops and to be breeding stock. Despite the constant and increasing drift to town from the country, we see many men, when they have made their little pile in the city, centering the interest of their later years in some country place they have bought. Often a man of this sort will get back the farm on which he was born, and steal away to it whenever he is able, to play there with an orchard, or a field of alfalfa, or Brown Swiss cattle.

It is a matter of the utmost seriousness to America that it is easier for most men to make a comfortable living in some city occupation than on the farm; that they can have a reasonable leisure on the farm only when they do not have to make a living out of it. The effectives, the successful men on farms today, outside of a few producers of specialties, are those who love hard work and plenty of it. Fortunately, we Pennsylvania Dutch have still a love for hard manual labor on the farm above that possessed by any other Americans, and we have an equally deep love of the freedom from interference with our lives by other people which proprietorship of a farm brings.

It is true, then, that the Pennsylvania Dutch are more basically farmers than any other American stock. And it is true that the barn, the great Swiss barn, where all the life of the farm centers, is the most concrete symbol of the Pennsylvania Dutch. If our fellow Americans are to know us well even as farmers, they must know more of us, however, than can be seen in the barn alone. They might learn of several sides of our natures if they were to go with us to our country fairs, to the Lancaster Fair, to the Reading Fair, to the Allentown Fair. Our fairs are held in the fall, before killing frosts, while nearly all the many fruits of the farm are still at prime. Nowhere in the world is there more or better proof of the fatness of land than at the Allentown Fair. The variety and abundance and excellence of the foods on exhibition are beyond what you would imagine possible of any one section of countryside.

The Twelfth Street Market in Philadelphia has, of course, a greater variety of foods, drawing as it does on Florida and Texas, California and South Africa, besides its nearer sources of supply. Not even the Twelfth Street Market, though, has a more abundant supply than the Allentown Fair, or one of greater excellence. Such vegetables and fruits and meats reveal our Red Hills as a valuable land of plenty.

No finer live-stock of all kinds could be gathered together than that on exhibition at Allentown. You will find fowl of every sort and breed, from least known to best known, from Dorking to Rhode Island Red in chickens, from Aylesbury to Indian Runners in ducks, from Black Norfolks to Giant Bronze in turkeys. So, too, you will find it in sheep and cattle and horses, all the varieties and many specimens of each.

There are those who do not habitually think of the Red Hills as an apple country. It is true that the apple has not in the past adapted itself to our countryside in the way that it has to New England. Escapes from the orchard are not everywhere roadside trees as they are further northward. It is the European cherry, throwing back to its ancestor, the mazzard, that is our fence-row tree in German Pennsylvania, and that now and then adapts itself to forest growth and spires up with oak and hickory in the frequent post-woods. Cherries, too, both cultivated varieties and seedlings, have been planted from old time, as in Germany, along the roads and farm lanes.

Yet from the time of the settlement of Germantown in 1683, it has been the custom to plant appletrees back of the house. In town they were necessarily few. In the country where there was room, there was usually an acre of orchard. The trees so planted were not, judging from their descendants, brought over by the Germans from the homeland, but were of the stocks already in the countryside, Finnish and Swedish and English. I know those who hold that Rambo and Vandervere, Maiden Blush and Bellflower, characteristic Delaware Valley apples, are all of Swedish origin, but I know no proof of such state-

ments. By the time that these varieties were named we were already everywhere on tidewater the mixed people we are now in the cities of eastern Pennsylvania, and it is mere guesswork to say to which of our strains these four so good apples are due. None of these four varieties is largely planted now, as is that other apple of early local popularity, the Winesap. As Stayman Winesap it has been for some years the standard winter apple of the many young orchards of the Red Hills, from Jericho Mountain in Bucks to the mountains about Chambersburg.

There are, however, a number of apples Pennsylvania Dutch by place of birth, if not always by the blood of the people on the farm on which they originated. They call the Belmont apple "Mama Beam" in Lancaster County where it originated, on that farm of Jacob Beam, which also brought the Fanny into being. The Blue Mountain apple is of "Dutch" origin, as are the Evening Party, Ewalt, Fallawater, Hiester, Klaproth, Smith's Cider, Smokehouse, Susan's Spice, Water, Winter Sweet, Paradise and York Imperial. From the outer fringe of Dutchland comes the Winter Banana apple, originated on the farm of David Flory, near Adamsboro, Indiana. The names Flory and Adams give it a Tulpehocken flavor. I know well a red hill where the Adamses once lived, and at whose foot Florys live now. It was only a little distance from here that the Hiester apple originated. This apple was never widely disseminated. Indeed of all these "Dutch" apples other than the Stayman Winesap and Winter Banana only the Fallawater, Smith's Cider, Smokehouse and York Imperial were ever largely planted. Today, of the four, only the York Imperial comes to market in large quantities. The place of origin of this apple is marked by a monument. It is today almost as profitable commercially as the Winter Banana. Neither of them is really what they called yesterday a "dessert apple." The Winter Banana is very beautiful and the York Imperial a good keeper, but they both fall short of the best apples, Spitzenburgs and Northern Spies and Newtown Pippins. The Smokehouse, on the other

hand, is a delicious apple early in the winter, and it is a thousand pities it is not more generally grown.

A truer revelation of the Pennsylvania Dutch georgical than that of the fairs or apples will be found in our curb markets. In the days of my youth we were still strongly represented among those who sold in the stalls of our wooden-shedded street markets in Philadelphia, on Spring Garden Street, for instance. Now what is left of our city street markets is largely a haggling of foreigners. You must go up country now to find the true curb market. Even here it is dwindling. There are few wagons at the curb in Easton. Most of Reading's marketing is now under shedding. The glory of the curb market in Lancaster is over, and its banishment into a great market house very imminent. I saw this Lancaster curb market toward its end, on the last day of 1926. It was not then what it was in its heyday, but it was still a very interesting market to visit. It revealed the richness of Lancaster County, the garden county not only of Pennsylvania but of all America. On this day of my last visit the Lancaster curb market was dominantly a fowl market, with butter and eggs and apples running a not too close second to the chickens and turkeys, geese and ducks. What is offered for sale differs, of course, with the season, but the market people are always the same, all but all Pennsylvania Dutch.

Even at this late day in the world's history, the people of the Lancaster curb market were not only dominantly "Dutch" but dominantly "plain clothes people," Mennonites and Amish. The market ran, like a flattened U of uneven sides, round from Duke Street, where it extended one city block; to Vine Street, where it extended for two blocks; to Prince Street, where it extended for nearly two blocks. Its stands lined only one side of the street. On Duke Street there were wagons and trucks, touring cars and limousines backed up to the curb, and their owners selling from trestles and tables placed on the sidewalk close to the curb. On Vine Street there were many wagons and

cars against the curb, and at least a dozen wagons, their horses stabled at the inn nearby, standing end to end on the other side of the street from the curb stands. Here and there stood a wagon, just backed in, with a woolly horse between the shafts. Most of these were only one-horse wagons, the small affairs known as Amish wagons, that close up tight with glass doors on both sides of the dashboard to keep out the cold. Such wagons cannot hold half the load possible to a two-horse spring wagon, long the typical farm wagon of southeastern Pennsylvania.

The number of the horse-drawn vehicles was, indeed, a striking feature of the market. I should say that they made up at least a third of the perhaps one hundred and twenty vehicles present at the time of my attendance. Comparatively few of the farmers were selling directly from the back of the wagon. There were several glass cases on trestles, to keep the produce out of the dust of the street, besides the trestles and tables of which I have written. Nearly half of the sellers, however, had only a basket or a box with a board across its top to hold their offerings, or just a basket of eggs or apples standing on the sidewalk. On such a board would be a half-dozen fowls, all cleaned and ready for the oven, with their delectable lights and livers and fat piled neatly on top. Many were decked with parsley or other greens. As one fowl would sell, the supply in many cases was replenished from the adjacent wagon, but with some the half dozen was apparently the whole stock in trade.

One immaculate looking limousine, seven-passenger, produced a handsome young man of twenty-five who carefully laid out the carcases of a dozen and a half roasting fowls on a wide board across light trestles, and stood, peajacketed and hands in pockets, waiting for customers. He exuded such affluence that it seemed he could have bought up readily all his possible patrons. I watched him a short while, and as I watched he quickly made two sales at good prices. He was evidently known and trusted. He was not above his job, and his richly fashioned

SIX LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL

THE LANCASTER CURB MARKET

car was only the symbol, no doubt, of his hard work and keen trading.

Near this large car was an old woman sitting on a box with nothing for sale but a basket of eggs. She, perhaps, had come in by trolley, or had been given a lift on some neighbor's wagon. Such an humble seller was, though, the exception. Most of the market folk looked prosperous.

There was no soliciting of prospective customers that I saw, and I made two slow rounds of the market from end to end, standing around now and then to take in what I could of its details. My visits were shortly after the beginning of the market, at a little after one o'clock, and again, after an hour's interval, well towards three. Meanwhile I had visited the stalls in the North Market House, from which the same sort of people sold the same sort of produce under the protection of a roof. Here the produce was displayed on high and crude stands, almost old enough to be considered antiques.

Selling was brisker when I returned to the curb market at three o'clock than it had been earlier. The cider by the glass and gallon jar was going very quickly, and many people with heavily laden baskets were pushing about through the crowds. Apple-butter was by this time going fast, too, being ladled out by the pint into paper cartons instead of into the redware crocks in which it always was bought in my boyhood. Such of these crocks as remain now in this countryside are mostly in the hands of collectors or cherished by the housewives with the care bestowed on what they know can no longer be bought in the shops.

After the fowls, butter, eggs, and apples, cider and *smearcase* and apple-butter were more in evidence than anything else. There were three truck loads of oranges, grapefruit and bananas displayed along the curb, and one vendor of cranberries who did a good trade. Everything else, however, came apparently from the neighborhood. There was a good deal of fresh pork for sale, and some sausage, both fresh and smoked,

and some scrapple, but there undoubtedly would be more later when hog killing had occurred on most of the farms.

There was a good deal of meat jelly, pigsfoot most of it, and chicken jelly. There was mincemeat. Black walnuts, both cracked and whole, were in such plenty as I had never seen, testifying to the continued presence of this limestone-loving tree through this limestone country. There were English walnuts, too, and of local raising. The apples were very fine indeed. They were mostly Stayman Winesaps and York Imperials, with a few Grimes Golden and Smokehouses.

There were a good many vegetables in glass, beans, beets, peas, corn, and asparagus. There were dried beans, limas and white kidneys chiefly, and popcorn on the ear. There were fresh carrots, and cabbage, and turnips, and beets, and an abundance of frame-raised lettuce. There were pumpkins and sweet potatoes and white potatoes. There was cornmeal for sale on many stands. Here and there were doughnuts, pies, and the daintiest of rosettes in pastry. There were preserves and fruit jellies. Cut dried apples, or *snits*, were on many stands. There was a profusion of parsley, and many strong herbs of the sage and sweet marjoram sorts. Our housewives know that the making or marring of meat jellies and wursts and stuffing lies in the seasoning.

A purchase of mine of the grand total of twenty cents enlisted the united efforts of three tables. I bought a dozen of the pastry rosettes at the middle table. I had no basket to put them in; so I begged for a box that they might not be broken on the seventy miles back to Germantown. The Mennonite girl from whom I bought the rosettes asked for a box from two broad brims on her right, and the woman in worldly garments to her left volunteered a paper bag. All were as interested in my picayune purchase as if I had bought an ox. I had already several packages. The lady of the brown bag was very sympathetic about the bother many bundles are. I looked for

irony on the faces of the broad-brims, at so much fuss over nothing, but I did not find it there.

The background of the curb market was a part of the joy I had in it. Above me as I purchased my *fastnachts*, rose Holy Trinity, a Lutheran Church of colonial architecture, with great urns above the roof at one end and a finely proportioned spire at the other, standing out, white and graceful, above its walls of red brick. There are in Lancaster many old houses of brick, with second-story porches at the side and box-bushes in the backyard, and some of these old houses composed themselves pleasantly in the distance as I gazed down the lines of market tables. The bonnets and broad-brims of Amish and Mennonites lent picturesqueness to the market itself.

The "Dutch" we speak is not particularly pleasant to the ear, but I should have been glad to hear more of it than I did. Thirty years of school in English only has had its inevitable results. Most of the buying was in English, and the talk among the sellers, countrymen all, was generally in English and not bad English at that. It had, of course, some of it, the rising inflection and peculiar intonation of the "Country Dutch," but the "alreadys" and the "yets" were not so much in evidence as they used to be.

The sun was out when I began my round of the market; the air was little tainted with smoke; no wind was noticeable. It was as fine a winter day as we have in this latitude. Then, about four o'clock, it suddenly clouded up. The day went dead; and I hurried to an earlier train homeward than I had intended to take.

Some of these people I had seen selling their produce on the curb came from the places through which I was now passing, Bird-in-hand, Ronk, Paradise, and Gap. Some will be heading homeward, an hour or two later, to quaint New Holland, up by the Welsh Mountain. The woolly horses of others will be plodding on towards Ephrata, where was the Pietist cloister, and where are still the strange tall houses of wood that sheltered

the high mystics and humble artists of the community. Others again of the market people will follow the white road to Manheim, Manheim of the Red Rose, where drove so often in old time Baron Stiegel with his coach and six, each horse white and of white plumed headdress. There will be those among the farmers who will find their way westward through the dark to Mount Joy; and southwestward to the Susquehanna; and southward to the Strasburg hills; and further southward to Peach Bottom, places of little resort but of snug prosperity. My thoughts take me, with the dispersing market folk, to a score of places long known to me but of late unvisited, where are houses of stone and old brick, orchard environed, with great white barns and broad tobacco fields. Slow moving creeks, picturesquely bridged at grist mills and little forges, once busy enough but now sleepy and half forgotten, rise one by one before my inward eye and fade away again.

As night closes in about my eastward-moving train the farms are blotted out, but the furnaces make known their presence even more pronouncedly than by day, with high chimneys blowing flares against the dark.

There are other features and occasions of our life that I might describe to further my account of the Pennsylvania Dutch in things georgical, but I think I have written enough in the way of such revelation. I do not, therefore, sing the praises of harvest home, of apple-butter boiling, of hog killing, of tobacco fields pungent in the August noon. It is time to speak of that other side of our life that comes to mind with the furnace flares. We have labored much, and for years, with iron and steel, the many of us who are iron-masters and engineers and mechanics. I think of that charcoal burner of our blood whose glowing stack burned down through the soil and turned molten an outcrop of iron ore. I think of the great business and the great fortune that came of this chance discovery of an iron mountain. I think of the great mills far across country from the iron mountain, the steel mills of Bethlehem,

and the part the "Dutch" have played in their development. We are our country's best farmers beyond a doubt, but we are good artisans, too.

TECHNICAL

The Pennsylvania Dutch have pride in the work of their hands. They have loyalty to the craft they follow. There is a code for this trade, and a code for that, a code which, in many cases, has been handed down from father to son for several generations. The preachment that is abroad in the land, that it is a slave's morality to do a full day's work, falls on irresponsive ears among the Red Hills. If a "Dutch" bricklayer can lay fifteen hundred bricks in a day he does not like to restrict himself to the eight hundred that custom dictates. He joins the union, of course, when he goes to town, but, in most cases, only so he can work on union jobs, and not because of a feeling that he needs protection against the "bosses." He expects to be in business for himself some day, he is a strong individualist, he does not like to be told what to do either by "boss" or by labor leader. Give him his head and he will work hard and do the job as well as he can. And that is generally well indeed.

The Pennsylvania Dutch artisan has in him something of the spirit of the guildsman of medieval times. He has, too, something of that guildsman's habits. He likes to go on the road in his youth, working at a job here and a job there. Fifty years ago he would push westward to the Mississippi. Now he often reaches the Pacific coast. This journeying is of his own initiative and not under the compulsion of a requirement such as that which sent him who would be a master carpenter a hundred and more years ago on the round of eastern cities from Charleston to Portsmouth.

Two years of travelling generally contents our "Dutch"

artisan. He has seen something of the world; he has tried himself out against other men of his craft; he has learned there are more ways than one of killing a cat; he has saved a little money. Home again after these wander-years he is apt to marry and settle down. If there is a chance to do well near his boyhood's home, he will get hold of a village farm, build a shop in the backyard, and be happy in what many would call a narrow round of life. As there are year by year fewer such opportunities in country places, he may have to go to "the city," Philadelphia in eight instances out of ten, or to some nearer manufacturing town, like Easton or Bethlehem, Allentown or Reading, Lebanon or Lancaster, Harrisburg or York. Almost always he does well. He has the will to work. He is a good mechanic. He likes to save as he likes to live well. Somehow he reconciles the two likings. He enjoys church and lodge and public office. He is a good citizen. He is proud of his place of adoption, as of his birthplace. He supports the institutions and projects of both places if it does not cost him too much, and sometimes when it does.

Such an artisan in town or city, if he does not become a "boss" and have a shop of his own, will look forward to a day when he has saved enough to go back to Waynesboro or Newville, Charming Forge or Goshenhoppen, Quakertown or Blossburg, and work as he will and when he will in that sanctum sanctorum all his own in his own backyard.

There have been few years in my many years that I have not happened on some such shop. This one I recall is that of a cooper whose specialty was cedar. The scent of that wood released on the air as it was sawed and split and shaved is with me still, and just as sweet and pungent now in memory as it was in the sniffing in those sunny years so far away. Hardly a week in boyhood but I sat in the Germantown wagon just outside this shop while my mother marketed in the grocery store nearby. Once a year maybe I was privileged to enter the shop to witness the purchase of a tub for azalea or oleander. There

were many to select from, octagonal tubs as well as round ones, and there were many other vessels, casks and buckets, all neatly arranged in rows, in the lean-to just beyond.

The cooper's shop was almost in the shadow of the city, but the clockmaker's was in the very shadow of the Blue Mountains. Originally the clocks had been confined to the shop in the backyard, but they had finally overflowed into the house. His wife had fought a good fight against them, but she had given up in the end, and they now occupied a whole room on the first floor. For years he had pretended the old clocks of his collection were for sale, but he had always asked so much for them that it was seldom he had to part with one. So fond was he of every clock of every kind which came to him that he dragged out the time during which it was necessary to keep it for repair. He could not bear to part with even other people's clocks, and often their visits for repairs ended in his purchase of them.

Had the clockmaker not had an agency for the selling of fruit trees, and a certain amount of employment in grafting and trimming, he had hardly been able to make a living. His own clocks certainly cost him all he made in repairing those of others or in selling an odd one now and then. I never caught him talking to his clocks, but I am sure that he did when he was alone with them. Even with others present he could not forbear stroking their wood with his hand as one would a coaxing cat. He had three tall-case clocks, one of them with an elaborate paraphernalia of moon and stars and dates of the month. Shelf clocks there were, too, in his collection, too many to count, with such a series of interesting "sceneries" as I never came upon elsewhere. A good many of the shelf clocks were of Pennsylvania origin, but the majority were, as you might expect, from Connecticut. There were old clocks that had been brought over from Germany two hundred years ago, and Swiss clocks of yesterday, and samples of all sorts of trick clocks of all times and countries which have produced what

would pass for a clock. At the hour there was such a striking and belling and cuckooing as there could be nowhere else in the world.

There were horses in the blacksmith-shop that first day I entered it, and that repellent and well remembered smell of burnt hoof and hot iron, to be cheerfully endured for the sake of the old associations it recalled. We had to wait until the job was finished. It was early May, before ploughing was over in the Red Hills, and the owner of the team was behindhand with his work. It was well worth the waiting, for the talk of the old smith on his recapturing of his half-forgotten craft in fire irons took me back to the spirit of medieval times more wholly than anything in waking hours had ever done. Did we think the balls on the andirons were turned over forward in just the right way? The flat shovel was, he knew, of the very shape of the old ones. And the fork! That, he was sure, was as it should be for he had been brought up with ones exactly like it, only their handles were shorter.

That gaunt figure and keen face quick with pride were lighted by the blown coals as I have seen faces lighted in old prints from the Rhineland; and along with pride there was a solicitude that perhaps he was not able to give us just what we wanted.

There is no more likable quality in us than this desire we have to help a man to what he wants. A hundred times I have profited by this disposition of my people. Often and often, when I have stopped at a crossroads store to ask the way to this auction or that orchard, two or three men have come out to point the way, and more than once to draw a map indicating it in the dust of the road.

I have been taken by one who was no more than an acquaintance forty miles into the country that I might interview a schoolteacher-painter who could explain to me the meaning of barn symbols. I have had Levi come for me with his car to carry me to a pottery he had told me of and to which, he feared, I

might not find my way by myself. I have had a man I had met but twice and who was under no obligation to me inquire in all places likely and unlikely until he found someone who still kept peacocks. I have been taken in as a friend and fed royally and housed by people on whom I had no claims whatsoever, because I knew relatives of theirs and because I was interested in things Pennsylvania Dutch. In some of these cases there was a feeling perhaps, that I was of the *freundschaft*, but often I have been welcomed and helped when it was not known that I was Pennsylvania Dutch.

The flute maker was an exile in the city. He had come from Easton to Philadelphia, a boy of twenty, in 1820, with little else than a love of music and the family gift of woodworking. His great grandfather had busied himself as a turner from his coming to America in 1736, and this progenitor had left to his descendants a sugar bowl in applewood and a highcase clock in walnut that are both distinguished examples of the cabinetmaker's art. The sugar bowl, mellowed a warm yellow-brown, has such a softness of patina as only the fruitwoods can show. It is very like certain pieces of Staffordshire china in its globular shape, and also in the turning of its lid. It is, approximately, five inches in diameter and five inches to the top of its cover. The handle of that cover adds another inch to its height.

The highcase clock is a very fine example of a fine sort of thing. It is over seven feet tall from its ogee feet to the broken arch and urn-shaped finials of its top. Its proportions are those that make for lightness with strength. Its walnut is inlaid with some white wood, holly it would seem to be, and with some wood darker than walnut. Some of the walnut is crotch and all of it of the matchless tone that nearly two centuries of time and countless oilings have brought it.

The works are by Augustine Neisser of Germantown. They were given to the maker of its case by his father-in-law at the time of the turner's marriage to Maria Agneta. It is the family

tradition that the case was made within a short time of the marriage, which was on July 5, 1739. The roman numbers of its dial of silver are inlaid in black. The decorations in gold filigree work about the dial are of urns with flowers and of doves. Above the golden earth and sun, above the revolving moon of flesh color, and above the golden stars and deep blue of the skies, arches a brass plate, bearing an extended wreath of romanesque design with four distinctly cut tulips among its leaves. The dial of the second hand is silver and black like the dial of the hour and minute hands. Both dials stand out distinctly against their brass base. The number of the day of the month appears through a square-cut hole just above the VI of the large dial, and balances the dial of the second hand just below the XII. These numbers of the days are, too, on a revolving circular band of silver face. The hands are very beautiful, of openwork in black steel that takes on peacock blues in certain lights. Every detail, down to the least lettering and numbering, is perfect in itself and in harmony with the whole design.

The son of the maker of this clock-case was, like his father, brought up as a worker in wood. He, too, followed his trade and an exquisite snuffbox which has come down in the family may be of his making. It is of some strange wood and it contains two almond-shaped nuts about which still linger an exotic scent. A pansy of dark blue and yellow is let into the center of the top of the snuffbox. This might well be of its maker's painting, for many of the family have had more or less ability in line and color. This snuffbox was carried by him at his death in 1828. It is circular, of two-inch diameter, and half an inch high.

Family tradition does not definitely assign the making of this little treasure to Jacob, as it does that of another little box, dated 1764. Jacob was then a youth of twenty-two. This box is four inches long, two inches wide and an inch high. It is cut out of a solid piece of mahogany. Its bottom is flat, its sides

and top are curved. The curved lid is most artfully hinged to the side. The three knuckles of the lid are fitted to a hair's breadth into the four knuckles cut out on the side to receive them. The thinnest little rod of brass wire is run through the knuckles for the hinge to turn upon. Even at this day, a hundred and sixty-five years after its making, it fits almost perfectly, there being only the slightest warping in the lid, a warping that lifts the lid about the thickness of a sheet of paper above the ends of the box.

The son of Captain Jacob, the grandson, that is, of the emigrant from the Rhine Valley, followed the family craft for only a short time, if he followed it at all. Captain Jacob had gone into newspaper publishing in Easton in 1793 and the son was associated with his father in the business from that time until his death, at thirty-six, in 1806. His son, born in 1800, was the flute maker.

Flageolets, flutes, piccolos, and fifes that he made have come down in the family in their many sorts, and of various kinds of material, mostly in boxwood and in walnut. Some he is said to have made in ivory, and ivory or bone is used in many of his instruments. The little flageolets have their mouthpieces of ivory, those beaked mouthpieces which gave their ancestor, the straight English flute, the name of flute-à-bec. The lateral or German flutes have often ivory rings about their joints and an ivory cap at the upper end. The threading that holds each ivory cap on its ivory pin is the nicest sort of work. Indeed all the turning, both of wood and ivory, is of the highest artisanry, and the materials employed are so good that even now, a hundred years after they were made, the flutes are playable. His tuning fork has come down along with these specimens of his work. He needed it only to confirm the judgments of his own ear, which was absolutely accurate.

Though he loved music and brought up his family on Bach and Beethoven, and Beethoven and Bach, with excursions now and then into Handel and Mozart, and though his livelihood

depended on his work in woodwind, he spent a great deal of his later life in experiments in electricity. He dreamed of what we now know as the dynamo, but he never realized his dream. He came closer to the incandescent light, but he failed to find his way to a practicable form of it. I mention this vagary, as his family thought it, of the flute maker, only to call attention to the perfect workmanship of what he called his "philosophical apparatus." Besides his attempts at an electrical power machine and at an incandescent light, he has left galvanometers and thermopiles that are as well done in their kind as his flutes and flageolets in theirs.

There have been hundreds of such artisans in the length and breadth of Pennsylvania Dutchland. You will find them in occupations as humble as that of shingle splitter, trying to make each shingle as it comes from the white-oak log a perfect thing of its kind. I have one by me now that I got from its maker in East Waterford, Juniata County, in 1889. It is wedge-shaped, a quarter of an inch thick at the right-hand side of its butt, and tapering away to a very thin edge at the left-hand side of the butt, and at its top. Such shingles were laid bias on the roof and shed the water sideways as well as downward from the ridge-pole. I had seen not only this shingle made, but many fellows to it, and all singularly alike, considering they were handwork and white oak a contrary wood. The noise of their making awakened me shortly after daylight, those damp mornings of late summer. And, after the expeditions of the day were over and we sat on steps or stoop in the shortening twilights of late August, the shingle maker was still working away there across the road, shaving and trimming the little slabs he had split out earlier in the day. He was an old man, with a youngish wife and a long family, and the shingles sold at so little he had to stretch his working hours to earn even the pittance on which they managed to live.

It is a poor country, this of the Tuscarora Mountains, and

not at all typical of the broad limestone valleys that have made us as a whole so prosperous a people. The valley men have all the world over, and during all times, spoken disparagingly of the people of the hills. I have never heard any poor whites in America, however, spoken of with more belittlement of tones or words than those we use when speaking of the unprosperous people of the hills. "Hillmen! E'eh eh hillmen! Eh heh hillmen," we say, but there is no notation to indicate the full measure of our contempt. The words it takes to express it are better left unwritten.

Very different from the roadside splitting block of the shingle maker is the home of the gunmaker's son. The son had himself backslid into carpentry from the higher art of his father and of his father's father, but he had still in his heart the love of guns. He kept in his house and gave there a place of honor to many samples of their art and of that of other gunmakers and sword makers of that countryside. It was hill land all about but rich, away up under the mountains where Berks County abuts on Lebanon. The house, high on a ridge and with a wide prospect, had been built over about 1890 to suit the changing taste of that time. Within was that painter's graining of woodwork into which we were betrayed when we broke with our old tradition of white lead for all inside trim. We love vivid colors in the Red Hills. If we use them, however, in any combinations other than those proved fitting by long use we are apt to descend to a polychromy impossibly bad. Such depths the gunmaker's son had escaped, reaching only that form of Victorianism I have indicated.

In such surroundings, however, one was not prepared to come on a rack of guns and swords of a workmanship comparable to that of Damascus. What I write is a memory of only one brief visit, a visit whose revelations so astounded me that what I carried away was my own delighted surprise rather than the details of what I saw. There was inlaying of precious metals on gun metal such as I had never seen, and ceremonial

swords of so rich an engraving and mounting that I had not dreamed had ever been fashioned in America by native artisans. There were swords made for reviews of troops after the Civil War, and older swords of the Mexican War. There were muskets of rich ornamentation, used in the Revolution, and prized rifles of strange lusters which had been carried by pioneer huntsmen and Indian fighters of Colonial times. I was not wholly a novice in respect to firearms of old days. No survivor of a hundred auctions can be, but I had never before seen such treasures as these. Only in pistols did this collection fall below, in quality, any museum collection of firearms I know, and pistols had, evidently, not been a specialty of its collector. In the decoration of its individual pieces it surpassed any collection of American firearms I have visited.

It might be claimed that such etched and inlaid and richly mounted arms are show pieces, as are certainly our ceremonial platters of *sgraffito* earthenware, but even if they are, they are exceptional. Most of our artistic effort is expended on objects of daily use. In that respect we are like the Persians, from whom our designs and combinations of symbols ultimately come. We carve out of pumpkin pine a round water bottle of wood, we whittle out little feet for it and ears to hold its metal handle, and we gouge out its interior until its walls are almost as thin as those of the earthenware bottle it simulates. Then we carve out, in the shallowest chiseling, tall and slender narcissus flowers on its sides, and then paint on it as delicate sprays of little tulips as if it were a piece of fractur.

And who in America but ourselves, who this side of Persia for that matter, would take so much trouble over the design of a three-quart tin measure? And that measure not block tin, but just a heavy rolled iron with a thin coat of tin. The design looks like engraving at first glance, but as you examine it and see that wreaths of shells and flowers, down even to the pendent tulip, are exactly alike in every detail on both sides of the tankard, you come to realize that it must have

been made on a die, probably on a roller with raised pattern turning above a smoothly surfaced roller. The lines of the measure are, too, exactly right, its sides raking in so quickly that at its mouth, eight inches above its base, that mouth is only half the base's diameter, three inches over against six.

One hears little of the manorial houses of the Pennsylvania Dutch, save perhaps of Baron Stiegel's house, and it is true that the manor house is not typical of us. In our towns, from Germantown to Bedford, you will find a plenty of large and comfortable and beautiful houses, burghers' houses of ten to twelve rooms. In our countryside you will find farmhouses of similar size and proportions, thousands of them, and occasionally, in town or in country, there will be a manor house. Such is the Johnson house in Germantown, built by day's labor from 1798 to 1801; and such a great house in Sumneytown, on the Perkiomen, of red brick relieved by blackheaded bricks; and such is the Governor Hiester place on Plum Creek, just off the Tulpehocken.

The Governor Hiester place is, like the two others, literally early American, if we take that phrase to mean of the years just after the Revolution, and distinguish the period it represents from the Colonial period. The wing of the house is self-evidently the old part, of the seventeen-sixties, tradition has it, but the main part of the house, of three stories and a cellar partly above ground, is late eighteenth or very early nineteenth century. The wing is built of the stone of the neighborhood, a limestone that weathers an iron grey. The main part of the house is brick, plastered on the east end. A good deal of woodwork, painted white, shows from the outside, the great doors of the first floor, shutters in all the large windows on both first and second floors, and a heavy cornice at the overhang of the roof.

The house was occupied when I saw it first several years ago, and I did not enter it. Later I visited it, deserted, of a Sunday morning, in heavy rain. Fastenings were gone from

the doors, some of which banged in the driving wind; draughts were pulling through everywhere; and the shingled roof was leaking in places, but, on the whole, turning the water surprisingly well after so many years of neglect. We passed from spacious room to spacious room, finding fewer of them than you would expect from the great size of the house. They were twenty feet by twenty feet, many of them; and of high ceilings; and with built-in cupboards and an abundance of woodwork everywhere. All the hardware was noticeably fine, from the brass drop-handles of the cupboards to the great brass half-globes of the front door lock and latch, from curious shutter fasteners of iron to the great strap hinges of iron on the chamber doors. There were all sorts of old-time accessories you do not always find even in the finest of such old mansions, built-in brick ovens in the wing, and a sort of spring house in the cellar, to which water had been led from Plum Creek.

Every detail of the old house had evidently been carefully considered. I had never climbed stairs of easier treads. I had never closed shutters that slid into place more perfectly. I had never before come on windows that lighted all depths of the rooms so fully. What the house must have been in its heyday we could only guess. Bare of furniture as it was now, and littered with paper from old lawbooks and agricultural magazines, and with the white grit of fallen plaster ground into the floor, it was only a ghost of itself.

Yet in its day this was a house that even the heaviest Empire furniture could not have dwarfed. One wondered had it been furnished anew when it was finished, after several years of building, in the dawn of last century. Did they keep the Chippendale and Sheraton in the old wing, and fill all these new quarters with great sofas and fireside chairs, with heavy pier-tables and mirrors and sideboards, with massive canopied beds and more massive scroll-front or pilastered bureaus? It is more than likely that they did, though all the woodwork was lightly fashioned and the hardware of eighteenth century

sort. There is a great deal of this Empire furniture everywhere throughout our "Dutch" counties, admirably made, and bright and gaudy in its mixture of mahogany and bird's-eye maple.

There is not a little, too, of the lighter furniture hereabouts, Hepplewhite tables and stands, and Windsor chairs and settles, of turnings we do not make today. There is not so much of all four sorts, however, Chippendale and Sheraton, Hepplewhite and Windsor, as of the Empire stuff. It was not until America had recovered from both Revolution and War of 1812 that it was able, most of it, to afford anything but the heavily turned country furniture that we find in so many chairs and stretcher tables preserved to the present day. It was even later than this, in the eighteen-twenties and thirties, that abounding prosperity came to the Red Hills, that prosperity which was catered to by the Staffordshire potters, in the increased output of be-rosed, be-tuliped and be-peacocked spatterware they made for Pennsylvania Dutchland and for it alone. For us, too, Tunstall and Hanley were busy with soft paste in pink and yellow and red, and with pink luster of vividly contrasting colors belting it or superimposed upon it.

It is from Levi that I have learned more than from any other man what I know of the Pennsylvania Dutchman as artisan. Not only has he revealed the ways of us in his own carpentering done on my place, but he has discovered for me and described to me other "Dutch" artisans. He has taken me in search of a maker of wooden works for clocks. He has put me on the trail of a painter of furniture. He has coerced a blacksmith who had neglected his traditional art into making turnbuckles of the old order for my outside shutters. He has, too, brought about the place this, that and the other mechanic who is of the blood, Loos the painter chief among them. Levi has trained the family, too, into "Dutch" ways of doing little jobs of one kind and another, so that now, if we attempt a piece

of hatchet-and-saw work for ourselves, we wonder whether Levi would approve of the way we do it.

Levi is such a stickler for the proprieties of construction that he wanted to straighten the corner of the wagon shed that was three-quarters of an inch out of plumb. And if there are those who would suggest that Levi advised this straightening from a desire for more work I can only say they do not know Levi. He is too insistent on his own way of doing things, and he is a little too Dutchly stubborn when he makes up his mind about anything, but humankind does not turn out many better specimens of a man than Levi.

It is the job first with Levi, and the man for whom he does the job second. His first loyalty is to the job. The job must be done in the best way that job can be done, whether the man for whom he is working wants it that best way or not. For instance: The roof of the remodelled old farmhouse in which I live comes down at the back to a shed roof which has very little fall, not fall enough for shingles, Levi thought. He said it should have a tin roof. I said I wanted a shingle roof because the tin at the foot of a long slope of shingles would be an eyesore to me. Levi said that shingles there would be a bad job. I insisted on shingles. He said his reputation would suffer if he put shingles there. He said some other carpenter who knew what was what would come along, and point the finger of scorn at shingles so flatly laid. He was a little angry and not a little troubled. He had worked for me for years. He knew I knew his work had always been to my interest. He liked all the family. He and I had been on several expeditions to "Dutchland" together. He and I had had scores of good talks. We were of the *freundschaft*. I told him again I wanted the shingles there and then I took myself off without asking him again to do the job. He did it. Not only did he do what he thought was not a good job, but he did that disapproved-of job in a better way than I had ever seen such a job done. He studied to do that which he did not believe should be done so

that it might be the best possible kind of poor job. Nine men out of ten would have put the shingles on the roof-boards and waited for them to leak and rot out, looking forward to that early day on which they could say "I told you so." Not so Levi. He devised a scheme for making those shingles last as long as possible. He put a good quality of tarred roofing paper on the roof-boards, and then nailed lath two inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick on to the roof to carry the shingles. The air could thus circulate below them and carry away and dry any moisture that might work through them. They have lasted just as long in this situation as the shingles on the steep slope of the house roof.

Like most of us, Levi uses good taste when he follows tradition and uncertain taste when he does not. We wanted three trestle tables to hold plants for our enclosed porch. Levi came and listened to our notions about them and measured the space in which they were to stand. We left the details to him. When the tables arrived they were of proportions as pleasing to the eye as any trestle tables I have ever seen, either among antiques or present-day contraptions. Their tops were two feet two inches wide by four feet nine inches long. They were supported on Xs of white pine whose four legs, each four inches by two inches at the top, tapered toward the floor. The tables were two feet ten inches high. There was a stretcher, two by four inches, between the Xs. The Xs were made to take down, one leg being held on to the stretcher, which ran through the legs, by a six-inch wooden pin. There were pans of galvanized iron, two inches deep, to fit down inside the edged tops of the table. All the woodwork was painted white. The tables are of beautiful proportions in themselves. With the plants in them they are the feature of the sun parlor which the porch is.

It is not only in our family that Levi plays such a part but in a score of others, at least, in our town. He is, in the best sense, a pillar of society which stands true and strong at three

score and ten. Levi is more than that. He is one of the institutions of the town. There are not at any time, at any place, of any stock, too many Levis, but there are more Levis among the Red Hills than in any other countryside of the several I know well in America.

JOCUND

There are things that are of the earth earthy; there are things that are of the earth racy; there are things that are of the earth sweet. The Pennsylvania Dutch, like other people, have their share of these sorts of earthiness. We make no pretense that we have not, no matter what our degree. The poor whites among us, the hillmen of the remote upland farms, are closest to the soil, but their earthiness is no more pronounced than that of certain groups of villagers and townsmen. There are some of us of higher orders, too, who are very much like the hillmen in habits, despite our feelings of superiority over them. Even the professedly godly among us can run riot on occasion. A Sunday school festival may turn orgiac and a camp meeting pass through phases of the Dionysia. There are those among us, on the other hand, who are simply and unaffectedly good, day in and day out, and no inconsiderable number who from generation to generation have followed the code common to gentlemen the world over. Whether weak or strong ourselves, we are tolerant of weakness in others, one and all of us.

We are unashamed, almost to a man, of such earthiness as is ours, and of whatever kind. There are few of the "unco guid" among us, and still fewer of a sickly conscience. We are not afraid of our appetites, and we are willing to accept, when we surrender to them, the consequences of such a surrender.

We are famous trenchermen, most of us, and we are frank to admit that the table is one of the chief joys of life. In all

America's broad land of plenty there are no places of greater plenty than a thousand and one places in the "Dutch" counties. At the onset of winter the outdoor ground-cellars of our country homes are crowded with many sorts of food, milk products, vegetables, fowls salted down. Smokehouse are filled with cured meat, hams and sides of bacon and burlapped sausages hanging there as thick as bees on the comb. Cupboards groan under crocks and jars of preserves and jellies. Hanging shelves and wall racks in the house-cellars are stacked to their capacity with jugs of cordial and bottles of wine, homemade all of it. A row of cider barrels, fifty-gallon fellows, is ranged along the wall under the racks and shelves, in every well-conducted home.

The importance of food is writ large on the buildings about the farmhouse. Beside outdoor ground-cellar, which reveals itself in the dooryard by mound of turf and ventilator, there are outside oven and smokehouse and apple-butter shed devoted to the great god Food. In some instances the bake-oven opens into the house kitchen; in others into the summer kitchen, which is generally wholly detached from the house. Often, however, the oven is a structure all by itself, with a little shed to it, overhanging at the mouth end of the oven, to protect the women baking from the weather. The smokehouse may, too, be wholly detached, or it may be a part of the summer kitchen.

The food which is prepared for table or storage, and housed in these buildings, is largely for home consumption. There are misers among us, of course, but few of the class of farmers who eat what they cannot sell. We are not, either, of the people with whom it is feast today and famine tomorrow. It is feast day every day on the typical "Dutch" farm, and in the typical "Dutch" town home, too, for that matter. My grandfather, who turned vegetarian about 1840, was regarded as surely mad, and his son, my father, believed to be a martyr by his aunts, my grandfather's sisters. Father went of summers to visit them in Easton, and passed from one aunt's to another,

a week here, a fortnight there, a week-end at the third's. Each tried to do her utmost to make up for her brother's eccentricity in depriving his son of meat, and only a boy's voracious appetite and ostrich-like digestion saved him from their overkindness in stuffing him with all the hundred fleshly tidbits there are in Dutchland.

Though labor-saving household devices are adopted, the gospel of work is still believed in and followed by the womenfolk, especially of work over food. A mother of a family of eight in Reading had seen five of her children marry and leave home. Then her youngest boy went away to college. She made him promise he would come home every week-end. She made preparations all the week for the boy's homecoming, and so fed and fed him over the week-end that it took him until the middle of the week following his homecoming to get back to normalcy. Still she was not happy. The family was more than comfortably off, but she suggested taking a couple of boarders, young men with good appetites. During the week she had only her husband, her two daughters and herself to cook for. The womenfolk had only fair appetites and the head of the house was no longer the trencherman he had been of yore. The boy's presence over the week-end helped some, but not enough. She must have two more stout eaters in the house to satisfy her. "How could a woman be happy," she argued, "with less than seven people to cook for?"

Until day before yesterday even the hotel dinner was accompanied by "seven sweets" and "seven sours." Down to twenty years ago such bounty was expected, and if not forthcoming cause for extreme dissatisfaction on the part of the guests. Walking, in that yesterday, with Levi, in the Perkiomen Valley, we came to a country hotel for dinner. Time was when I had dined for twenty-five cents in hotels of this neighborhood, and no tip expected, with two meats on the table, and four vegetables, and three pies. But not so now! We were to pay

seventy-five cents. Levi looked down the long table at which we two were as yet the only diners.

"Seventy-five cents we pay for dinner," he said, "and only three sours. Pickled beets and coleslaw and chowchow. Where are the rest? Where is the dill pickle, where the pickled cabbage, where the green tomato relish? I see no pickled meats. I see no meat jelly. I see not even such second sours as catsup and horseradish. I see not even the nasturtium seeds. You say there is mustard. I see it, I see it by itself, and I see it in chowchow. You do not call catsup and horseradish and mustard real sours. There should be seven sours without them. There should be pickled onions, pickled gherkins, pickled cauliflower, not mixed together in one jar but each in a jar by itself. And where is the apple-butter? I wonder how many sweets we get now. No more, maybe, than three, like the sours. Old Rhodes, he would hang his head could he come back and see the table his son gets. Chowchow, ugh, chowchow!"

However, we managed to do pretty well on the chicken and corn and beans and red beets and bread-and-butter and apple sauce and rice pudding and apple-pie that they gave us. Levi grumbled over the pie, which he thought should have been made of fresh apples, now it was August. "Snits in August already," he said. "That's what Rhodes Hotel has come to. Smits and mustard pickle in August! Chowchow! Tschowtschow! I almost wish I was a swearing man and not a Sunday school superintendent."

I dared not essay the chowchow in the face of Levi's contempt, though I am fond of it; so it was left untouched. The pickled beets and coleslaw suffered punishment, though Levi strongly objected to pickled beets and buttered beets at one meal. Only two sweets, too, for dessert, rice pudding and snits pie, and only one sweet, apple sauce, for a side-dish, provoked contemptuous sniffs. "Always," Levi lamented, "we had the quince preserve, and candied watermelon rind, and wild strawberry with the taste in it at Rhodes, and three pies, apple and

cheesecake and raisin, and apple-butter, of course, every day of the year."

At country hotel and farmer's table, at butcher's and baker's and candlestick-maker's, the repasts were gargantuan, and rich. "What's cooking," a friend of mine would say, "what's cooking without cream? What's eating without cream? It rose so thick on our milkpans at home, Mother would loose it round the edge with a knife and push it out the spout with her fingernail. She kept one grown long just for the purpose." I have found this contempt for a meal without cream shared in by backcountry farmers up in the Stone-Hills, "Busch Deitsch" as their neighbors in the valley call them.

Those of us of the professions are no less devoted to the table. I have sat down, in a college town, with doctor and dentist and minister and lawyer and teacher—six of us in all—to a fourth meal of the day, a late supper called a ten o'clock snack, which had as its pieces of resistance one hundred fried oysters, what looked like a peck of chicken salad, and high-piled plates of cured sausages of six kinds, all sliced for expected consumption. There was, of course, in that old day, plenty besides coffee with which to wash it all down, beers of various brews, and old rye. We sat at table two hours, with unending talk and good talk at that.

Nobody seemed any the worse for wear when we parted at twelve with just six fried oysters left, and about a quart of chicken salad. We had done little to the wursts, and the doctor was afraid that the feelings of the women who had made them would be hurt should they hear how little had been eaten. "We must tell the steward," he said, "not to let them know. Mrs. Fronheiser especially. She mustn't know." It looked as if not more than one slice of her sausage was missing from its plate.

On Sundays in harvest twenty people are often fed at farm homes in Monroe and Northampton counties, in Bucks and Lehigh, in Montgomery and Berks, in Lebanon and Lancaster,

in Dauphin and Columbia, in York and Adams, in Perry and Franklin, and in all outlying districts of Dutchland. We are great visitors. Those of us who have moved into country towns or even into Philadelphia think nothing of running sixty to a hundred miles into the country of a Sunday. We would do this by train, if the schedules allowed it, long before the days of the automobile. Now, with it, these excursions to call on country cousins are, with many of us, a weekly affair. We are apt to stop at some roadside inn for dinner before we drop in unannounced, on our relatives or friends. If we have let them know of our coming they will expect us for dinner. Yesterday their feelings would have been hurt if we sent word that we would call after dinner, and even today some of the old-fashioned sort would find it hard to forgive us if we dined elsewhere than with them were we in their part of the country near dinner time.

As late as 1924 I was one of twenty-four who sat down to dinner in the summer kitchen of a farm in Berks County. There were two tables and an overflowing abundance for both. There was eating from twelve o'clock until half-past two, for most of us took two helps of everything and were slow at eating. Three helps are not bad form even in company, and in many homes quite the usual thing in the bosom of the family. A small "Dutch" girl of my acquaintance was asked the teasing question: "Why are you so fat?" She was not disturbed at all by the question, but lisped out quite confidently, "Because I have free helps of everysing." Despite this habit she was slender enough at one-and-twenty.

At this dinner of twenty-four the table was as crowded with dishes full of food at second table as at first table. I didn't count to see if there were seven sweets and seven sours, but I can recall that there were three kinds of pie and three kinds of jelly, and two kinds of cake, or eight sweets, at any rate; and I daresay there were the proverbial seven sours, too.

Such meals are not, perhaps, typical of the daily habits of

the family, but such are always forthcoming for company. Meat three times a day, or eggs at breakfast, and meat at dinner and supper, are, however, the rule among those of us who are prosperous, and that is, of course, many more than a majority of us. This meat is generally smoked, red meat being served usually only after slaughtering, or when there is very special company, the minister or some other potentate.

In the old days we had buckwheat cakes for breakfast all winter long, batter pots of stoneware being made with a spout to pour the cakes. A sponge was set with yeast in a great crock and kept growing week in and week out. Enough was transferred to the batter pot of a morning to do for the breakfast supply of cakes.

Pies, too, we had for breakfast in old days, meat pies as well as fruit pies, cooked in slipped redware in the great ovens, many of them covered with the red tiles of the countryside. We liked, in those days, bread in thin loaves, two feet long, though I seldom see these nowadays, save at the Schwenkfelders' Thanksgiving Day. The baker's horn is heard now even on the back roads in our "Dutch" counties, and homemade bread is come upon no more often than in the city.

We have always liked cider and wine, and even in these days we have all that we need of both, homemade, and such as suits exactly our palates. We have about our homes, if they are farm homes, all sorts and kinds of old bottles, and I have been served a wild cherry wine out of glass that would delight the heart of a collector, a cherry wine that was as good as the flask that contained it. This cherry wine was bitter-sweet and dry, refreshing to the taste and quick to warm the heart. We like, too, wines made of grapes, either of white grapes from the arbor, or purple fox-grapes from the woods. We like, too, dandelion wine, and wine of white clover. And elderberry wine and blackberry wine, and a wine of wild plums. This plum wine is subtle in its attack, being slow to kindle you, but heady at

the end. It should always be drunk with Spartan moderation, and never on an empty stomach.

We are fond of game in season, and, sometimes, out of season. We are as diligent in the pursuit and bagging of it as in all else. Sometimes even such of us as are clergymen regard as game in manhood birds we shot in boyhood, and are caught, maybe, with a bag of flickers. Those of us who are game wardens have still so great a respect for the cloth that we walk the other way when we hear the clerical gun go off, that is, after we get to know its sound. Once we inadvertently caught the minister and suffered much embarrassment for our mistake.

We are the most patient of fishermen. We like to catch fish, for that is what we say we are after when we go fishing. As a matter of fact many of us use both fishing and hunting as an excuse to get out into the country. We are inveterate countrymen, even those born in the city and brought up there. We are interested in everything in the country, so that nothing we happen on by stream or in the woods is without significance. Friends of mine whom I meet but now and then save up all the little incidents of the capture of pickerel or bass, or of the missed woodcock or phenomenally hit pheasant, and begin to recount them to me as soon as we meet in train or trolley. We have great pleasure in all we come upon that seems to us striking. A stand of red berries in a swamp, or of yellow lady slippers at the woods' edge, is noted just as a heavy crop of apples or a banner field of tobacco.

We love vivid colors, the red and yellow of autumn woods, and less happily, red and yellow paint on farm buildings, and marigolds and scarlet sage in the dooryard. We have great pleasure in all feasts of the eye. Our painted chests, from those large enough to house a girl's trousseau to those small enough to hold her jewelry have coats of many colors. We dote on the china made for us in England from 1790 to 1840 and called now "gaudy Dutch." The phrase covers many and divers kinds of wares in stone china and soft paste. I flash my gaudiest plate

on a friend who is of the *freundschaft* and he declares it beautiful. It is of stone china, in red and white and blue. It has six red flowers, alternately in profile and full face, against the white of its flat. The contrast is a little softened, or a little emphasized, as you happen to see it, by six blue petals about a midmost flower in red. The whole design of the flat is little more than four inches in diameter. On the inch-wide lip of the plate are four more flowers of like red, but with blue hearts. Between these red flowers are areas of dark blue twice as long as the red flowers' two inches of spread. This plate is unmarked, but it is, I am sure, Riley ware.

As intense, but less flamboyant, is a six-inch plate in Leeds, with moulded rim and hand-painted pomegranates and bells and leafage. The central pomegranate has twelve petals of orange-yellow, against which are set six two-petalled bells in black. About this central flower, which is two inches in diameter, are pomegranate buds in the same orange-yellow springing from the tips of sprays in black and olive green. The plate's rim, too, is green. It is a plate that rises up and smites you full in the face. If you are truly "Dutch," however, you will like it and what it does to you. We will expect the stranger within our gates to like "gaudy Dutch" as we like it, but if he does not like it we can still like him.

We are, on the whole, tolerant and kindly. We do not expect too much of humanity. Even the Puritan sects among us are very mildly Puritan, Puritan generally in externals and in a few prejudices against ultra-worldly ways. We accept human nature as it is, and we rejoice in all the instincts that it gives us. We can, like other people, drink hard on Saturday, and pray hard on Sunday.

Talk of the impossibility of splitting the wood of the red gum led the Sunday school superintendent to tell me the story, but it was not of a Sunday school superintendent that he told it. It was of old Wic, a brother who turned bibulous as regularly as Saturday rolled round. It was on Saturday morning,

however, that he went off to the tavern, so that he would be all right for church on the Sabbath. Nor did he ever grow profane in his cups, though he had a way of being confidential with the Deity under various titles after the third or fourth drink. Wic was liquored every chink by noon of a May day fifty years ago. He had still, however, the instinct that led his steps homeward. Well toward his shack in the Stone Hills, he noticed a grassy spot under a white oak by the roadside. He was tired, he was sleepy, he lay down. A sharp crash of thunder woke him, as the shower had failed to do. He sat up just as Jake Kulp drew near in his gig. Jake avers he heard old Wic say, still sitting on his hunkers, and looking at the oak, riven to the ground by lightning: "Pretty good for you, God, but you should go over to the Stone Hills, and try one of those red gums."

We are stout church-goers, whether Lutheran or Reformed, or of the Separatist sects, but we are kindly to the sinners among us, and we outlaw very few for the sins of the flesh. Mennonite bonnets and Amish broadcloth do not necessarily mean the suppression of the natural man. If children should by chance be born out of wedlock they are not as a rule banished to some orphan asylum, but are brought up, with little prejudice against them, in the mother's family. If the child's father is a married man, or if either one of the parents should not care to wed the other, the young mother may still make a happy marriage with some neighbor who knows her story and who accepts things as they are. Such bye-blows are more usual among the Busch Deitch, but should they occur among families with pride of place and cherished traditions the unwanted youngsters would still be kept at home and treated as if they were legitimate.

A Presbyterian clergyman I knew was much troubled by the assumption on the part of members of his flock that engagement was marriage save for the legal technicalities. He labored in what had once been a Scotch-Irish community but which was

fast becoming "Dutch" by the moving in of hillmen to take the place of the old stock now drifting to town. His congregation did not dwindle, however, for he was a fellowly human and a good preacher and he attracted people of many of the "Dutch" sects to his church. Some of these were of the crudest and least restrained elements. Most of the boys and girls of his flock married young, but some of them not quite soon enough for propriety's sake. There were more than a proper proportion of seven-months' babies, he thought. So it is in other remote parishes upstate.

I have never heard of a Venusberg in the Red Hills, but the Wild Huntsman rides them on certain dark nights of all seasons, and we celebrate harvest home with many of the rites of Johannisfeuer. Even at such mild festivities as those of an apple-butter party we can grow quite lively with the throwing of the blumsock.

There are more high jinks among us now on Hallowe'en than at any other season of the year. So it has been in certain places for two generations at least, but back in the country Christmas Eve was once the time for such carryings-on. Even now in certain places Belsnickel and "Kriss Kinkle" call together, and raise quite a ruction with their rewards and punishments.

Hallowe'en is almost too well organized now to seem a folk custom. We have still the old tick-tacking on the windows, the ringing of doorbells, the stealing of gates, and, when their survival makes it possible, the lofting of buggies and old wagons to almost impossible places. In old days the young man's horse and buggy was even more the symbol of his affluence and eligibility as beau than the car is now. It was indeed a triumph for his neighbor to get the buggy up on the carriage shed that housed it, or on the cowshed of the barnyard, or on some springhouse roof off in the meadows. Often, of course, this lofting involved the taking off of the wheels and their restora-

tion again when the wagon body had been gotten up to its high perch.

Now we have parades of mummers or "horribles" on Hallowe'en, all the young folks joining together and passing the town hall or some other center where judges make awards to one group or another just as if they were New Year's Shooters. There is not so much of house-to-house visiting of masked mummers and their singing of songs, with the expectations of "silver offerings" in return for the honor.

The modern dance hall has invaded many of our country towns, even Ephrata. It is conducted decorously enough here, but not in every place. Lititz sets its face sternly against such a center and even the movie is barred out by the church influence. Such is not the rule, however, in "Dutch" towns, and those who seek abandonment can find it in the smaller places, as well as in Allentown or Reading, Lancaster or York. Though so many of us are of the strict sects we are of the stock that has from old time given itself over to such revels as those of Walpurgis Night.

In the old days there was a good deal of dancing among the young folks at country taverns, most of it square dancing, with the figures called out. There was great shuffling and energetic footwork of all kinds in these dances and wild swinging when the couples came to the corners. It is nearly all gone today. At Eshbach, in Lower Berks not far from Boyertown, such dancing held on until yesterday as a regular feature of social life and it is still indulged in from time to time. Elsewhere the country dances are but a part of that bacchanalia we associate everywhere throughout America with the roadhouses of today.

Nor do our tall stories differ so greatly from the "Sudden Changes" you will be told in New Hampshire or the Paul Bunyan yarns you will hear in the lumber woods of California. We have, however, certain tall stories with Central European accompaniments not so usually come upon in stories in the

traditions that have come to America from Great Britain. Those about monsters would seem to have been brought from Schwartzwald and Rhine and Swiss Alps. Dragons are particularly delectable subjects for our Munchausens. We are well provided with dragons, for the underground caves and waterways of our limestone valleys maks the best of cover for such beasts. Personally I have known well but three dragons, the dragon of French Creek, the dragon of Crystal Cave, and the dragon of Plum Creek. The dragon of Crystal Cave was killed by a soldier just home from the Spanish war, long before the dragon's haunt had become a place of much resort.

The two other dragons are enjoying life in hale old age. I am most familiar, in stories told about him, with the dragon of Plum Creek. His peculiarity is that he flies only from west to east. He lives in a limestone cavern that runs below the floor of the valley for about a third of a mile. The eastern end of his cavern was uncovered by the blasting in a quarry dug out years ago for limestone to burn in kilns. In those days nearly every farm put a great deal of lime on the land.

The western end of the dragon's cavern had been open from old time and was from the settlement of this countryside the cause of much annoyance to the family on whose land the entrance was. The dragon had a way of luring into his den livestock of all sorts, but particularly pigs. It was no use rolling stones into this entrance. The dragon but rolled them out again. So his neighbors had to circumvent the dragon by building a stout fence of tree trunks before the cavern mouth, but far enough away from it so as to give him plenty of room to slip his coils over it. The advantage of the fence was that the dragon could no longer draw in the pigs as the rattlesnake fascinates birds, but had to catch them and to carry them in over the stockade.

It is only after nightfall that this dragon issues forth. Leaving the cave mouth he at once takes to the air. Circling toward the east he beats his way along about forty feet above

the ground, emitting sparks from his mouth and leaving a trail of soft white fire in his wake. He comes to earth just before the eastern entrance to his cavern, and crawls into its mouth. If you do not believe this account of his nightly flight ask Henry. After boasting time and again that he was not afraid of the dragon he was dared to work his way through the beast's cave. He was finally taunted into doing this. He is fond of detailing his experience.

At its entrance the cave is not high enough for a man to walk erect in it, and it quickly shrinks to little more than three feet in height and three feet in width. Henry had to crawl shortly after he entered the cavern. Fortunately the roof soon lifted a little, so that when he came to where the dragon was resting there was room to crawl through between the beast's back and the roof. It was "mean going," for Henry's passage over his back annoyed the old fellow and drove him into involuntary undulations that now and again pinned Henry pretty tight to the tunnel top. The dragon, too, for all his fire-breathing, was as cold as a frog, and the crawling over him soon had Henry's teeth chattering. Henry could not tell just how long the dragon was because, and perhaps fortunately, he had his anterior parts, with that wicked fire-emitting head, tucked away in a side tunnel.

The dragon did not pull himself out of this side tunnel and follow Henry and seek to bite him, as Henry feared. He was not sure the dragon could so have bitten him in the cavern because the beast's head must have been so big it would have been difficult for him to open his jaws way in there in the low and narrow middle of the cave.

An old friend of mine, with whom I have made many excursions into Upper Montgomery County, likes to recount the stories they used to tell there back in the late sixties and early seventies. "It was up in the Stone Hills they used to tell stories" always prefaced something interesting. Some of the anecdotes were of old N——, and of how he used to tell his henchmen

to vote. He was a real czar and few in the neighborhood dared disobey him. My friend regarded most of these underdogs as mere hillmen, who were not to be judged as those above the status of poor whites are to be judged. He, a good man, if there ever has been one in the world, has told me a number of the "Swab" or Country Lout stories he listened to in the Stone Hills, stories that are common the world over. They would not look well, all of them, in print.

Best of all, however, he loved a story of old N—— told in vindication of the "Country Dutch." I am going to recall it as a sample of "busch" repartee, in a country store, up in the Stone Hills. See a winter night, in an out-of-the-world corner, a high upland of poor land along a trap-dyke. The small farmers and farm laborers and artisans have gathered at the boss's store, driving in through the cedars by clayey roads, frozen into deep ruts. Their beasts are housed in the sheds of the church nearby, and they around the store stove. There is present a stranger, whose remarks are a little superior. It is when such a stranger is present, and then only, that the story is told. It is adapted, of course, to the supposed country, or race, or nationality of the visitor."

"It was at Gettysburg it happened," old N—— would begin, in English, of course, for the benefit of the stranger. "There was a fellow, an Englishman (or Swede, or Irishman, or Frenchman, or Yankee) who was kind-hearted. He would rather carry back the wounded than kill the enemy. He was a very superior person. He was this time carrying back Ira Miller, of Goshenhoppen, who was in our company. Ira had his heel shot away, so he was no more use. John (or Chris or Pat or Frenchy or Sam) carried him back carefully. Some shell came along, but John did not notice Ira was hit again, and in the head. His head was sticking out, you see, as John carried him so carefully in his arms. So John was surprised when he dumped Ira down behind the lines to find that the top of poor Miller's head was blown off. Said John to the doctor:

"Look at him now, the liar. The damned dumb Dutchman told me it was in the foot he was shot."

PICTURESQUE

The externals of the Red Hills are often surprising on sight to those who know of things Pennsylvania Dutch only by hearsay. Outlanders are hardly prepared for the picturesqueness of certain places by talk about scrapple, and tobacco barns, clothes hooked and eyed, and "hexes." Sharp falls of land, with sheer cliffs above brimming creeks, such as one comes upon in half a hundred valleys from Cumberland to Cherry, seem a little untamed for what they have heard of the farm life of the upcountry "Dutch." More what they expect are valleys on valleys, within this range, of a pastoral simplicity in appearance. Peace and plenty are in evidence in the Pequea Valley and the Lebanon Valley, in Butter Valley and the Saucon Valley, and in scores of little valleys and cloofs running up into the foothills of the South Mountain and into the plateaus of the Blue Ridge.

Such peace and plenty and pastoral simplicity do not, however, banish romance from these countrysides. Everywhere throughout them run Indian trails, and creeks and townships with Indian names are never far to seek. Raids and scalpings and little fights are still recalled and their exact places of occurrence bickered over by local antiquaries. Midsummer Night and Hallowe'en are occasions of high festival. Superstitions and legends current in old times by Rhine or in the Alps have attached themselves to this rocky point or that underground stream. Death on his white horse rides on these hills at night, and strong fools of giants are held accountable for trap-dykes and gorges. Cattle have the gift of human speech on Christmas Eve and house plants must be wished a

Happy New Year if they are to bloom well in the months to come.

Everywhere there is a difference of ways of life and forms of household art between the "Dutch" and their neighbors of British origin, a difference that makes these "Dutch" ways and forms have a strangeness and wonder which are of the very essence of romance. Often you find the Old World side by side with the New, and in startling juxtaposition to it. A phantom dog with fiery eyes will rush out and bark at your Ford as you climb the quick hill to your neighbor's home. There you will find a writing exercise of Gothic lettering of red and blue, with fuchsia and phoenix of similar colors to left and right, just above the typewriter by the south window. You will own a fear in your heart of doing any work on Good Friday beyond feeding yourself and your stock, and you will trust to the full the last government report on the lighted chicken house and overtime for laying hens.

Three miles beyond the dog-haunted hill the big creek bows around the base of a sudden rise of land in a sickle-shaped curve. Hemlocks climb from the water's edge for a few rods and then give way sharply to a belt of dogwoods in the full whiteness of bloom. Above, the hardwoods are hung with the lace of just unfolding leaves. Seen from the road this side the creek and across a foreground of pasture in bright green, you have, in successive curving bands, the silver sheen of water, the black of the hemlocks, the white of the dogwood blossoms, the misty grey-green of oaks and hickories on the hill's shoulders. All this is flashed upon you in a moment at the turn of the road.

The next turn brings before you a complete unit of composition of Time's own choosing. Above the white arbor and against the grey walls of a roadside house, an appletree is one great posy of pink deep-cushioned bloom.

Swinging another sharp bend you come on a low spring-house of limestone, with a little swamp of still brown tussocks

which suddenly spring to life in the white flutter of kildeer wings.

Up and around the next curve you meet the weaver's shop with walls of log and whitewashed mud, and roof of red tiles.

As the valley narrows more and more toward the Blue Mountain everything dwindles in scale. The branch creek pours along silverly, suggestive of trout, with little fall on little fall. The houses are those of the first settlement. Some of them are two-roomed affairs of stone or brick with a log wing, and attics above. Others are similar in shape, but all log. They always are advertised as six-room farmhouses in the sales columns of country newspapers. They stand just above the narrow floor of the valley, on the hillsides, out of the way of spring floods, with little homeyards inclosed by whitewashed palings, across which purple lilacs lean and above which the everpresent row of cherry trees lifts masses of fleecy bloom.

There had been the scent of apples on the air all the long drive. Now, as I was climbing the narrow back road, lined with dark walls of trap, apples and pears here and there in the wheel-tracks told of the passage of wagons high-piled with fruit and running over. There were apples, too, on the trees of the little places, unharvested though it was well into October. There were flowers galore in all the dooryards, red cockscombs and orange marigolds dominant among them. The window geraniums were gay with bloom, sure proof that they had been brought in long since, and not just before the first frost, which had hit the low places only a few mornings ago.

I had luckily met no car since I had left the pike a mile back, not even a horse and buggy, still almost as often encountered on these hill roads. Not only are they narrow, but crowded close by great boulders of trap so frequently that passing is almost impossible save in the turn-outs by the houses. I swung right again and left again and drove down hill through a trap-dyke on a road with a high crown and deep ditches. It is muddy and rutted and I have to drive slow. Before a place that looks

impassable I come to a stop. As I look ahead for the best going I notice blue flowers on stiff stems lifting from the wet turf of the roadside. The woods almost arch together over the road, but enough sun has found its way through to give the flowers an unmistakable blue. They are fringed gentians.

I have been here several times before, but not at this time of the year. I am lost to the world in the contemplation of so many gentians. They straggle on ahead of me on either side, and, beyond, where the road runs out into the open, they stand almost as thick as daisies in a field. I climb out after them. I pick only such as are bent over by a recent ploughing out of the edge of the road. I climb back into the car and push ahead until I am out of the woods. I get down to look more closely at this wonder of bloom. Soon my eye falls on closed gentian, too, in more thickly flowered whorls than I had known it to bear. Here, too, in the ditch are ladies' tresses, like the gentian still untouched by frost, and releasing a faint sweetness on the air.

As I look at the gentians, on the edge of the wheel-tracks, in the ditch, on the bank, and beyond the fence in the field to the south, I try to estimate how many of them there are. I think of all the many receptacles for flowers at home. I realize that if I picked all the gentians they would more than fill the dozen bowls and jars and pitchers of redware, manganese glazed in varying browns and blacks and silvers, that are so adaptable to flowers of differing hues. Nearly all the twelve sprays of fringed gentian I have by now are from plants bent over by the ploughing. I pick one tuft of closed gentian and a little bunch of ladies' tresses. I stand admiring my plunder until my admiration turns to gloating over the so rare flowers. Now again I am wholly lost in delight at their delicacy of form and unmatchable color. Their beauty strikes straight to the heart and stirs there the wonder that awakes when you have come upon something too good to be true.

An indignant horn barks me out of my reverie. A rural free

delivery man has driven his Ford nose to nose with mine. The majesty of the servant of Uncle Sam is so flouted by my car's presence in the single trackway that he does not condescend to words, but honks at me continually as I hurriedly get aboard, and back, and drive out on the soft side of the road, to the destruction of another dozen gentians previously so carefully spared by me. No word has been said by either of us, but each has his opinion of the other.

I tear myself away from the gentians and soon become aware of my nearness to the cider mill by the all-pervading smell of pomace. The mill is not running. A spring in the breaker of the engine has failed and the two oldsters are so intent on its repair that they say no word to me, nor dare I to them, until the critical moment is past, and the newly coiled wire in place. I am reminded, by their absorption and by their skill in the task, of that loyalty to craft that bore such noble fruit to the labors of medieval artisans. What a painting it would make! The two old men in cap and blue jeans in the bright sunlight just outside the cider mill; the neat rows of piled oaken casks, from little fellows of ten gallons to great barrels of fifty; the bags and baskets of apples and pears, indiscriminately mixed in this lot, and red and green in color; the piles of brown pomace; and the hill of red grass, with the white steeple at its top!

European and redskin lived side by side in the Red Hills in the early years of our settlement, and not always on bad terms. We traded with the Indians and we had many of our seeds from them. To this day we call Indian corn that ten weeks' flint that comes both yellow and red on its small cob, and is planted, even now, when the more slowly maturing dent has failed to make a good strike. With Indian corn the farmer has a chance of a crop by replanting. Pumpkins and beans, too, we had from the Indians, and the ways of basket-making. We borrowed their names of places, calling this river Juniata

and that creek the Ontolaunee, these mountains Tuscarora and that section of country the Minnesink.

We intermarried with their women, too, some of us, as tradition has it did Conrad Weiser, and oftentimes our women, carried away into captivity and ransomed in later years, brought back half-breed children with them. I have often come on people among us of such pronouncedly Indian features that there could be no doubt of their native blood. I have found this intermixture everywhere throughout the Eastern States, as often in Maine and New Hampshire as in Pennsylvania, and not necessarily among the poor whites. Americans who have undistinguished Indian blood in their veins are not always so proud of it as are the fabled descendants of Pocahontas, but there are those among them who acknowledge it candidly. More often, however, it is the other branch of the family which has Indian blood. Cousins refer to cousins as "those Indian blanks," and the "blanks" so designated will return the compliment.

There are not many references to the Indian in our sayings. It was, however, pointed out to me in early childhood that "it will be good weather if the Indian can hang his powder horn on the moon." Of Indian origin, I think, is that superstition about a rabbit running ahead of you on the path or across your path bias being a sign of good luck, and that other about his crossing the path "straight across" being a sign of bad luck. Indian motives appear now and then on pie plates and other crockery, copies, perhaps, of Indian pottery of the neighborhood, or maybe the very work of Indian help, which was often employed when it was available, as by the Moravians in the Forks of the Delaware.

All through the Red Hills the plough turns up arrowheads and stone hatchets and mortars for grinding corn, which are, as a rule, as carefully preserved as any other product of the soil. We are devoted collectors of all such relics, and of this and that and the other sort of "curiosity." There is hardly a

home, prosperous and long established, but has some such collection handed down from father to son. This country doctor has a collection of arrowheads. That country clergyman has a collection of pottery, the nucleus of which was a little redware barrel made by his potting grandfather. This country lawyer has a herbarium begun by his father and so complete even in old days that the son is proud indeed when he can add an item. That country storekeeper treasures specimens of native woods of all varieties. One country carpenter haunts auctions to add to his racks of guns, and another has the ambition to complete a collection of dairy implements of a hundred years ago and exhibit it at his county fair. Already the garret of this latter man's home is all cluttered up with butter-moulds and milkpans and odd sorts of churns. A farmer I know has only lately been saved by high prices from his passion for old china.

All the world knows of the Bach Festival at Bethlehem. It is one of the great musical occasions of the year in America, and a counterpart in little of the great festival of Wagner at Bayreuth. That the Bach Festival should come out of Pennsylvania Dutchland, that it should have its origin in the consideration for Bach of the Moravians, one of our smaller churches, is a picturesque fact, but the festival itself is rather a triumph of musical art than of picturesqueness in our countryside. And though its creator and leader is a Wolle, and many of its chorus of our stock, we cannot claim it as a distinctively "Dutch" function.

Such we can claim is an Easter service in Nazareth and an anniversary service at Schoeneck. An orchestra of forty in a country town is in itself wonder-waking, and the church in which it plays, its thousand candles burning brightly of a dark Easter dawn, with shuttling wind and wild rain without, is a memory which no participator in the occasion will forget. The procession to the graveyard at sunrise, trombone her-

alded, which is a part of the Moravian ritual of Easter—that, too, is not to be forgotten. One wonders how old this ceremony is really? How far it reaches back into the past? Whether it comes out of an East more easterly than the Holy Land? If it does not have some association, however remote, with the rites of Zoroaster? If it, too, like so much of "Dutch" art, comes ultimately out of Persia?

The red flare of dawn on the mountains, how like it is to fire on an hundred hills? And the blaring of the trombones, how like that to the centuried protest of man against the inevitable end finding voice in a challenge to all powers of darkness!

It was a morning of mornings I walked from Nazareth to Schoeneck. It was October, with the trees all red and gold, but it was as balmy as May, with quail calling. No sooner was I well out of the town than another voice than that of the bobwhites filtered through the radiant glow of leaves in morning light. It was the voice of the trombones from the belfry of the church of Schoeneck. As I came in sight of that landmark, I saw the players with their great brasses turned outward to the four quarters of the heavens, for all the world like the figures on old-time weathervanes. It was not the first time I had walked under the arbor vitaes of the old churchyard and read my own name on the flat slab of marble that is the usual gravestone of the Moravians. Here he lies, the first man of my father's people to come to Pennsylvania, and about him lie many of his kin. In each of the seven generations of us here in America there has been one son to bear the immigrant's name. In so holding to the family names, as in all else, the Pennsylvania Dutch reveal their innate conservatism.

It was the first time that I had walked here, however, with the voices of the trombones on the air. And as these voices died away, and you could distinguish again the whistling of the bobwhites, a whole train of voices out of old time was set free in memory, and I was made aware, as we are so seldom,

of the continuity of human life from those so far beginnings in the dawn of the world. There was much playing by the little orchestra of seventeen during the speaking of the anniversary day, the sesquicentennial of the founding of the church, but there was none of that playing so impressive as the trombones from the belfry on the golden air of early morning.

There is no people in America to whom the past is more present than to the Pennsylvania Dutch. The past lives among us in the many traditions handed down the generations and in the heirlooms that have survived the vicissitudes of the long journey from Schwartzwald and Palatinate to the red hills and white valleys of Pennsylvania. Nor have all the heirlooms been lost, or the traditions either, in that later journey of many of us over the Blue Mountains and the Alleghenies and the Plains to the Great Divide, and, over the Great Divide and the Sierra Nevadas, to the western ocean. There are bridal chests and *eckshunks* and "Dutch" tables in many places along the trail to California, and ideals of frugality and hard work and reverence for learning cherished as lovingly as the more material possessions.

There have, from the beginning, been among us many watchers of the skies, from the pietists of The Woman in the Wilderness on the Wissahickon Hills to him who made possible that great observatory on Mt. Hamilton in California. A strange pair, Kelpius and James Lick, but at one in their wonder at the stars. One and all we are interested in the skies as they presage fair days or foul. The ways of the weather and the signs of the seasons deeply concern us, as they must any farming people. We are great readers of almanacs, both those that are printed and those that are writ larger on fields and woods. We are interested in weather and signs and seasons for themselves, too, as well as for their effects on our farming. They are key to hidden things, and hidden things provoke into activity our genius for speculation. Signs of all

sorts foretell, too, our individual fortunes, how it shall go with our fishing, our love affairs, and the future of our children.

I was brought up in familiarity with a hundred and one superstitions. I was not brought up to believe in them, but I followed, as if by instinct, many of their admonitions, and I rejoiced in omens of good fortune. I was happy when a cricket chirped on the hearth in winter; or when a black cat came of her own accord to live with us. I always "ate" the bubbles on the coffee; and as faithfully threw salt over my left shoulder when I spilled it at table. I still feel in my pocket for silver when I see a new moon over my left shoulder, and wish upon it if I find it there; and I look for rain after I see spiders' webs on the grass in the morning.

You have only to scratch the veneer off any man to find all sorts of primitive things beneath. With us, a regard for the supernatural is quickly uncovered by such scratchings. The supernatural is as instant to those of us who live in back country places as it was in medieval times to our ancestors in Germany. It is more than a portent, it is a sure sign of disaster to come, if a snowy owl bumps his solid self against one's bedroom window. Those wild eyes, and outstretched beating wings, and fluff of white feathers close pressed against the glass mean that he who sleeps within is no better than a dead man.

That doomed man, nevertheless, will go about his work as usual. He will start in the close dark next morning for that ride of thirty-five miles to Philadelphia. He will sell smoked sausage and scrapple, butter and eggs, fresh pork and fowl as phlegmatically as usual. He will be so tired from the long drive in the wintry air and the long marketing that he will sleep soundly, despite the city noises and his foreknowledge of his doom. On his way home he will be more than usually watchful at all railroad crossings. He will pass them all safely until he comes to the last one of all, within hail of his home.

Then, because he is a fated man, he will, for all his striving, fall asleep, and be run down by an engine, under white flags, that is running wild, to relieve its fellow broken down twenty miles beyond. And in the awakening moment of death he will be glad that the horses escaped, and he will be resigned to his own doom because the omen of the fowl had foreshown it to be inevitable.

What would seem to be ancestral memory, a memory in a man of today of what happened to an ancestor centuries ago, is not rare among us. A dream that was recurrent to one man on a score of nights between his twentieth and thirtieth years was so explained by an authority on such matters. The dream was of a Roman road, white under a spring sun, steeply rounded, running straight away and slightly down grade past a group of dark pines to the left. A keep of stone, weathering to dun from old rose, lifted its castellated top above the pines and showed some of its wall between them and the road. From the rise from which the dreamer looked, he could see, above and beyond pines and keep, the silver curve of a slow river, and above the river a similarly curving down, bare and green, and, above the down, in a sky of blue, cumulus clouds turreting up into masses of the softest white. As all this flashed before him, he heard hoofbeats on the road, and a sudden trumpet blew. Then he awoke. So he had dreamed the score of times. Always the dream was the same. Said the authority when the dream was recounted to him: "Interpretation of that is easy. Your people came from the Rhine valley. It is a picture and a moment of the Rhine valley in the Middle Ages that comes back to you. I see it all. An ancestor of yours was coming home, perhaps all the way from the East, with a mule train of goods, bales of carpets and hangings, bales of china and precious stones. A robber baron swooped down on him from that castle hold, and so scared him that you remember it yet."

The doctor's son was talking. "Yes," he said, "father has been nonplussed entirely by some of the witch doctoring. There was a woman up toward the Welsh Mountains who had burnt her hand badly with the hot juice of huckleberry pie. He was called in and dressed it and told her it would be three weeks before she could use her hand again. He saw she didn't like that forecast of his, but he didn't know what her pursed lips meant. He told her he would be back again the next day to see that no infection threatened. When he got there he found the wound surprisingly improved. He let a day go and called again. This was on the fourth day of the case. He couldn't believe his eyes, the hand was so much better. He had used on it the old country salve he had always prescribed for burns, and he laid the rapid healing to that. He saw, however, that the woman was nervous about something, and seemed to want to get him out of the house. He saw her looking out of the window, and then he heard wheels. The woman saw that the issue had to be met, so she said to him: 'Would you mind meeting the other doctor? There he comes now.'

"It was the powwow man, of course. Father was interested, you know, in all that sort of hocus-pocus, so he said that if the other doctor didn't mind he would like to see his treatment. For once a powwow doctor was willing to show off. He had brought a salve, but that, he said, was not so efficacious as "sympathy" and the rest of the treatment. The fellow said what seemed to be a mixture of "Dutch" and dog-Latin over the burnt hand and he rubbed on his salve. Father said it looked and smelt exactly like his own, but that it couldn't be that if the salve was what had worked the healing. The two doctors went out together most amicably. The powwow man was happy because his treatment worked better than the trained doctor's, and father was absorbed with curiosity to see how quickly the hand would heal entirely. Father had told the woman, of course, that he would withdraw from the case, but she didn't want

him to. So he agreed to call again four days later when the other doctor would make his next visit.

"When father reached the place that day the powwower was there and father discovered that he had been there every day from the very evening of father's first visit. I needn't tell you that the wound was now covered with new skin and the hand almost ready for its old hard work. Father asked for the formula of the salve, and the fellow gave him a formula, very like his own. It never worked for father any better than his own old salve. Father was convinced that the powwow man had used the remedy well known through all the countryside but with some healing substance in it that he kept secret."

An incident such as that reveals a pleasant side of "hexing." There is another and less pleasant side. That is the kind of "hexing" that brings misfortune to the "ferhexed." In Lebanon county when I was a boy there were two farms side by side where Trout Run slides along under Second Mountain. The richer farm, of course, was in the valley, the poorer up on the side of the mountain. The hill man worked for the valley man at most seasons of the year. They had a disagreement finally, not a very serious one, the valley man thought, but serious enough to make the hill man throw up his job and to refuse to come back to it even after a rather humble visit of his old employer.

Shortly after this, hogs of the valley man sickened and dropped off one by one until six were dead. Meanwhile one of his mules was mired and broke his leg and had to be shot. A cow died of milk fever after calving. The valley man went over the mountain to consult a famous powwow man in Schuylkill County. The powwower told the valley man that the hill man had bewitched his stock. That was what the valley man had expected to be told, for the hill man had been regarded by some of the neighbors as having certain ways of a "hex."

The witch doctor told the valley man that if he went to one of the great wooden uprights in the underground stable of his barn he would find a hole in it with a wooden plug and hair of the pigs and mule and cow behind the plug. He found a hole bored out with an auger, and plugged, of course, and a wad of hair at the back of it. After the removal of the hair no more of the stock died.

The valley man had no more bad luck that winter, but by spring he was so uncomfortable living there under the "hex's" eye, with the water from the "hex's" place running down through his pasture, that he sold out and moved down into the Tulpehocken valley. What really drove him out was the light he saw every night in the hill man's attic. The valley man thought there was magic being made there that would end in more trouble for him and his. Just before the light appeared the hill man had gone to Reading, and on his way back home he had shown at the last tavern a copy of Albertus Magnus. In his cups he had boasted of the great power of witchcraft in the book. Then came the light in the attic window. The richer and stronger and better man thought it the part of discretion to move. That was more than thirty years ago, but the hill-man "hex" still lives, and still at night you can see the light in his attic, certainly up to and past twelve o'clock. Neighbors who have sat up to watch it say that sometimes it is not out until three o'clock in the morning.

Despite a stout Protestant tradition, and despite certain Puritan simplicities of service in the Separatist sects, there is a good deal of ritual in the churches among the Red Hills. Even the Dunkards have their feet-washing. In all the sects much is made of birth, marriage and death, and in those churches that have baptism, that, too, is celebrated with befitting ceremony. Great preparations are made at home for the expected child, and its birth is an occasion throughout all the family even to the outer degrees of consanguinity. The

birth is carefully recorded in the family Bible. Yesterday it was recorded, too, in a *geburtsschein*, and baptism in a *taufschein*, in illuminated writing, and the records framed and hung on the wall like a sampler. Sometimes the birth certificate was combined with the baptismal certificates as *geburtsschein und taufschein*. This is the form in which most of the printed certificates appear.

There are a hundred sayings about what one must do with the newborn child to make it successful and fortunate. It must be carried upstairs before it is carried downstairs if it is to have health and happiness and riches in after life. It must be decked with jewelry at baptism if it is to be "highminded." Often a part of the jewelry has been worn by many generations of the family at baptism, as has been a certain rhinestone that I know set in silver and with a cross cut into that side worn next the breast. This talisman was certainly made in Germany, and maybe in pre-Protestant times.

If you wish the child to have rosy cheeks you must throw water from the baptismal bowl over a rosebush in your dooryard. To do this you have to take some utensil to church in which to carry home the *taufwasser*. So deeply implanted is a sense of the importance of everything connected with this custom that a Stiegel cup has been used in a family I know for this purpose and this purpose only down the years.

The baptismal vessels of country churches are often of unique design, a set being made, apparently, for a certain church and never repeated exactly for another. A good many of these vessels are of pewter, though the choicer silver is to be found in churches that were rich in old times, and the humbler toleware in the little and poor churches back in the hills. A painted tray I have is evidently that used to carry the baptismal bowl. It bears on its bronzed background a font in white and red, picked out in black, and draped with a long wreath in green. Below the font, from a sod of green, two

plants in yellow spring up with all their leaves swirled to the left, the leaves being in number, as so often in "Dutch" art, the mystic seven. The border about the eight sides of the tray is in the familiar red and yellow and green.

The return of the wedded couple to their home after the honeymoon is even to this day celebrated in some districts by a serenade from the neighboring young folks. After the serenade the visitors are invited in, and, of course, wined and dined. There is no home of anybody who pretends to be anybody at all in the Red Hills which is not so stocked with provender but that goodies of all sorts are forthcoming at the shortest notice. The goings on of Hallowe'en tend to keep alive other such uninvited visitations. The bell-ringing, the gate-lifting, and the parades of fantasticals are of a part with the ritual of the calithumpian serenade. In some neighborhoods, it is true, there is an element of ridicule or belittlement of the persons visited by a "Deitsch" band, but in other districts the absence of such a visit is a proof of the countryside's disapproval of the wedded pair. And we would not call the calithumpian band a "Deitsch" band, if, on the whole, its visit was not a compliment.

The most successful calithumpian serenade I ever heard was that which was accorded a young couple just home from Atlantic City to a valley remote in the Poconos. The chief instrument of the band was a circular saw, salvaged from an old mill and mounted on a pair of high wheels. Played upon by a mason's hammer, the saw emitted music that fairly rent the skies. The spirit of this visitation was midway between that of a good-humored joke and an expression of good will and regard. Underlying it, however, was that deep impulsion which comes from a long-established custom that it is almost taboo not to follow.

It is a funeral, however, that we make most of, of all family

functions. Our own folks, even to fourth cousins, make every effort to attend the services, and the "baked meats" prepared for their consumption are many and weighty indeed. In the old days before automobiles, the cousins would sometimes have to set out on their journey the day before the funeral to get to the home in time for it. It was the country custom for every one to come with his own team, and, after the services at the house, join in the procession to the graveyard.

Years ago I attended such a funeral in upper Bucks. The man who was being buried had been murdered, and hardly a stone's throw from his house, and on his own land. He was a Mennonite, and his people, traditionally opposed to going to law, and to any dealings with lawyers or police, had not been willing to co-operate with the local authorities in ferreting out the murderer. He was unindicted at the time of the funeral, and he remained unindicted after it, though suspicion as to who he was was very strong. The tragic circumstances of the death helped to swell the crowd that gathered for the funeral. Large as the home was, only a small proportion of those who attended were able to get inside to hear the service. Groups stood about outside, near the house, by the barn, and along the road, and talked together in low tones. The services over, their members found their way to their carriages, and fell into a procession of more than three hundred teams. There was everything from a market wagon to, literally, a one-horse shay in that long line.

It was more than six miles from the home of the dead man to the graveyard where he was to be buried, and it took that cavalcade a full two hours to reach it. As the team in which I rode neared the meeting-house the smell of coffee boiling was very present on the air. There were great copper kettles swung by chain and trammel from stout saplings laid across between the lower limbs of the oaks and hickories of the meeting-house grove. Long fires of logs were burning beneath the ket-

tles. There was coffee for all. Many of the people had brought doughnuts and sandwiches and cakes, so that after the services the grove looked almost like a Schwenkfelder Thanksgiving.

It was a day of late November, with the ground frozen hard and little windrows of snow gathered along the fences. An east wind rustled the leaves still hanging to the oaks to an uneasy and cold murmur. The grave was sunk in red soil, and in the offing the blue line of the Durham Hills greyed in the darkening light. The people, many of them plain-clothes folk in bonnets and broadbrims, stood about in little groups after the services, and talked, more noisily than at the house, but still with the decorum proper to the occasion. Their horses stood, carefully blanketed, in the many sheds of the meeting-house yard, or in the protection of those sheds, resting for the long pull homeward that lay before many of them. The kettles were still boiling, and the bracing smell of coffee was mingled now with the friendly smell of horses. The crowd was slow to disperse, and the longer it lingered the more animated grew its talk. There was bustle and confusion and loud talking as the dispersal began. It was strange to think that death had brought all this life to so quiet a countryside.

It is natural, I suppose, with my ancestry, that any way to the Red Hills is to me a way home. All my boyhood I heard from my father of those trips of his to Easton, trips northward always by stagecoach, and southward now and then by Durham boat on the broad waters of the Delaware. I have the horse-hide trunk, brass studded, that he took with him on those journeys eighty years ago, but it is no more instant to me than the welcome he had from his old aunties, and their spoiling of him in all manner of ways; and the wonders of the country in the Forks of the Delaware. Again and again I made him tell me of that gravel island above Easton, where dewberries yielded bushels one summer instead of the quarts of average years; of the slow progress of the Durham boats, which was

scarcely faster than that of the river's current for all the labor at the sweeps; of the sea-captain's watch of Uncle Jacob and of other family treasures that might one day be ours. Without any solicitation of mine he would tell me of the warmth of the sun and of the brightness of light on the Lehigh Hills, his hills of dream. Only on the rarest days of the eighteen-eighties was there such warmth and light, it seemed to him, past meridian, as there had been in those years of his boyhood, the forties of last century.

All my life the ways northward and westward to the Red Hills have been familiar ways, ways that my people have trod. Everywhere throughout the Red Hills went John, great-great-great-great-grandfather of mine, on his futile mission to reconcile and unite all the many German sects of Colonial Pennsylvania. To that end he compiled a catechism and had Franklin print it, which, he thought, embraced all the fundamentals of Protestant Christianity and would afford a basis on which all the sects could combine. To that end he preached here, there and everywhere, in churches of any denomination which would listen to him, a man of German Reformed faith whom Count Zinzendorf won to Moravianism.

Through the Red Hills and over the Blue Mountains and into the Plains went that other John, the Moravian missionary to the Indians, on humble errands of the Lord and of Heckewelder. Through the Red Hills marched Captain Jacob with his men on the movements of the Revolutionary army that ended in the engagements of Trenton, the Brandywine and Germantown. Through the Red Hills in all directions, went many other of my people, on business and on pleasure bent. So, in my own boyhood, when we took the North Penn northward or the Pennsylvania Railroad westward, it seemed to me that we were going to well-known and storied places, in whose settlement and progress our family had played its part. To this day, the whistling of the trains in the Schuylkill valley, which reaches us clearly enough when there is a wet wind from the west,

affects me keenly. I want to go where those trains are going, north and west into the Red Hills.

Under the Blue Mountain

All winter through the winds have been loud about the Blue Mountain. They have stormed over the long stretch of the level ridges, they have soughed through the many gaps from Jersey line to Maryland line, they have whimpered and cried in their wolves' voices about the thousands of staunch houses throughout the Red Hills. The life of the farms has perforce moved in smaller circles than in the kindlier seasons. It has revolved between house and barn, wood lot and ice-pond, store and market, school and church. The loved excursions by motor of Sundays have been impossible. There have been junketings, of course, sleighing parties and feastings, hog killing and occasional visits to town. Muskrat and mink and skunk have been trapped. There has been fishing through the ice, there has been the tracking of foxes in the snow. Deer and bear have been shot here and there, along the Blue Mountain, and in many places of the Poconos and Tuscaroras. There has been more leisure, and there have been more outings, though of restricted scope, than in the strenuous days from spring plowing to corn husking. Life has eased up just a little, but only to the storing up of energy to be spent when need shall be.

Now the days are growing longer, now a new light comes into the sky, now any morning there will be the smell of awaking woods on the wind. Spring has already taken the outposts of the Red Hills. There is peach-blow in Winston-Salem, there are budding willows in Strasburg, there are hylas calling in the swamps about Frederick. Even here to the north, in the Pennsylvania highlands, there are sunsets of golden green through the gaps of the Blue Mountain.

Water Gap, Tot Gap, Fox Gap, Wind Gap, Little Gap, Lehigh Gap—these six I know so well between Delaware and Lehigh—are windows now, at day's end, into the Promised Land. So, too, must be their so many fellows on down to the Maryland line, Rausch Gap, and Indiantown Gap, and all the others. Directly before me the pearly ash of the oak twigs of the Wind Gap turns ruddy in the evening glow, making a dazzling foreground for the golden green of the sunset. Northing blackbirds are noisy as they seek a roosting place. The evening star swims up, far-off and lonely. It shines more and more silverly and grows in luminousness as the sunset pales.

Here about me in the old garden all is wintry enough still. The low box edges are a frost-bitten bronze. The light glitters from the thousand bits of shale wet from the sudden shower that swept up with its broken rainbow and drenched us and was gone. Across the road, at Moyer's, a peacock gains the tiles of the bake-oven with a flying jump, and brays joyously, and planes off to the orchard. Tulips in their hundreds lie hidden in the borders beyond the box-edges. Woodsmoke from the chimney heralds supper, and that sharper tang of burnt hickory on the air brings the meal nearer with the realization that someone has opened the smokehouse door. It is to be, evidently, a sausage night.

The color has died out of the skies above the Blue Mountain. The wedge of golden green in the Wind Gap has faded away. The peacock cries again, but less raucously now, for he is way off somewhere behind the barn. His cries mean, of course, rain tomorrow, rain to carry away what remains of the deep frost. As I turn to go in, I notice the new moon, a thin sliver of silver, standing almost upright in the southwest. It is a wet moon, a moon to let the water run out of it, a moon on whose tip no hunter could hang his powder horn. It is a moon that foretells a March thaw, the quick coming of spring, the beginning again of the old round of sowing and growth and harvesting.

Yes, there is silver in my pocket and I am looking over my left shoulder! What shall I wish? All is well enough with me and mine. I'll wish, though, just for luck, that all the family may be strong and hearty until the next moon. That is one of the three wishes that the moon and the silver give me. I can afford to be altruistic with the two others. I'll wish, twice over, that life everywhere in the world may be as good as it is in the Red Hills.

For
Levi E. Yoder,
who has helped me to know more of
peacocks, and of Bucks

THE PEACOCK IN HIS PRIDE

In the seventies of last century the voice of the peacock was loud in our land. It had been louder earlier, or heard in larger chorus, when *pavo cristatus* was a bird of the farm as well as of the manor. When few farms could boast of him any longer, the peacock became one of the symbols of the gentleman's estate, along with greenhouse and grapery, fishpond and belvedere, box-walk and purple paulonia.

A generation earlier than the seventies the peacock had been as widely distributed throughout Eastern Pennsylvania as the guinea hen is in our day, a pair of peafowl being the quota where there is a flock of guineas now. The peacock was regarded as the foreteller of storm, as was the yellow-billed cuckoo we call rain-crow. There was a saying in Pennsylvania Dutch, "When the peacock cries it's going to rain" (Wann der po-hahne greischt gebts raya). He was much more, however, than just a weathercock. Who owned a peacock had a sense of richness in his possession. One went warm about the heart as one saw him strutting in his iridescence of greens and blues. One said to himself "I have a share of the magnificence of the world in that royal fowl."

The peacock meant even more than that. He was Juno's bird, and the bird of kings. He was, too, a symbol of the Resurrection, a symbol of Christ risen in his glory; he was the bird of the King of kings.

That being the high status of the peacock, it was right for even the Puritan and the unworldly to have him about the place. A Quaker family that I know had developed the keeping of peacocks into one of the chief concerns of life. When you visited their home you were ushered out to see the birds; and at table, and all through the evening, they were a topic of conversation. As each child of the family left Lionville to establish her own home or his, a pair of peacocks went along as a necessary part of the new menage.

That being his high status in the country life of Eastern Pennsylvania, you can understand why the peacock is insistent in all the many phases of decoration in the Pennsylvania home. Despite the superstition that peacock feathers bring bad luck, you will find a bunch of them in a vase on many a fireplace mantel and a brush of peacock feathers in many an old closet. You will find the image of the peacock on pie plates of pottery; on spatterware and creamware; on the punched tin coffee-pots; on painted trays; on old glass; on the illustrations of manuscript hymnbooks and on *taufschein* or baptismal certificates; on samplers; on bed quilts; and on towels.

So general was our interest in the peacock in Pennsylvania that goods made in England for the Pennsylvania market bore his effigy. Almost all my life I have lived with a piece of chintz on which he flaunts decorously in blue and red and yellow. The chintz is one side of the filling of a fire screen whose frame and pedestal are of mahogany. It is a piece about twenty-four inches by twenty inches, and it bears within that space the full figures of two birds and the tails of two more. The tails are not spread, the birds resting quietly amid a profusion of conventionalized flowers and leaves. The chintz is of ruddy brown background, against which the pied birds and the flowers of dark blue are not too much emphasized. In fact all blend into a loveliness of tone such as only the years can bring.

As this chintz was made for the Pennsylvania market, so was the peacock spatterware of soft paste and stone china.

Adams is the usual signature that I have found on this ware, if it is marked, but most of the specimens that I have seen bear no maker's marks of any sort. I have come on the peacock on cups and saucers; soup plates and dinner plates; platters of several sizes; gravy boats and vegetable dishes; sugar bowls and pitchers. This ware is sponged or "spattered" with color, generally about the edge only, but sometimes all over save where the crudely conventional fowl has been painted on by hand. The peacock is always given a central position, where he will be in evidence at a glance.

In one cup I have, however, a cup of pink spatter, he has been painted within the cup, on the bottom. This fellow has a coat of many colors. He is outlined in black, as the birds on spatter are almost always. His neck and breast are yellow; his mid parts are slate blue; his head feathers and tail are vivid green. The lower end of his body encloses three petals of a tulip in pink, and a pink tulip breaks out from a green sheath that protrudes from his breast. His legs are well rounded out in black and his four toes are black, too. He is standing very upright on a stout branch in black, that is drawn with firm abandon across the bottom of the cup and a little way up its sides. There is a thin spatter in pink all about him. There is no figure, but only similar thin spatter in pink, on the outside of the cup. This cup came from Pottsville, in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania.

My pitcher in blue spatter has a peacock on either of its sides, between handle and lip, and a little above midway from top to bottom. Those two birds are alike. They have green tails and head plumes like the Pottsville peacock, but their necks and breasts are slate blue, and their wings and sides are orange yellow. Their legs are but lines. This pitcher came from the Perkiomen Valley, in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. There is no maker's mark on either cup or pitcher, but the pitcher is of the very ware of a plate having the imprint "Adams" and a peacock of like form and color.

The peacock on my soup plate of blue spatter is much less mild in aspect than the peacocks on cup and pitcher. His crest and tail are carmine, his breast and neck slate blue, and his body yellow-brown. He stands on two-toed feet on a thin black line that thickens out into Beardsley-like curves and divides into five branches. From his back two other curving lines in black spring and cross halfway toward their heavier ends. This plate bears the legend, "Stoneware B & F," letters that I have been unable to identify as representative of any Staffordshire firm.

The peacock feather conventionalized is perhaps in even more general use as a decorative motive than the peacock himself top to toe. In gaudy ware of soft paste, made in England for sale in Pennsylvania, a peacock's feather in color with a heavy eye in still deeper color is one of the common motives. On a mug I have, blue and ocellated feathers form the background for flowers, golden-centered and petalled in old rose and green and yellow. It is a combination of colors to make the aesthetic grieve, but the cup and its contents, no doubt, both heartened some oldsters on grey mornings long gone.

Much more pleasing are the peacock sauce dishes in old glass. A little one that I have, coggled round its edge like a pie dish, has in all twenty-eight ocellations moulded on its lower side. In its center is a prominent eye surrounded by twenty dots in relief. Around this, on the bottom of the little dish, are seven ocellated feathers, and about this, on the sides of the dish, another twenty of a slightly different convention. Much as is crowded the four-inch width and three-quarter-inch depth of this dish, it is not too crowded with detail to please the eye.

A pie plate that I have, made only yesterday, but in the true tradition, bears upon it a peacock very like the bird of the old Hübener dishes. The praises of these latter are sung by Edwin Atlee Barber in his *Tulip Ware of the Pennsylvania German Potters* (1903). My peacock, like his forbears of a hundred years ago, is cut through yellow slip down to the

THE PEACOCK MOTIVE

basic red of the dish. Like them, too, he is reaching back and preening his tail coverts. This dish is only eight inches in diameter, however, as against the fourteen inches of the Hübener platters. The old potter who made my dish used, too, the copper that Hübener used to mottle the red and yellow of his peacock dishes.

Old German prints tell us that there were peacocks in the Garden of Eden. We all know they must have been there, for it was a peacock, the old tradition has it, that let the snake into the garden. I came on one such print at an auction in the hills above the Perkiomen. It was the frontispiece of a book of Bible stories printed in the old country in 1785, but, judging by its companions printed in Allentown and Reading and Philadelphia, long a resident here at Keinerts. Tulips in red and yellow were stamped on the leather covers; more tulips in the red and black and green of fractur bordered the paper that lined its backs; brass clasps held its loosening pages together. The title page, however, was bright and clear, and unsullied, too, though the book bore every evidence of use. The peacock was perched on a bare bough, perhaps a bough of the aboriginal appletree, to the extreme right of the print. Nearer the trunk perched other birds, less easy of identification, but seemingly owl and parrot and barnyard cock. The peacock's tail was unspread but its rounded boat shape would have bespoken him *pavo* surely, even had he not had the characteristic crest. It was an old place, indeed, where this book had been treasured, the home of wood and straw workers, its possessions all displayed in the dooryard after the fashion of Dutch auctions. There were moulds about cut from solid curly maple, and all manner of little vats and measures in oak and gum, and fifteen straw beehives that spoke of the sound artisanship of yesterday.

I have seen the peacock, too, on representations of the Ark in old books of Pennsylvania Germany. I recall him, looming large on the ridgepole, side by side with dove and pelican. He is always on hand, too, on colored prints of barnyard scenes,

and in a place of vantage. One bird that sticks in mind was poised on the straw roof of a low office, a bright blue against a brighter straw yellow, with head back and beak open in the act, no doubt, of heehawing as brazenly as a donkey.

I know, too, the peacock in the Currier and Ives print, "The American Farm Yard, Morning," though it "comes too high" for me to own. His inclusion here indicates that he was a barnyard bird elsewhere in America than in Pennsylvania, for these lithographers looked at America from the New York point of view, even when they were picturing the Yo-Semite or the Wissahickon. He rests, his tail outspread, on the top rail of a gate, at the upper right-hand side of the picture, and is the arresting figure and color of the print.

Two peacocks, in red and blue and gold, stand stiffly on the top of the *geburtsschein* of Henrich Dannehauer. They occupy the upper left- and upper right-hand corners of this birth certificate, which tells us that its subject was born in 1796, of Christian and honorable Lutheran parents, in Gwynned township, Montgomery County, in Pennsylvania. Between the peacocks two larger doves of like colors are feeding on a mystic rose, also of red and blue and gold. Tulips of red and blue and gold, one on each side, frame in the lettering of the certificate. It is all very crude, and not particularly pleasing in its crudity.

The largest panel of tinsel on glass that I have ever come upon has a peacock as one of its symbols. The tinsel is so finely cut it looks almost like gold-dust against its dark background. There is silver tinsel in it, too, but the gold is wholly dominant. There are four groups in the expanse of two feet six by five within the heavy gilt frame. At the left is a Cross springing from a bell-shaped base. Above and about the Cross are five stars. To the right of the Cross rise tulip-like flowers, on long thin stems and still in bud. Birds rest on these stems; and there is another bird, this one possibly a stork, and a pink tulip to the right, and on the ground. Next, in the center of the panel,

is a great urn-shaped base from which grow two stalks, with three open tulips, face out, on each stalk. Doves perch on these stalks, and a peacock stands on the ground beside them, still further to the right, his tail blending into the urn. Above, two swallows toss in the air. To the right again, and occupying almost a third of the space of the picture, a tree with fruit on it, possibly the appletree of Eden, spires almost to the top of the glass, the fruit red, like the Smith Cider Apple so common in the hinterland of Philadelphia in old time and even down to our day. I have seen like trees on old pie plates. Under the tree are another stork and tulip. Above it are a butterfly and a bee.

The suggestion of Christmas is obvious. The tree suggests, too, the origin of man, though no Adam and Eve are here with it, as there are with the Eden tree on certain painted chests. If it is a Christmas tree rather than that which bore the forbidden fruit, then, too, it is in harmony with other of the symbols. The two storks suggest the newborn child. The peacock suggests the Resurrection, and the stars and Cross have their place in the Christ story. It is less easy to assign a reason for the inclusion of bee and butterfly and swallows, though all three are often present in one implication or another in Pennsylvania Dutch decoration.

The light so falls on this picture that you have to look at it at an angle to get its full effect. Looked at from directly in front it is only a blur, looked at from the right at an angle of forty-five degrees it comes out as a unified pattern. Its tinsel of gold and silver blends together into a bright aureate sheen, and so dominates the other tinsel colors that you have to look at the picture narrowly to pick out the pink of the tulips and the red of the apples, and to be sure of the lines of stork and peacock, dove and swallow. It is not beautiful, this expanse of tinsel; it is hardly even decorative; but it is certainly curious and provocative of interpretation.

It seemed too good to be true when I came upon a peacock

painted on the panel above the looking-glass of a Sheraton mirror. I had looked many years for a peacock on such a mirror, or as the "scenery" of a shelf clock, and I had almost despaired of ever finding one. A friend had told me of seeing a pair of resplendent fellows facing each other on a mirror top, but I had about come to believe that he had been dreaming. Then, one day, at a little auction house, in the heart of Philadelphia, I spied my long-sought peacock mirror on the wall. Its original deep-red frame had been white-enameled, but all the detail of woodwork was perfect, and mirror and "scenery" were alike "proof." Enough of the paint was scraped off in one spot to show the old white pine of the frame had aged to that red one sees most often perhaps, on the timbers of old attics.

I could not stay for the auction, so I left a bid, hardly daring to hope I would get my bird, but I did get him, at two-thirds of what he was worth just as a scenery mirror, and far short of what he was worth to me. I had been afraid to leave a bid for what I would have been willing to pay for him, lest that lead others to believe him of superlative value, and outbid me in my absence.

I had intended to finish the mirror in the mellowed red of its old pine, but somehow, I haven't got round to it. The fact is I rather like the mirror as it is, with the prevailing blue and green of background and bird against the cool white of the frame. It is rarely good, this mirror, as a whole, and in every detail, and I am not sure it would be so good were I to finish it in the natural color of its old wood. It is twenty-two inches and a half by twelve inches and a half over all, with perfectly proportioned capitals to its reeded columns, and good moulding everywhere.

What you see of the "scenery" is eight inches wide and six inches high, with the bird in center and looking back over his shoulder to his tail, drooping half expanded, to the lower right. His ground color is green, all his seven inches from crest

to end of tail feathers, but it is picked out in yellow, which extends to yellow crest and yellow wing and yellow ocellations on the tail. Delicate sprays of leaves in green spire up to his left and fall over his back to the right. His yellow feet rest nonchalantly, with toes unclenched, on a low plant of yucca-like proportions, also in green. A fellow to the plant the peacock is resting upon fills the lower left-hand corner of the "scenery." It grows up from the same grassy bank of vivid green. A band of black, with a wavy top, belts the bottom of the "scenery." The background of distance and sky is pale blue. I like the harmony of color of it all, its stiffness, its crudity, its prim decorativeness.

There are eight peafowl punched out in relief on my pet tin coffee-pot. Both pairs of the four in the upper slope of the pot are tail to tail. They look at one another over their shoulders, though a large wreath of flowers separates the pairs and partly hinders their vision of each other. On the down slope the birds face inward, and look at each other over the top of a tulip of large size. This is a two-quart pot made by W. Shade for Lucy Ann Rhoads. It was bought in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania. The maker's name is on the handle and the girl's name runs around the foot of the pot, Lucy Ann on one side and Rhoads on the other. There is no date on this pot but on another of mine very like it, in shape and scroll-work and tulips, but without the peafowl, the date 1838 is clearly punched out.

The towel, or door panel, of Elizabeth Gehman has, too, eight peafowl upon it. It is a piece of linen fifteen inches wide and nearly four feet long. It has tabs at the top on either side, so that it might be hung, perhaps, in the guest room of her Bucks county home. Sometimes, no doubt, it was placed back of the washstand, for use, as well as on the chamber door, for decoration. Six inches from the top her name crosses the towel from edge to edge. It is worked on in cross-stitch, samplerwise. In either upper corner, above the name, is an eight-pointed star in pink. Below each pink star is a like star in

blue. In the center, just above her name, is a crown in brown, and, above the crown, a tulip plant bearing two tulips in pink. Between the two tulips and above them is a full-blown flower in gold. Two doves rest on this golden flower and one dove on each of the pink tulips. Between this central decoration and the stars on the edges, are two little conventionalized trees in brown and gold, each bearing on its branches two peacocks in gold and two in brown, the gold peacocks on the brown part of the tree and the brown peacocks on the gold. The flaring tails of the birds and their crests speak them unequivocally peacocks, though they are no larger than the doves rampant on the tulips. There is no date on the towel, which is apparently homespun, and which is finished out with a fringe sewn on at the bottom. Since I have, however, a piece of illuminated fractur work from Elizabeth's *Büchlein,* when she was a scholar in singing school in 1822, it is not difficult to approximate the date of the towel. It may be of almost even date with her certificate as *Sing Schüler,* for the Pennsylvania Dutch girls began working on the gear for their marriage chests while they were in their early teens.

It may be that the golden birds on my tray of painted tin are pheasants and not peacocks. They are certainly more beautiful than more realistically painted peacocks on other trays I know. My birds are crested like peacocks, and they come from the one-time peacock-haunted county of Lancaster. There are four of them, all clearly stencilled and little the worse for wear. They balance well, two on either side of the long sides of the tray, which is about eighteen inches in breadth and two feet in length. They rest, facing outwards, on a green vine that trails gracefully along these longer sides. On the shorter sides are thin bell-shaped flowers in gilt, very like in shape to those of Solomon's seal.

As modest are the two peacocks that trot along the lower border of Lavina Ermintritt's sampler. They are a little faded and a little tired, for they have been on the go since 1832.

Like the birds of Elizabeth Gehman they are of brown and gold. Of a bright magenta are the birds of Mary Undercuffer that dominate a great sampler of 1862. It is fully two feet either way, this great square of linen, and it has been well protected by its heavy glass and its wide frame of mahogany. Its peacocks, each about eight inches long, sit facing each other with half-spread tails. They so rivet your attention that you hardly notice the humble barnyard birds above them or the border of tulips that yards them in. I have seen other peacocks, of course, on Pennsylvania fabrics and wares, on quilted comfortables, on enamelled glass, on crocks of red clay, but I have written only of those that I know intimately.

Peacocks are common enough, too, in the decoration of present-day fabrics and wares not "made in America." You see them on Japanese printed goods, on Italian majolica, on Czecho-Slovakian glass, and on Staffordshire ware. The last trip the family made to a china store they brought me back a splendid purple peacock, with wing bows of yellow and wide-opened tail, disporting himself on a very green sward and kept from straying by a fence of feather pattern in pale brown. He was unquestionably a recent arrival from Tunstall, one of the Five Towns that Arnold Bennett has made famous the world over.

There is little likelihood that the peacock will be soon dispossessed of his place in decoration. There is nothing in nature more splendid, nothing, that is, in gold and green and blue. There is no bird or beast or bloom that has been the symbol of finer things. And though it may be a descent for him to be now but the symbol of pride who was once Juno's bird and the augury of life after death, it is more than likely he will again assume that symbolism of high things that he has partly lost. Meanwhile, we have him to cherish in a score of shapes, quaint or splendid, on simple objects of art dear to the heart of man.

For
Ethan Allen Weaver,
who has sent me to many corners of
Northampton

"SUNDRY SORTS OF EARTHEN WARE"

It has all come of a trout in a springhouse, this specialization of mine in Pennsylvania redware. In my early childhood, as I sat in the nursery with Aunt Rachel of winter nights, she told me, evening after evening, stories of that farm in Chester County where she and my mother were born, and another aunt, and many uncles. It was at Milford Mills, in Uwchland, on that Marsh Creek which is an eastern branch of the East Branch of the Brandywine, that they lived. There was a farmhouse here, and grist mill, and country store, and weaver's shop, and barns, and shedding, and covered wooden bridge, and springhouse. There was the schoolhouse on the bleak hilltop two miles away, to which the children walked, carrying sticks of hardwood sometimes as their contribution to the fire. There was the creek itself, the mill pond and head-race, the wheel and tail-race.

With so large a family in such a place, with so many things to work at and to play with, with so many and so varied interests centered here way off in the country, much happened that was fascinating to a child, and the stories about these important little things were unending. The Uwchland Saga ran on night after night to my delighted ears. Nor were its incidents less enthralling on repetition.

One I asked for again and again was the story of the trout in the springhouse. It was always assumed in the story that he

had been there many years. He was a large fellow, more than twelve inches long, and very tame. When the milk was brought to the springhouse to be set for cream in the milk pans the trout would swim in from the deeper water of the dip-hole to the shallows and fin about gently, bubbling at whoever was handling the pans. It was a great occasion when he would roll over sideways that his sides might be scratched.

As I was used only, at this time, to milk pans of tin, I always visualized the pans in the springhouse at Milford as fellows to those in our own cellar. One night, however, Aunt Rachel referred to pouring milk into the pans as they stood in the water on the stone-paved floor of the springhouse. I couldn't see how tin pans could so stand. It seemed to me that they, empty, must float about in the water. I asked Aunt Rachel about it, to learn that the milk pans were of earthenware, like the apple-butter crocks we had always in the cellar.

It was years after these nursery nights, however, before I saw a milk pan of redware, nearly forty-five years, and I saw one then only because I went resolutely to work to find it. I do not know how it was there came on me at fifty-two the desire to see such a milk pan as I had been told of at seven. I only know that the desire did seize me and that I could not rest until I found the pan. I went first, of course, to the antique shops, but they had no milk pan. Then I queried our farmer, who had once brought us apple-butter in redware. Yes, there used to be plenty of milk pans in earthenware, he told me, but he failed to find one for me. More than half of my relatives and friends were from southeastern Pennsylvania, but not one of them could tell me where I could buy the kind of milk pan I was so eager to own.

I did, of course, come on a good deal of redware of one sort and another in my search, and I took a fancy to it, in pitchers and pie plates, as well as in the more familiar jugs and crocks. I bought several specimens. I liked the handwork on them, the marks of fingers left on them, the incisions of the thumb nail

in their decoration. I liked, too, the warm red of the unglazed outsides of crocks; the rich black of lead glaze with a strong mixture of manganese in it, on jugs and jars; the wave motives and tripled tulips that take on so bright a yellow under the clear lead glaze of pie plates.

And then I found my milk pan, up in the northeastern corner of Bucks County, with all the broad miles of Montgomery County and a part of Chester County between it and the springhouse at Milford Mills. It was a rather heavy pan, rounding up from a nine-inch base to a twelve-inch top. This top, heavily rolled, stood in lieu of handles. You could hold it by the edge, one hand on either side of the pan, and pour as slowly as you would from the little snout waved out two inches wide. Soon I secured another, also in Bucks County. A better piece of potting, fashioned more evenly and not so heavy, it was less beautiful in shape and without the weathered red of the first pan. It was a proof piece, which looked as if it had had little use. The bright red glaze of its interior was finished off just below the rim with a band of yellow slip. It was fourteen inches in diameter and six inches high.

The next milk pan that I secured was from the Juniata hills back of Lewistown. It is a big fellow fifteen and a half inches in diameter and seven inches high. Its sides pinch in concavely just a little, making it very pleasant to the eye. It shows use, the glaze being worn off at its rim, and its outside is darkened by age. It has an unrolled top and ears to handle it by. My next milk pan was a little fellow from central Ohio, something like in feeling and lines to the first one I came on near Blooming Glen. This little fellow shows more handling on the wheel than any other of my lot of them. Its base, six inches in diameter, extends just a little beyond the rise of its sides. These sides round up to a top ten and a half inches in diameter. A narrow round of clay, as marked as that of its base, is moulded out by hand an inch below the top, which rolls out into a rim three-quarters of an inch wide.

This pan holds but six quarts, to the eight of the first and second ones I found, to the twelve of the Lewistown pan, and to the fourteen of my fifth pan, yet undescribed, but the best of them all. This pan was no doubt intended to be fifteen inches in diameter, but it was pressed a little out of shape by its neighbors as it stood, still soft or "green," on the drying rack. It is a little more than seven inches from its base of eleven inches in diameter to its heavy rim shaped like that of a turned flower-pot and a full inch high. Four and a half inches from the bottom, between two straight lines incised is a waved line incised. Whether these incised lines are made by a style or only by the humble finger nail is a question. Whichever was used there is no doubt that the slight irregularities in the wavings of the line are due to its making while the potter's wheel was spinning round.

I do not know if these lines, waved and straight, ringing the dull red of its sides, added to the right proportions of it, are what made the pan so satisfying to me. Maybe they account for my liking, and maybe the cause of it is to be found elsewhere. I could not discover its place of making or any of its antecedents when I bought it at a city auction, so I like to believe that, by some freak of atavistic instinct I, subconsciously, know it to be one of the pans that once stood in the springhouse at Milford Mills. Do I say: "It may have been; it probably was; it was"? No, but I like to play with the thought. And the pan certainly has a decided appeal to anyone who cares for the humbler forms of beauty.

I am not sure that the simpler pieces of redware, unglazed outside, are not the best of all its many kinds. "It has many families, this pottery that you collect," said the country dealer who takes most interest in it, as he proceeded to point out five families. There are more than five, I think, fifteen perhaps, but I must not go into a detailed description of these here. That the range of this redware may be realized, however, I will tabulate the varieties easily distinguished.

PIE DISHES, PITCHERS, AND BOWLS

1. Unglazed: flowerpots, water coolers, chimney pots, stove-pipe collars, drain pipes and roofing tile.
2. Unglazed outside and glazed inside: apple-butter crocks, milk cups, milk pans, mixing bowls, baking pots, butter crocks, cake moulds, jelly moulds, cheese-pots, pie plates, and roach traps.
3. Unglazed inside and glazed outside: flowerpots, hanging baskets for flowers, sand shakers, picture frames, door stops, and stove rests.
4. Glazed inside and outside, with no color added to the red lead glaze: crocks, jars, vases, bottles, jugs, harvest jugs, pitchers, basins, cups, shaving cups, soap dishes, candlesticks, sugar bowls, mixing bowls, porringers, custard cups, soup tureens, baking dishes, tea- and coffee-pots, colanders, tea caddies, salt cellars, egg cups, gallipots, ink wells, cake moulds, jelly moulds, lamp stands, spittoons, chamber pots and bed pans.
5. Glazed inside and out with red lead, with underglaze manganese daubs: crocks and other utensils as in 4.
6. Brown glazed inside and out, with underglaze manganese daubs: crocks, etc., as in 4 and 5.
7. Brown glazed inside and out, with underglaze manganese daubs in black: crocks, etc., as in 4, 5, and 6.
8. Black glazed inside and out, with both shiny and dull finish: crocks, etc., as in 4, 5, 6, and 7.
9. Green glazed inside and out: crocks, etc., as in 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8.
10. Slipware, with underglaze decorations in yellow, green, and black: pie plates, mixing bowls, harvest rings, sauce dishes, jars, bottles in animal shapes, crocks, etc.
11. Sgraffito ware, with incised decoration, through slip, of yellow, green, and black: ceremonial platters, pie plates, mixing bowls, sauce dishes, crocks, etc.
12. Decoration in relief: pitchers, bowls, etc., with birds and flowers.

13. Figures modelled in imitation of Staffordshire figures: horses with riders and attendants, cows, cow creamers, dogs, lions, deer, doves, peacocks, snakes, etc. These are sometimes with simple glazes and sometimes elaborately slipped.
14. Dolls, toys, and miniatures of several sorts: Doll heads and full figures, chairs, tables, sofas, whistles in the shape of birds, dogs, toads, turtles, etc.
15. Moulded wares in imitation of Bennington and Staffordshire pottery: Toby jugs, jars, pitchers, coffee-pots, sugar bowls, etc.

My partiality among all these kinds of ware is for the pieces unglazed outside and weathered or aged to old red; for the pieces in black glaze, whether peacock-hued lusters, silvered pewters or dull opaques; and for certain of the slipped wares of choice shapes and subdued colors. The desiderata of most collectors of redware are the ceremonial platters of sgraffito with tulips and peacocks and pomegranates cut through yellow slip to the red base. If I could afford it I should certainly have one such platter as a specimen piece. In my lack of one I rest content, however, for I do not think these glorified pie plates are more than "gay and beautiful." They are not really beautiful.

Take the humblest little crock of redware you can find, such as this one I keep on my desk to hold odds and ends. It once held a pint of apple-butter. Its old red is of that brick color that has warmed the hearts of men down the generations. Its shape is one of those that originated in the eastern Mediterranean in the dawn of time. We call it Cotyle, but it is older than Greek. My little jar is without the handles of the wine cup, but of its very proportions. Equally good is that two-quart crock, handled but unglazed without, and now spalling off, that I keep around just for the joy of looking at it. It is not one of the oldest shapes, but it is a good shape, ovoid with a recurved lip, and it has so many associations about it, of

apple-butter and country things else, conscious and subconscious, that it greatly contents me.

Three large pieces of redware unglazed without are among my favorites. One is a three-gallon baking pot that is blackened by service in outdoor ovens. It has two large loop-handles that spring out from its rim, and that are so well placed that the pot balances easily when you lift it by them. It pours cleanly, too, when you so balance it, and tip it, from its pushed-out lip. The youngest of our family says that this pot has a Falstaffian leer. It may be so, but what I think of when I see it is what dry pot roasts used to come out of a fellow to it I met one summer in my youth in Juniata county. A round piece of burnt clay was laid over the mouth of this Tuscarora pot and tough chunks of meat allowed to crumble away to tastelessness in hours' long baking in an outside oven.

Another piece of unglazed exterior is of even simpler sort. It is just a four-gallon crock with ears, rather dumpy and a little out of shape from careless handling after it left the wheel. The years and wear have brought it to an admirable old red. The third is a smearcase pot. It is twelve inches high, eight inches in its narrower and ten inches in its wider diameter. It has ears on the long side, a "pour" at the top of one narrow side, and a drip hole at the bottom of the other narrow side. It is almost half of it unglazed outside and the other half of so slight a glaze that I think it must be a deposit from salt thrown into the kiln at the moment of sealing. It is lead glazed within. This cheese pot has the irregular waved line between two straight lines around it just below the rim, the waved line that so delighted me in my best milk pan.

Another interesting piece I have that seems to show salt glaze, but this time brushed in, is a handled crock with a narrow base and rapidly swelling sides, the lower part of which looked very like the Greek skyphos. From where the skyphos would end this vessel slopes in rapidly to a pinched mouth. It is decorated with a broad band of cream-colored slip around

it just above its greatest diameter, a band broken by a waved line in brown. Whatever the glaze of this is, it leaves the cream slip little yellower than the color of the white clay out of which the slip is made. The glaze extends down its sides only a half inch below its slipped band. Despite its partly Greek shape this piece has a curiously exotic look, suggesting now vessels of our southwestern Indians and now some even more outland cinerary urn. It is, however, native Pennsylvanian, picked up at Harleysville, just below the Perkiomen.

Dull as lampblack is the glaze of a little quart jug I bought in Wooster, Ohio. It is a curiously shaped, bulbous fellow with a handle that loops up higher than the top of its neck, and makes it easy to tip and empty. It is of very heavy ware. There are a few shiny places, where the glaze has been rubbed, and here and there a look as if there were copper filings in the glaze. It is the only piece of this kind of glaze I have ever seen.

I have several pieces of redware with so much manganese in their glaze of red lead that they are practically coated with a thin skin of metal. These pieces look black in certain lights, but in other lights they brighten to silver. I have six crocks of this sort, a jug and three pitchers. One of these I like better than any pitcher of my collection of more than thirty. It is of the very shape of pitchers in Stiegel glass, with narrow base, broad midriff and broad top. A handle joins the side almost at the rim, springing from the widest diameter of the pitcher. The pitcher is four inches in diameter halfway up, and sloped in and out again to the three-and-a-half-inch mouth. It is five inches high. It has a pronounced snout to pour from and it pours cleanly. Its glaze is, however, its most distinguishing characteristic. In the lamplight it gleams like pewter, and placed upon a pewter plate it grows silver in the reflected light. In shape, glaze, and workmanship, it is a perfect piece, the acme of good potting and a thing of beauty.

Stiegel in shape also is a beaker or stein in redware black-

glazed. It is six and a quarter inches high, four inches in diameter at the base, from which it draws in very slightly for two-thirds of its height, and then spreads out as slightly to its four-inch diameter at the mouth. A three-inch handle extends from two inches above its base to within an inch of its top. Old and crackly, but still in good condition, this pitcher takes on in sunlight those peacock blues and purples one associates with the gun metal and certain sorts of hard coal. It is a perfect bit of potting, light, and properly balanced on the handle. In shape and dimensions it is the very fellow to a glass beaker I found in New Hampshire, but unmistakably blown and etched in the little Pennsylvania town of Manheim.

I have several other pieces of like black glaze as good as this beaker. One is a jug of two-quart capacity. It is a typical Pennsylvania jug with handle halfway down the side and with the waved thumb-nail line between two parallel straight lines about a quarter of the way down from its neck to its base. Neck and base are a little chipped and you can see that manganese was mixed with the clay of which it was made. Its glaze is a beautiful bright black, over which particles of metallic manganese have been shaken to turn in the firing to a dust of silver flakes. It, like so many pieces of its glaze, takes on peacock hues in the sunlight.

Another such is a two-gallon pitcher, not in the best of condition, and too long in the waist. A fellow to this pitcher, but of a better shape and glaze with more purple and green and blue reflections I neglected to buy one May day at Douglassville. I have ever since regretted my restraint. In collecting, as in life, the greater sins, in retrospection, are generally the sins of omission. I am consoled, sometimes, however, for the loss of that big pitcher, when I get out my three-gallon jar black-glazed and comely. It is eleven and a half inches from its base, nine inches in diameter, to its shoulders of like diameter. From the shoulders it draws in, within an inch of height, to a neck of four-inch diameter and less than an inch high.

A green jug as handsome as my black jug, opaque and coppery, strongly tempted me one Christmas time, but as it was held at three times its worth, I was able to resist it. It was a big fellow, of two-gallon content, and heavily daubed with black manganese before it was coated with lead glaze into which a large element of copperas had been mixed. It had unquestionably been fired twice, once for the underglaze manganese, and once again for the thin glaze of dark green that finished it off. It was of the richest sort of effect, with a strange depth and crystalline quality to its color. It was of good shape and well potted, but in its color was its chief claim to a place in my gallery of pottery remembered but unpossessed. Neither my half-gallon jug of deep olive, nor my quart jug of warm green gives me in possession a joy comparable to my memory of this jug of deep lustres in black and green.

Among my slipped pieces, I like about as well as any my platter in black and cream and green. Its base is a clay mixed with much manganese. Its glaze is red lead, colored a rich black with manganese. Dashes in white like those of the blue-dash chargers so cherished in England, thirty dashes in all, mark its rolled lip. A thin band in green runs around the side of the platter just below the dashes on the rim. Below the green band a wider band in cream also encircles the dish, with a line of the black of the basic glaze between it and the green line. On the flat of the bottom four floral decorations are about evenly spaced. Two flowers and leafage of edelweiss balance two sprays of eleven lilies of the valley and leafage. The flowers are in white and the leafage in green, laid on in slip over the black glaze. As this method of laying on leaves the decoration a little in relief, it has worn off a little. Spaced before the flower groups are those assemblies of dots so common in slipware, seven, eight, nine, and ten dots in white around a central dot in red. The platter is twelve inches in diameter at the top, nine inches in diameter at the bottom and two inches high.

The "picker" from whom I bought this piece said that he

bought it from an old man near Manheim, in Lancaster County. It may be he did, but I am not sure of its origin. It may be of Swiss or South German origin. It may have been made, like my hanging basket with animal heads, by a German workman at Gibbel's pottery near Manheim. It may have been brought from Germany or Switzerland in old times, or it may be of that stuff which is being constantly brought, and in considerable numbers, from abroad and sold as American to satisfy the prevailing craze for Dutchiana.

The three colors usual to slipware are laid on lavishly on a pie plate of mine from Montgomery County. It is a large fellow, eleven and a half inches in diameter, with a flat bottom of six inches. It rounds up gradually to its rim, which is only two inches higher than its base. It has seen real service in the oven, and the green and yellow and black of its slip are dulled. Fortunately, this dulling has served only to deepen the richness of their tones. They are not gaudy at all now, though they may have been gaudy when the plate was new. Across its middle run six lines of slip, straight lines, three of them green and three of them yellow. They are bound together by the five undulations of a twisting snake in black. Above and below this two-inch belt of parallel lines, six waved lines very much like the twisting snake aforesaid, but in green and yellow like the straight lines of the middle belt, cross the dish from edge to edge. At the ends and in the two lowest points of the undulations are three strokes of black about an inch long springing from a common point and looking as if they might be the leaves of a plant. Seen from across the room as it rests on the mantel, this is a very striking bit of decoration. In your hands it is pleasing, too. It shows hundreds of previous handlings on its polished exterior. The unglazed redware of this surface has deepened from the familiar flowerpot red to an old red that rivals in texture and depth the patina of a piece of eighteenth-century mahogany.

Its associations are a large part of the reasons for my lik-

ing of a plate in green and red from the Vickers pottery. A five-branched houseleek in green fills most of its flat, a houseleek that is the very image of the plant which is so constant a member of all collections of old plants in country houses from Delaware to Susquehanna. I have known houseleeks of this variety four feet in height, and more than three score and ten in years. I have seldom failed to note specimens of it, large or small, in windows and on stepped plant stands in my expeditions through Dutchland. It was, then, a real pleasure to find a potter had cared enough for the plant to reproduce it in almost its exact color from slip made green with copperas. Such plates were not regarded as decorative only but for use. Mine, a seven-inch plate, is burnt black outside by frequent contact with wood ashes in some outdoor oven. It is a rather unusual plate, but I have come on a second specimen of it in the Pennsylvania Museum.

My smallest plate is also burnt black from many visits to the oven, as the receptacle no doubt of little tarts. It is only four inches in diameter. Its design, in yellow slip, is the familiar trio of tulips fitted together in a row, one inside the other, as tumblers are when you buy them in the store. A fellow in size to this four incher but of only half its weight has the same tulips but doubled to six and set reversed, three one way and three the other. The two designs are run together so that the inner petals of the two trios are one, nine petals sufficing for the six flowers.

My largest plate is thirteen inches in diameter, with its decoration a combination of the "reversed chicken-foot" and wave-motive designs. I have chicken-pie dishes of even larger size, great troughs of redware, and boldly decorative. One is twelve by eighteen inches. There is nothing more striking in country kitchens than these big platters in red and yellow. You will not find them any longer in general use but they are much sought after by people who have bought up farm houses and are restoring them to their "early American" aspect.

Placed on the high mantel shelves of fireplaces, under the heavy timbers never ceiled in and so grown black with the smoke of years, these platters stand out in bold relief and warm your heart as can only those things that are of the color of life.

I like better than these great fellows, however, the more usual six- and seven-inch pie plates. I have scores of these of all sorts and conditions. The majority are of the familiar red and yellow. Some have free and bold wave motives across them, the trough of the wave on one side of the plate and the crest on the other. I have plates with tulip motives, many of them, beside the little ones I have referred to, and twisting snakes galore and a half dozen with the wheel of fortune, all in red and yellow. I have plates with all manner of blobs and dots in yellow slip. I have a plate in black and green, showing a lady in hoop skirts, drawn as crudely as if on a child's slate. I have a plate in green and black and yellow slip, with a circle in the center and peacock plumes and rows of little snakes radiating out to its edges. I have a plate in purple and black and green showing two cone-shaped flowers springing from cleft leaves and a spike somewhat like that of a fringed orchis between the two like cone-shaped flowers. I have a plate with a tulip in black and of life size. This flower and its leafage fill almost all of the six-inch diameter of the plate.

One and all these multicolored plates are black-bottomed from the bake oven. I have, too, a series of plates from the Moore pottery at Quakertown that were recovered from the sheds about that building long after it had ceased to operate. These plates are even more immaculate than those often found in the attics of country stores where they have been laid away for scores of years.

It is likely that all these kinds of pottery of which I have been writing were made from very shortly after the arrival of German immigrants in Pennsylvania. There were roofs of red tile in old Germantown, one of which survived into the twentieth century. Whether this roof dated from the earliest times of

our settlement, or whether it was put on after a shingle roof had had its day, is a question not easy to answer. This so long surviving roof of tile was on a little house well east of Germantown Road, a house that might have been built at any time from 1725 to 1825. If this house was very early, the tile that roofed it might have been brought from Germany, though so far as I know there is no record of either tile or brick shipped thence to Pennsylvania. Houses made of brick burnt in England are to be found on the Delaware, as on Chesapeake Bay, but such were generally erected by officials of land companies or by rich merchants sometime established in America.

I have seen a platter dated 1733 and a sugar bowl dated 1742. I have a cup with "yr 1738" upon it. This cup is, I think, of comparatively recent manufacture, but the platter and sugar bowl are certainly old pieces. I have the figures 1740 on the bottom of a crock of beautiful lines, to anyone who knows Pennsylvania redware obviously the output of the Vickers pottery. We can trace this pottery back, at least to the seventeen fifties, when it was situated at Caln, in the Chester Valley west of Downingtown. It may be that pottery was established in 1740, and that these figures represent a crock made in that year and dated. Or it may be that one-seven-four-nought is merely a production number. I have a fellow to this crock, very slightly smaller, and of even better lines, that is numbered 1378. These figures can, of course, be nothing else than a production number.

No one will gainsay, I am sure, that they throw doubt on the figures 1740 as a date mark. As there is no record on sales lists of such pieces being made after the Vickers pottery moved to Lionville in 1806, the two crocks are likely to have been made at Caln. Such a high number as 1378 would remove the piece bearing it from the category of especially made pieces unless, of course, the pottery, from its earliest days, marked every piece it made with the number succeeding that of

the last-made piece. If this were the practice there could hardly have been more than one man at the wheel.

In Rupp's *History of the Counties of Berks and Lebanon* (1844) we find in the "Manufacturing Statistics" for Berks County "Ten potteries—gross value of ware made, four thousand two hundred dollars—employed twenty hands." This reference shows on how small a scale most of these potteries operated, with no more than two hands apiece, the potter himself and a helper. Very often, indeed, the potting, like so many trades in the country, was not a craft followed every day in the year, but only as need was, and as a side issue to the main business of farming.

Both these Vickers crocks are in redware that had been daubed with manganese before it was lead glazed. Both are admirably potted, though the one marked 1740 is "brought up thinner" than the one marked 1378. The smaller crock has eared handles fastened tight to its sides, and the larger handles like those of the Greek amphora. The larger one is nine inches high, six inches in diameter at the base, eight inches at its widest diameter halfway up, and four inches at its mouth. It has four parallel thumb-nail lines making a band about its base, four similar thumb-nail lines ringing it two and a half inches below its top, and four more just at its mouth. Like lines ring the slightly smaller and even shapelier crock which does not paunch out so decidedly at its midriff. Both are good pieces from the connoisseur's as well as from the collector's point of view. They are as worthy of a place in the living room as in the Museum.

That earthenware was plenty in Pennsylvania in early times is proven by its frequent listing in old inventories. In one such inventory, given me in Lancaster, of the estate of Rudolph Barr of Cocallico Township, Lancaster County, made January 3, 1755, "Sundry Sorts of Earthen Ware" are valued at "£1.3." My title is, then, all but as old as the oldest items of potting which I am describing. That this inventory is written

in English is to be accounted for, of course, by legal necessity. English was the language of the courts and even the appraisers of so "Dutch" a district as Cocallico had to accommodate themselves to the courts. That it was not always easy for them—Henry Haller, Philip Britenstein, Christopher Shaup and Michael Rank—is proven by the spelling of certain of the articles inventoried. "4 Hous" is a little baffling at first glance, but when you come on it following "14 sheep" you guess it must mean, "four ewes." "Some Dups and bails" is also a little confusing, but it is not difficult on reading it aloud to find it resolve itself into "Some Tubs and Pails."

In the earliest times bowls and pans of wood were apparently in more general use in the backwoods districts than earthenware. Yet earthenware was there. In the inventory of the estate of Michael Burst who lived at what is now Lebanon in 1741, his "earthenware" was valued at but 4s. as over against the value of 13s. for his "wooden vessels."

Only an old potter here and there remains of the hundreds that used to be potting, in the Pennsylvania Dutch styles, in Pennsylvania and southern New Jersey, in Delaware and Maryland, in Virginia and West Virginia and Ohio. Little potteries persist in North Carolina and South Carolina and Georgia, but most of them carry on the English tradition and do not make pie plates and mixing bowls and the other kinds of distinctively "Dutch" ware. The heyday of the "Dutch" potteries was over by 1840 and there were few of them in full operation after 1880. Some burnt a kiln now and then after that, but even the most of these made little else than flowerpots and apple-butter crocks and stove-pipe collars.

The few old potters that are left admit that their work is not so fine as that of their predecessors. John Schofield of Honeybrook says the rheumatism in his fingers prevents him from "bringing his pottery up thin" the way he could in his prime. And Jacob Medinger says people do not value the best kind of work as they used to and so a potter cannot afford to

take the time nowadays to do it as well as he could. Certainly it is true that few pieces of redware of a real and unquestionable beauty are made today.

I do not know where, for instance, you will find a potter capable of making such a piece of redware as my low sugar bowl in brown-red glaze. I like not only the glaze on it. I like its slip of yellow and green and black. I like the seven lines of this slip decoration running around it. I like the line of left-bent curlycues or enlarged commas of yellow slip interspersed with two leaves in green that encircle it. I like the line of yellow slip above these curlycues and their separating leaves, and I like the yellow line under them and the black dots dropped in in pairs here and there. I like the waved black line laid on below this yellow line, and I like the three parallel lines in yellow below this black line. I like the way all these lines and curlycues and leaves compose together, the design and color effects of them. I like best of all the shape of the bowl. It is only six inches in diameter but its broad handles extend it to nine inches altogether, and such a breadth makes it, with only four inches of height, look very low indeed, as low almost as certain forms of Mediterranean lamps, and certainly suggestive of them. Even were its cover still with it, it could hardly be improved in color or design. It comes, like so much of our better redware, from Upper Montgomery County, and it may be by Bergey or Nase.

There is daintiness and elegance in another and smaller sugar bowl, also from Upper Montgomery County. It is four and a half inches in diameter and three inches to the top of the knob on its lid. It is perfectly potted, with decorations in low tones of yellow and grey and black. Rounds in yellow, nicked with a knife point, are flanked by the conventionalized feather motive in grey. Black dots and dashes are interspersed between rounds and feathers. The flat edge of the lid is a band of light yellow slip with innumerable knife flicks roughening and toning down its surface. The ears of the bowl are of right

proportions. Here, on the bowl itself, the rounds and feathers and dots and dashes, in like color to those on the lid, are in pleasant contrast to the brown of the glaze. There is just enough manganese in this glaze to remove it from the red common to such ware. There is manganese, too, in the clay of the base, so that there is no suspicion of redness anywhere in the sugar bowl.

Beside these pieces in unglazed redware, black-glazed redware, and slipped redware, I have pieces in glaze of other colors that I cannot ignore even in so cursory an account as this. One is a wide-mouthed jar from Perry County, where, and in the neighboring Adams and Huntingdon, are to be found so many finely shaped pieces of redware. I have, too, from hereabouts, cream pots of five gallons and little cream pots of a pint identically shaped and of ovoids so lovely one must go to classical examples to match them.

The jar I started out to describe has, however, an Indian rather than a Greek feeling. It is broader by an inch than it is high. Its greatest diameter is seven and a half inches, its mouth is five inches, and its height six and a half inches. Just below its recurved low neck are seven lines circling it. Then comes a waved line of thumb-nail character and then six more straight lines circling the jar. The waved line rises and falls sharply. It is almost an inch from top to trough. The glaze is red-brown of a particularly warm quality. It is admirably put on and the underlying redware is admirably potted. It is as thin as if it were soft paste and almost as light to the heft.

A little crock of which I am fond has for its decoration a motive in black manganese five times repeated. These decorations consist, four of them, of three short dashes rising slightly up from left to right, and a fourth dash bold and broad and high. This last large dash straightens almost to the perpendicular as it nears the heavily rolled rim of the crock. It is one of perhaps a dozen pieces of my "Dutch" pottery which have an Indian feeling.

A hanging basket made at Gibbel's pottery near Manheim has more modelling on it than any other piece of mine. It is a little fellow, only six inches in diameter and four inches deep. It is of red clay touched with carefully careless brushings of manganese, and then lead glazed. What distinguishes it from all other hanging baskets of my experience is its laid-on fruit and leaves and its three modelled animal heads. A pear leaf is laid on to either side of each animal head just below the crimped edge of the basket. Two similar leaves are laid on at either side of the pear that makes the knob at its bottom. Two of the animal heads are badly chipped and the third is so rubbed in the mouth that it is hard to tell whether it is of dog or bear. Ears and eyes and nose of this third head are in good condition. The three heads make the knobs by which the basket is slung from window top or ceiling.

Elaborate decoration in redware is generally secured through sgraffito work, or incised lines through slip and into the body of the ware while it is still "green." Such, of course, are the platters made as wedding or anniversary presents, and preserved down the generations of descendants of their first recipients as household treasures. Only less elaborate is such slip decoration as that of my black platter. As elaborate, in its crude way, is the mocha-like decoration in red and yellow and black slip on a hanging basket of mine that came from Pottstown. In shape this basket is not unlike its fellows of my collection, a bowl-shaped receptacle with a bulbous lower half ending in a knob like a drawer-pull on old furniture. It is of a usual size, nine inches in diameter, and five inches deep. The nature of its underglaze decoration is what sets it apart from all others I have seen. Over the base of dark redware there has been spread a coat of slip that is red in some places, and yellow in others; as seen through the glaze of red lead that is superimposed over all. This means, I take it, that into the white slip usual for decoration has been put more iron or other coloring material to turn that slip red. Over the red and white slip, but

under the final glaze, has been poured a very thin slip in black. This has spread out into fan-like decorations that are exactly like the mocha fans of Staffordshire yellowware. Certain imaginative souls have seen in these fans tobacco juice that has been spit and allowed to trickle down into their coral-like shapes. Certainly it would seem that the drip from a slipcup could not be responsible for the traceries of my hanging basket. Perhaps they come from very thin slip mixed with manganese and then dropped on the first coat of slip, now dry, from a sponge. Or it may be that they come from that more primitive source, the mouth of the potter.

As elaborate but far more regular are the decorations on a number of the bowls of my collection. The smallest of these, four inches in diameter, was picked up in Adams County, and the two largest, each fourteen inches in diameter, respectively in Franklin and Dauphin Counties. This smallest bowl is perhaps a sauce dish. At any rate it was being so used when it was bought off the kitchen table of a farmhouse in the mountains as you cross over from Chambersburg on your way to Gettysburg. It is footed, with a base of two-inch diameter, and it is an inch and a half deep. Three peacocks' tails of six and six and seven feathers, three feathers in yellow and the rest in black, spring from decorations that swirl together in the center of the diminutive bowl. Gayer is the four-inch bowl from York. It, too, is footed, and of a three-inch base. It is rather flat, being only of an inch depth. Just below the rim is a circle in yellow slip. Then comes a waved line in black slip. Then another circle of yellow slip. Then another waved line, this time of green slip. Then a circle of yellow slip in the flat of the bowl.

Eight and a half inches in diameter is my next largest bowl, and so like in decoration and shape to the next larger again, of ten-and-a-half-inch diameter, that both must be the work of one potter. Both were bought of dealers who said, in each case, that the piece was bought in Montgomery County. Both have the lip around the top that shows them to be true mixing

bowls, but the blackened bottoms of both show also that they have been set on the stove or in the oven. Despite use, however, both are in very good condition. Around the lip at the rim in each runs a waved line in yellow slip. Below this on the downward slope of the interior of the bowl are straight lines of green slip, two in the larger bowl and three in the smaller. Age has toned this yellow and green into harmony with the brown-red of the unslipped parts of the bowl. Halfway to the bottom, in both bowls, is a line of manganese sponging. Below this, where the sides of the bowl meet the flat of the bottom there are, in the larger bowl, two lines of green slip, and, in the smaller one, a band of brown-black manganese.

Less shapely, less well potted, and less tastefully decorated, is a mixing bowl of almost the proportions of the larger of these two. It rounds up more quickly, and it is slightly deeper and narrower. The waved line of its rim, in yellow, is less sharply waved, and it is overdaubed with round dots in black slip, seventeen dots in all. Two straight lines encircle the downward slope of the bowl's interior, and below them a third line, waved like that of the lip. Black dots follow these yellow lines, more or less closely, and seven dots cluster together in the center of the bottom. This is a Bucks County bowl.

From Franklin County comes the first big fellow I got hold of. It is of fourteen-inch diameter. It is of brown glaze with five lines in black encircling its interior. First comes a straight line, then a waved, then a straight, then a waved, then a straight. The other fourteen-inch fellow is flamboyant, though of only two colors, red and black. This bowl is lipped. Around the lip runs a waved line in black. Below, three other lines, straight ones, run around the bowl. Below these a broad waved line makes a six-petalled conventionalized flower, the tulip no doubt. Below this two more straight lines encircle the bowl, the lower one just above its flat. In this bowl, the glaze of red lead serves to emphasize the red of the basic redware. It is a

bright and gay piece rather Indian in effect. It asserts itself wherever you put it.

Signatures are rare on redware on other than the sgraffito pieces. I have only five pieces signed among all my three hundred. One of these is a strangely shaped piece that may be a lamp base or a roach trap. It has on its base, in script, the legend:

pat. May 6, 1878
S. Miller

Ja Weber
Bernville

I have a candlestick in yellow slip signed:

Ernest
Baeher
Pottmaker
1862 $\left\{ \begin{matrix} 24 \\ 5 \end{matrix} \right.$

I have two other signed pieces from this same Baeher pottery. I have a daubed pie plate signed Solomon Miller, March 4, 1882. I have perhaps a dozen with stamped signatures, T. Cope, Gast, Swope, and Ganse, the prevailing names. Those signed Gast and Ganse are of the latest phase of redware making, moulded pieces in the shapes usual to Staffordshire and Bennington wares. Such pieces marked the last efforts of Lancaster County potters to be up to date and to compete with the cheap china and whiteware and tin that were so surely driving the old redware out of the market.

I have, too, earthenware moulds for pie plates that are signed, one by a C. Gerlach, a potter of whom I can learn nothing. Digging in the ruins of the Herstine pottery in Nockamixon township, Bucks County, on Good Friday of 1927, I came on broken moulds not only of the Herstines, but of the Harings. One of the Herstine moulds is dated 1844. Another

mould is signed J. R. H., 188(0?). This must have been made by Jared R. Haring, who gave up his own pottery hereabouts in 1880, and perhaps disposed of its paraphernalia to the Herstines.

The Herstine pottery was burned down in 1911. It was the last one of three in its immediate neighborhood that held on into late times. These three were in sight of one another before the brush got up so high as it is now. Seven potteries altogether were operating in Nockamixon township in the youth of Mr. A. B. Haring, so this potter told Dr. Barber in 1903. It is a high tableland above the Delaware River, this Nockamixon, of rock, and of cedars, and of swift runs trouty-looking, and of small holdings and of little old houses, and of an atmosphere of remoteness from our modern world. Woodcock got up before my little car, this Good Friday, as it bumped across the log covers to the frequent runs. Men were ploughing fields recleared from second growth and laying up log outbuildings of all sorts from the thin trees so recently cut down. Great blue heron after great blue heron passed northward flying heavily just above the tree tops.

From Coffman's Hill, that overtops this region of the little potteries, a line of like potteries followed the stone hills southwestward all the way to the Maryland line. There is good clay in plenty here in this high swamp-land of Nockamixon above the Delaware. There is good clay just west of Haycock Mountain, where at Appelbachsville the Singers' pottery so long turned out its distinctive wares. Westward further in Rockhill were the potteries of the Headmans and George Diehl. West of these again were the little establishments of the Spinners, the Nases, the Bittings, the Bergeys, the Medingers, the Vickerses, the Millers, and the Gibbels—to follow the line on through Bucks and Montgomery and Chester Counties and into Lancaster County.

So you can follow this line of potteries across the Susquehanna and on through York County to Adams County, where

potted that famous maker of poodles, Jacob Ditzler, and that late upholder of good potting, Adam Muller. I do not mean to say that there were no potters in the valleys. There were Willoughby Smith of Womelsdorf in Berks for one, and John Bell of Waynesboro in Franklin, for another. Yet it is true that a majority of my trips to old potteries or pottery sites have taken me up into the hills, along narrow roads and among cedars, to country that is still enjoying a primitiveness that went from the lowlands in a far yesterday.

There were little differences between the wares put out by these various potteries that enable you to say that each had its style. There is a chance of error, of course, in your ascription of a piece to this pottery and another piece to that. Journeymen potters often moved from one pottery to another, and potted in their own way no matter for whom they worked. Men who learned their trade in a pottery were apt to carry its style to their own pottery, should they become prosperous enough to go into business for themselves. Liability to error of identification is lessened, however, by the fact that most of these potteries used clays from different pits with differing proportions of manganese and iron, etc., in them and that these different clays made wares differing slightly, even were the shapes, and styles of decoration, and methods of turning very much the same. The potteries were as a rule very small, and if they employed more than one potter, found him from among the family of the boss. There were only a few potteries at which itinerant potters could find employment, and it is the output of such potteries only that causes real difficulties of identification. One wheel only was in operation in most of these potteries, and few of them had more than three. I was told in Chambersburg that John Bell's pottery at Waynesboro had been "a big pottery, with six wheels."

I have specimens of the work of all these potteries I have named, I think, except Spinner's. In most instances I have evidence to prove that the piece is from this pottery or that.

If I dig up a rather flattened form of apple-butter crock from the heap of shards that is all that is left of the Herstine pottery, I can assume that its very fellow I bought in Hilltown came from Herstine's. If a piece of pottery is bought from the Headman family, as an unglazed bean pot of mine was bought, and it is distinguished by an unusual coggle-mark, a trileaf, I can surely identify a jar similarly coggled as also made at the Headman's. John Headman, by the by, my bean pot's maker, lived to be ninety-nine years old, dying in 1892. My bean pot is one of those, his family say, that he never got round to glaze and fire for the second time, one of the last pieces he turned and shaped and coggled as a very old man.

The glaze and motives of design and the potting of the ware of Christian Miller, of New Britain in Bucks County, are so different from other potters and so constant in pieces bought from his descendants that you can hardly go wrong in assigning to him other ware of like sort. So, too, it is with the wares of the Vickers' pottery. During at least three generations this pottery, first as Caln and then at Lionville, put out several different kinds of wares, but once you know these different kinds are all Vickers, you can be pretty sure pieces of like sorts all come from the Vickers' pottery, or from the hands of some of the workmen, a Cope or a Schofield, who learned their trade with the Vickerses.

It has been good hunting, this for redware, through the length and breadth of our Dutch Counties. It has given me many memorable days out of doors, a good few of them winter days, when the coming upon some new object of humble redware has warmed my heart like cardinal flowers stumbled on in a summer swamp. I had never seen a groundhog sunning himself on a house stoop had I not noticed the piecrusty pots of the houseplants set out there and walked up the path to the front door to investigate. I had never seen so many little homeyards in the hills banked full with blossoms of plum and cherry, of pear and apple, had not the tracking down of redware led

me to all sorts of odd corners of our countryside. I had never known how much of yesterday survived into today among the *freundschaft* in undermountain sections had not redware called me thither. Family tradition is the only channel other than that of research into redware which has brought me more knowledge of the Pennsylvania Dutch. My hobby has given me barn shelves full of as interesting a collection of its kind as I have ever seen, three hundred pieces of redware, and my house a score of objects of art of a beauty that had else been unknown to me. For all this I have to thank the trout among the milk pans in that Uwchland of long ago.

For
Michael S. Oberholtzer,
with whom I have walked long miles in
Montgomery

ON THE TRAIL OF THE TULIP

All the western world has been carried away, at one time or another, by a frenzy over tulips. Other flowers have been more universally loved, and loved for longer years, the rose, of course, above and beyond any other. Daisy and pansy and violet, among the lowlier sort of groundlings; and lilacs, purple and white, among dooryard shrubs; and apple blossoms, of orchard blow, are still of more concern to most of us than any tulip of them all.

Nor do we generally consider the tulip as one of the lilies of the field, and care for it, as we do for other lilies, as a symbol of innocence or purity or virginal youth. Nor is the tulip, like its cousin, the fleur-de-lis, blazoned on the banner of any royal house. Nor is it, like the poppy, the source of a drug known the world over as the enemy and comforter of man. Nor has it been praised by writers as have been flowers much less widely known and cared for, a laburnum, a rhodora, a gentian. There is no poem about a tulip comparable to Wordsworth's "Daffodils."

Yet no other flower than the tulip has driven men into so great an infatuation for collecting it in an infinite number of varieties. A veritable tulip madness swept over Europe in the seventeenth century. Fabulous sums were paid for new colors or new combinations of colors in tulips. No garden was worthy of the name if it did not boast of broad beds of tulips. The tulip came, too, to dominate design in all household arts, both

in realistic and conventionalized forms, as the flower itself dominated the parterres.

It is not now so much to the world as it was, though it has still the foremost place among all out-of-door bulbs. There are few fall catalogues of flower houses that do not "feature" it, and two such publications I received last September owe their brilliant covers to attempts to reproduce its blooms.

There is one part of the world, however, that remains faithful to the tulip, to the bulb in the homeyard, and to a following of the form of the flower in all the arts of the home. This is, of course, "Dutch" Pennsylvania. There the tulip is still the first of flowers, whether of the old short-stemmed favorites, or of the Dutch breeders, or of the latter-day Darwin varieties. There it is still the most constantly recurrent motive in the adornment of household utensils and humble objects of art.

In my own little collection of things Pennsylvania Dutch I have some thirty different specimens bearing the tulip motive, from a great chest on chest in cherry with inlay of holly and box down to a two-inch butterplate in Phoenixville majolica. And I have seen the tulip on at least as many as thirty more specimens, from a waffle-iron to a double bed whose urn-shaped finials disclose themselves at second glance as tulips fullblown.

There are those who hold the tulip both common and vulgar. They point to its loudly colored representations cut out of paper in all schoolhouses and pasted on all schoolhouse windows from Dan to Beersheba. They point to the violently contrasting red and yellow of its most widespread variety and to the flaring scarlet of that variety scarcely less popular. Yet there are tulips of the cool yellow of daffodils and day lilies, and the nine in clear pink in full flower this Valentine's Day in our north window are as tender and full of graciousness as apple blossoms.

And while tulips are often flaunting in decoration, as on certain painted boxes and chests from Eastern Pennsylvania, they can be used delicately, too. On our cherry chest on chest they

spread with an almost austere grace over the middle drawer of the top tier of three. They spring from a heart, inlaid in white holly, and waver away on stems of white holly, toward the outer confines of the drawer front. The two shorter stems end in round seed pods, but the four longer stems bear, at the four corners of the drawer front, tulips in full bloom, but showing each only three petals of their six. The outer petals of each flower, of white holly inlay, enfold a central petal in blackish box. The use of the tulips here, in this one small part of the great chest, which is nearly six feet high and three feet six inches wide, marks an economy and restraint of design that appeals to those of us who hold Puritan canons of art. They occupy no more than one-thirtieth of its frontage.

In a more ornate chest on chest of like proportions, the proud possession of a collector in Chambersburg, there is a somewhat similar blazoning of tulip in inlay in a similarly placed drawer of the third tier. The old cabinet-maker who built this piece wanted to work in a tulip seen head on, as you would look down on the flower from above it. He cluttered up his effects by the three broken tiers of three drawers at the top, two drawers below the top three, and three drawers below the two of the second tier. His tulip is showy enough, in inlay of three colors, but it lacks the grace of the more realistic tulips, seen in silhouette, of my Lebanon chest.

Another large inlaid tulip that I know is in the center of the pine top of a light-stand whose column and tripod are of oak. This tulip is in white wood and very hard, so it, too, I suppose is holly. I have met with inlaid tulips on clock fronts, too, but such have always, in the specimens I have seen, been in too great profusion for beauty.

Five tulips in inlay, in a row one below the other, drop like bellflowers down the legs of a mahogany card table that was my father's before it was mine. The finish over their white wood makes them almost of a yellow tone, and of a pleasing contrast to the redness of their mahogany setting. It is to be

noted that this is again an example of that combination of yellow and red so prevalent in things Pennsylvania Dutch, in pie dishes and fractur, gaudy ware and painted tin, horse blankets and bank-barns. The table is Heppelwhite of exquisite lines, and the inlaid tulips take away none of its grace or dignity. At the top of the row a three-pointed piece of inlay, with its rounded points facing upwards, may be some sort of a conventionalized tulip, and the tear-drop-like inlay that is subjoined to the tulip chain may be a conventionalized tulip bud. It may be that we have here again the mystic seven tulips as on Stiegel perfume bottles, and on lamps of blue glass, and on dipper and fork handles.

The two butter moulds of mine that print tulips in relief on pats of butter are the one of basswood and the other of black walnut. The basswood mould has a little tulip scarcely an inch high tucked away above the top of the large tulip that fills most of the circumference of the mould. The mould of black walnut is far better made, having two tenons of walnut dovetailed into and across its top to prevent it from splitting. Two little conventionalized flowers of some sort, perhaps crocuses, spread three petals each at the top of the mould on either side of the central petal of the three of the large tulip.

Tulips, singly now, in prim isolation, and now in short rows equally prim, are the favorite decoration of all of the many kinds of wooden boxes that abound in the "Dutch" counties of Pennsylvania. My little jewel case from the Perkiomen Valley is four inches long, two inches wide and two inches high to where it meets the top that rounds up a half inch higher. Small as this is I have seen others, also of pine, that halve these dimensions. Even these diminutive fellows have tiny tulips on top and on all four sides. My little box is of a light pink ground color, on which stand out tulips in intenser pink and streaked here and there with white. They spring from a vigorous green leafage that goes well with the pinks and whites of the box. On the rounded top is a bunch of indiscriminate flowers that

perhaps were once gaudy through the reds of some of them. The single tulip on either end stands upright; the single tulip on the front reclines to the right, and its mate on the back in the opposite direction. This box is pegged together; its hinges and catch are made of wire.

Boxes of similar shape and construction are not uncommon in larger sizes. They are most of them receptacles for household treasures of one sort and another. As they grow larger they are fewer and fewer of trunk shape, and when they exceed two feet in length most of them are very like little bridal chests.

Tulips are to be found, too, painted on boxes of bent wood, from little boxes six inches long to bandboxes big enough for the largest hats. Tulips are less common on painted chairs and benches than you would expect, wholly conventionalized flowers and fruits pretty generally taking their place. I have come on tulips on a few wooden kitchen and table utensils, on a sugar bowl, on a bread tray, on a chopping bowl—all these tulips in low-toned reds and blues.

Tulips flourish in fractur. In all the pieces I have seen, whether certificates of birth or christening, or Bible registers of marriage or death, or frontispieces for manuscript collections of hymns or writing-school exercises, or illuminations of blank pages of Bibles or printed hymnals, or wall texts or book markers, there has been always a tulip somewhere in the design. There have been, too, as many tulips, taking the fractur I have seen altogether, as of all other flowers.

My most treasured piece of fractur is the Eighty-fourth Psalm, first twelve verses. It is very like work done at Ephrata, but its date, 1726, makes it too early for Ephrata. The linen paper, its background, has mellowed to the color of old ivory. The black of the lettering and script and border and the reds and greens and dark purples and maroons of its flowers blend with this background of ivory in a combination of tones as grateful to the eye as old airs to the ear. An inch-wide border

of tulip motives frames the verses of the psalm, which occupy a space ten and a half inches long and five and a half inches high. Midway in the top border is a flat flowerpot in red from which branch stems and leaves that bear the tulips. This design is repeated in the bottom border. We have side views of three tulips in full flower, and of a pomegranate come to fruit, and a view of a pomegranate in full flower. The borders at the sides are alike, too. In each a plant with stems and leaves rises from a green vase. This plant is very un-tulip-like, and, indeed, bears a moss pink as its terminal flower, but below this moss pink it bears three tulips.

I like best of my birth and baptismal certificates that are printed, both text and design, and filled in by brush and lettering by hand, the one that comes from the shop of Baumann and Ruth, of Ephrata. It was lettered and colored for Christian Groff, who was born on April 14, 1806, in the sign of the Fish. One great heart in the upper center and two lesser hearts in the lower corners contain all the printing and lettering by hand of this *Geburtsschein.* At the lowest point of the great heart two birds have been painted free-hand, but the border around the hearts of tulips and stars, doves and deer, and leafage of several sorts, seems to have been outlined there by the printers, and to be handwork only in the coloring. The printing is all well done, of whatever kind, and good taste is shown in the selection of red and dark green as the dominant colors in filling in the design of leaves and tulips, birds and animals. There are touches of yellow here and there, but they are not obtrusive as so often in fractur of this sort.

Five tulips, outlined thinly in red about petals blue and dull yellow and black, spring from a heart heavily outlined in red, in the leaflet in fractur of Esther Meyer. Its date is 1820, and it is apparently a reward of merit for attendance at church or Sunday School. The five tulips are aligned in a row across the six-inch-wide top of this almost square design. The red heart occupies its center. Two other hearts in black occupy

Wie Lieblich sind deine Wonun
gen, Herr Zebaoth Meine seele verlanget und sehnet sich
nach den vorhöffen des herren/ mein Leib und seel freuet sich zu dem

FRACTUR IN THE MANNER OF EPHRATA

the lower corners of the leaflet. From either of these bend upward sprays of leafage in black, which end in flowers. Two of these flowers are obviously tulips, and the four others may be tulips, too, though they are not of the commoner sort of conventionalized tulips. There are religious verses, printed as prose, though marked by strong rhymes, in each of the hearts. The lettering in these hearts is in red and black, the fewer lines in black, the more in red. The effect of the whole is of varying tones of black and red against ivory. The old paper, the background for the fractur, has a texture like parchment. In its recessed frame of cherry, finished a dark red, it must have made a pleasant spot of color on the walls of Esther's room. This is all handwork, both lettering and design.

Brighter is the fractur first page of the little manuscript book of songs of Elizabeth Gehman, who in 1822 was a pupil in a singing school in Tinicum township, Bucks County. All around its few inches, six by three, runs a narrow border. Top and sides, the border is in red, with wave and pothook motives in black. At the bottom a clear yellow takes the place of the red of the other borders. Lettering fills the heart in the center. At either side, between heart and border, is a tulip design, nearly three inches high, in black and yellow, red and blue.

Two other similarly sized pieces of fractur, but with the design running the long way of the paper, may be also from manuscript hymnbooks, or they may have been penned on the blank pages of printed hymnbooks or little Bibles. On one of them the tulip plant rises from a checkerboard base of red and yellow and black, and supports fifteen flowers of very varying sizes and conditions of bloom. The two just above the checkerboard are buds; the next two, nodding outward left and right, are in full blow of red and yellow and black. Next above are two dwarfed flowers, open and seen face on. Next above again are two little tulips, hanging downward like bellflowers. Above these and two-thirds of the way to the top of the designs are two larger tulips, their hearts open to all beholders. The next

two stand upright as real tulips do, and the next above face outward. At the top a great tulip, almost an inch wide and a full inch tall, ends the design. All is bound together by a frame of yellow and red.

It is the other three-by-six bit of fractur that establishes the relationship between the tulip and the six-lobed design so common as a barn symbol. Barn symbols are prevalent in many parts of "Dutch" Pennsylvania. They come down close to Philadelphia, but they grow less plenty as you cross the Susquehanna, until in Franklin County, where are so many "Dutch" things else of fine quality, they are far to seek. The symbols are supposed to keep lightning from striking the barn that has them painted on its wooden sides, and to prevent the animals housed in the barn from being bewitched, or "*ferhexed*" as we say in the vernacular.

Some of the shapes of these symbols undoubtedly have their origin in Rosicrucian symbols, which were a matter of moment to several groups among the German Pietists, notably to the brethren of "The Woman of the Wilderness," on the Wissahickon Creek just outside of Philadelphia, and to the members of the Ephrata Cloister in Lancaster County. Other signs are akin to "the wheel of fortune" motive and still others a development of the lucky four-leaf clover or of the pomegranate.

It was not until I came across the bit of fractur made for or by Phillip Hoch in 1817 that I knew for certain that some of the barn symbols were conventionalized tulips. I had suspected that such they were from the moment I had seen what were called "passion flowers," on certain plates of spatterware. I was sure these were not passion flowers, but tulips, as tulips are when full blown, with petals drooping outward, and as they appear outspread when looked at directly from above. This condition and point of view disclose the inmost heart of the flowers. Moreover such "passion flowers" have always the six petals of the tulip and not the ten petals of the passion

flower I knew so well in boyhood in the greenhouse of my father's place.

Many pieces of fractur had shown round openhearted flowers, with six or eight petals, growing on the one plant with unmistakable tulips, but I never came upon a conventionalized tulip exactly like the barn symbols until in the fall of 1925, I secured, in Bucks County, this one-time possession of Phillip Hoch. In this design a stiff stem rises from the usual heart with rather open-petalled tulips capping the sprays that branch from the stem just above where it leaves the heart. Above these two tulips, supported by the stiff stem from the heart, is a circle with dots about it and in it, and with a six-lobed design the outer points of whose lobes reach to the confines of that circle. This design, with three lobes each of red and yellow alternately placed, is of the very design and proportion of the common barn symbol.

The tulip has place, too, among the flowers painted on glass. It is rare on "sceneries" of mirrors, both in the Middle States and in New England, but I have met it often on the lower glass of shelf-clocks. I missed getting such a glass in a crowded city auction. On the "scenery" of this clock the tulip was one of three flowers bunched against conventional leaves in green on a background of blue. It was a good enough little clock with a steeple top, but it suffered from the "Dutchiness" of the flower piece. The tulip was realistic, of the familiar red and yellow type; the morning glory was a bright blue; the rose was a very pinky pink. Bouquets of such composition used to shock me in my younger days when I saw them in the hands of city people returning to Philadelphia from pilgrimages to the "Dutch" counties. Now I understand they represent the taste of old folks to whom vivid colors have become symbols of vitality.

The Pennsylvania paintings on glass hung as pictures have never much appealed to me. They are now mere jumbles of gay colors and now mere humorous grotesques. The one I own

is of the better sort, but a specimen of its kind rather than a work of art. Middle distance and background are flattened up with the foreground into what is no more than a crudely decorative pattern. At first glance, from a distance, you might almost take it, in its frame of mahogany veneer, for a tile of bluish cast. The high sky is pale blue, thinning out yellowishly toward the bluer hill that swells up flatly from left to right. Against this blue hill a fat quail in brown extends flatly across six inches of the total width of seven inches and a half of the picture. His head brings him almost halfway up the nine inches and a half of its height. Above his head a briar with two blown flowers of gentian blue lifts against the yellowish blue of the middle sky. This to the left. To the right, what might pass for two tulips on one stem will be identified by those who know "Dutch" gardens as Christ's Crown, or Crown Imperial (*fritillaria imperialis*). Its two flowers of red and yellow bend out and downward from the stem like the tulips of fractur. It is not a happy combination of red and blue and brown, but it was perhaps a warming sight to children on winter mornings in some upper room, else cold and cheerless, of those houses high and furnaceless, characteristic of the "Dutch" back country. I am still less fond of the pictures in tinsel that are now winning the attention as antiques of collectors all along our eastern seaboard. They, too, have their tulips, in colors of all sorts.

I care more for the crude enamelling in color on our Pennsylvania and New Jersey glass. My blown bottle with pewter top has enamelling on all eight sides. On the front two doves in dull yellow, perched opposite each other on a heart in red, are coyly looking away from each other instead of billing like the doves of tradition. The heart rises tulipwise from green leaves and white stem. Below the heart are two highly conventionalized flowers, and above it a third, of like red center. Grass in green below, and a scroll in white still further below, complete the decoration of this face of the bottle. Three flowers

in red, in a row, the very replicas of the three about the heart and doves, make the decoration of the narrow sides right and left of the front of the bottle, and of the narrow sides right and left of the back of the bottle. Seven tulips, in red and yellow and slate blue, decorate the two sides of the bottle at right angles to its front and back.

On the back, in white enamel, is this legend:

Mein hertz
sei dir ergeben
so lange werde
mein leben

That is, of course, "My heart is thine as long as my life lasts." Below the legend some words have been sandpapered off, the name of the girl, perhaps, for whom her lover had the bottle made. Such a piece of glass as this is often called a Stiegel perfume bottle. It came from Spinnerstown, in the very heart of "Dutch" Pennsylvania, and it may be that its original owners erased the name of an ancestress from it before they parted with it, as people the east over tear out the registers of births and deaths in family Bibles before they sell them to the dealers in antiques.

All the days of my youth the brandy of the household was kept in a three-pint bottle of Stiegel make. It was a piece that had come down in the family from the time of its making in the days just before the Revolution. It was valued, but it was not so much valued that it did not have to run a daily hazard of destruction in my father's old age. It was then on the table every morning at breakfast, alongside of the siphon of soda water that he might have a nip to fortify him against the day's work. That bottle is still in the family, but it is not mine. I have, however, one very like it, save in size. My blown bottle holds only a quart. It is of clear glass with etching on all four sides. I cannot swear to the identity of the nodding flowers cut out by wheel on the narrow sides of the bottle, but the large

single flowers on front and back are very clearly tulips, though ungraceful and rigid.

More artistic in every way is the tulip in the handled cup of old glass, blown to eggshell thinness, that I found just south of Cotton Mountain in New Hampshire. This tulip is not erect, like the tulip of the brandy bottle, but turned sharply to the left from the stem that bears it, and etched with the utmost delicacy.

I have found similar tulips, with their effect as of frostwork, on very much later glass. I should say that the design on the lower panel of a shelf-clock I have is not earlier than the eighteen-forties. It is of very much more conventionalized flowers than those on Stiegel ware. I have come upon similarly frosted tulips on the globes, turnip-shaped and pear-shaped, of astral lamps; and as a part of a large bunch of flowers in a hanging basket cut out on a window panel of ruby glass three feet long and a foot and a half wide.

The later pressed glass is just as prone to tulip decoration as the earlier blown glass. In a square squat lamp of blue with a brass top there are tulip motives on all its eight sides. Seven tulips extend up each of the four panels of its cut-off corners, and a tulip of seven petals is the chief embellishment on each of its four wide side-panels.

As luck would have it, these seven tulips have pursued me in several of my acquisitions in glass. There were seven of the little tulip-shaped cups in the lot when I first came upon this style of saltcellar. These little fellows are not more than two inches high and are a real delight on the table.

I have also egg cups and goblets in the shape of tulips, and tulip designs pressed in on the sides of egg cups, jelly glasses and celery holders. And I have, too, egg cups, a compote and a sugar bowl in Sandwich glass with that bellflower design that we would call a tulip design were the glass that bears it made in Pennsylvania.

Of my pieces of painted tin three are gay with tulips in red

and yellow. The tray rolls up and out from a bottom five inches wide and a little more than seven long to dimensions of seven by twelve. All its flowers are on the inside. Its sides, two inches high and with an inch lip added at the ends, are the parts on which the tulips are painted. One fairly natural flower and one partly conventionalized relieved by three green leaves, make the color on the longer sides. Five petals of each tulip are disclosed, three petals in red and two in yellow. In the middle of each end, again relieved by green leaves, is a flattened tulip in silhouette, flanked on one side by four buds, seen from above, and on the other by a full-blown tulip seen so directly from above that its yellow heart and red petals are fully revealed. The bottom of the pan is brown, with a tinsel-like glint, perhaps from metal filings of some sort, breaking through the brown.

The second piece, a coffee-pot, is dated June 13, 1838, and priced 67½ cents. It bears, also incised on the tin of its bottom, the name, Mary Heister, for whom, perhaps it was made in that far-off day. No maker's name appears, however, on the handle, as it does sometimes both on these pieces and on those of punched-out tin. Handle, spout and lid are all on good lines. The lid is lifted by a little brass knob. The pot stands ten inches high and slopes upward and inward to a top three and a half inches wide. On either side four tulips in red and yellow are clustered in a circle of black five inches in diameter. Little quarter moons in yellow sport about its top, about the tulip clusters on its sides, and about the one-inch flare at its base.

Scarlet tulips on a tea caddy or spice box of tin make bright the recesses of many a kitchen cupboard in the "Dutch" counties. One such caddy that I have is as perfect a specimen of its kind, and of the persistent tulip trio, as any I have seen. It is of the usual oval shape of such caddies, two inches and a half on its shorter diameter, and three inches and a quarter on its longer. It measures three and a quarter inches from bottom to shoulder. A round cap a little more than an inch

across lifts its total height by a half inch. Its basic color is the brown sheen of so much of this sort of ware. On the front, on a circle of pale yellow, a plant of pale green supports three scarlet tulips picked out with black. One stands upright on the top of the plant, and the two others face left and right at right angles to the axis of the upright one. Tufts of yellow leafage break the severity of the line of meeting of yellow circle and brown base.

There are tulips on all three of my punched tin coffee-pots. These flowers and their accompanying decoration are of the sort made by a small pointed punch. They are pressed out, of course, on the flat, before the tin is rounded in to the contours proper to this kind of vessel. Above the flare-in of the inch-high base, the sides of the pot flare out for three inches to a point at which the diameter of the pot is the same as that of its base of six inches. It is from this broadest part of the pot that the spout springs out, at right angles to the perpendicular axis of the pot. An inch and a half out from the side of the pot, the spout turns upward almost perpendicularly but with a slight outward curve and a narrowing diameter. It has a very pleasing gooseneck effect. From this same broadest part of the pot the sides slope in for nearly six inches, narrowing to a diameter of only a little more than three inches at the top. The lid, of flattened bell-shape, ends in a brass button. The handle, curved like the handle of a clay pitcher, balances satisfyingly the spout opposite it.

Two of the pots were made by M. Uebele, though he signs himself only M. U. on the one found under the mountain back of Wernersville. On the one found way across country from Wernersville, at Quakertown in Bucks County, the M. Uebele is spelt out on the handle. The decoration on the two is identical, one tulip in silhouette between two flowers face-on springing from an urn of the kind familiar from fractur and pottery. This design is found on both sides of the upper slope of the pot. In the Wernersville specimen the urn bears the date 1838,

curiously the same date as that of my tulip-decorated coffee-pot of painted tin. The lower slopes of the pot bear two bands of scroll work, of wave motives crossed. The third pot, of the same shape as the pots by Uebele, is by W. Shade. It was secured in Lehigh County. Its upper sides are elaborately decorated in urns and peacocks and tulips and conventionalized flowers. On its lower sides a tulip on either side of the pot separates two peacocks.

The tulip is nowhere commoner than in ironwork. I have come on it as the terminal decoration on hinges, both on the rough wrought-iron strap hinges on barn doors and on the delicate etched hinges on the insides of painted chests; as the finial of a copper weather-vane; and as the knob on the end of an iron shovel. In cast iron, I have seen the tulip on the plates of a six-plate stove; on the grills of cellar windows; and on a waffle iron. I have come upon it also, in brass inlay, on the handle of a toasting fork; and, in a like string of seven buds, etched out on the iron handle of a ladle whose cup is brass. It is rare as the terminal of andirons; only once I have seen it on a door knocker; and only once as the knob at a tongs' top.

Twice only have I seen the tulip on pewter. The first time I met it was on a remarkable warming dish, made to contain hot water, like the sort common in blue Canton ware. There were phoenixes, as well as the more common peacocks and tulips, on this eighteenth-century piece, which had made its way from the "Dutch" country to the banks of the lower Brandywine.

The other tulips I have met on pewter are on a baptismal font from Rochester, New York. There are fourteen tulips in all on this piece, seven on either side, between the dragon handles. Of each seven three are full-blown flowers, and four are buds. The font is a bowl-on-pedestal, four inches high and five and a half inches in diameter. The tulips are etched in rather shallowly, each seven spreading from a common base

and lifting up toward the rim of the font like the arms of candelabra.

Whether this is work done in this country by an artisan of German ancestry, or whether it is a recent comer from the old country I cannot say. It was purchased by the dealer from whom I secured it at a farmhouse in the country not far outside of Rochester. That the people of the place had an English name does not preclude German ancestry a generation or so back. There was a good deal of German immigration into New York in the late seventeenth century and early eighteenth century. Many of these Germans found their ways eventually to Pennsylvania but enough of them remained in New York for heirlooms like my piece of pewter to come down the generations there.

The tulip is commoner on warming-pan tops, both brass and copper, but not nearly as usual here as some conventionalized form of pomegranate or rose. A warming pan with tulip motives was, indeed, discriminated against until the past few years, bringing less both at auction and in shop until the prejudice against Pennsylvania Dutch things as crude began to pass away.

Three tulips are found on gravestones in almost every churchyard throughout the "Dutch" country, whether Mennonite or Lutheran or German Reformed. They are here, of course, emblematic of the Trinity. One tulip often stands, cup up, at the top of the marble slab, with a fellow on either side bending over, as on the tombstone of Daniel Price, who died in 1845, and was buried in the Mennonite burying ground of Hilltown, in Bucks County. Sometimes, however, there are four tulips along the bottom of the stone, as on that which marks the grave of Philip Price, who died in 1847 and was buried close by the Daniel Price aforesaid. In another Hilltown graveyard, further east, there is only one tulip on the stone of Henrich Leidy, who was buried here in 1844. On this stone, however, a weeping willow arches over the flower. I have found

tulips on the flat stones of a Moravian graveyard in Berks County and, conventionalized, in the woodwork of a Moravian Church. They are to be found, too, in woodwork on the ceiling of Hain's Church, in Berks County.

Tulips occur, too, on those marble tablets under the eaves of old stone houses that record the names of the man and wife for whom the house was built, and the date of the building. In places as far apart as Chambersburg, in Franklin County, and Quakertown, in Bucks County, I have seen tablets so decorated, both with the recurrent three flowers.

The tulip shares with rose and peacock, with little red schoolhouse and steamboat, with eagle and castellated wall, the place of honor on spatterware in soft paste and stone china. It appears in three-petalled guise, as viewed from the side; and with all six petals opened out flat, in the center of a plate. Of this latter sort are two plates of mine, one pink spatter of a diameter of seven inches, and one in alternate bands of pink and blue spatter of a diameter of eight inches. The tulip of the smaller plate is three inches in diameter and that of the larger plate five inches in diameter. The flowers are very much alike with petals of red and blue and white and with pistils of green distributed in twos between the petals.

In two plates of blue spatter, also stone china, a three-lobed tulip two inches across is seen amid green tendrils and leaves not very tuliplike in aspect. This flower is red at the base, white in mid-petal and blue at the petal tips. A smaller tulip, about an inch across, is placed sideways on a handleless cup, in blue spatter of soft paste.

More shapely, after its kind, than any of the spatter I have described, is my coffee-pot in blue. This is an eight-sided fellow, squat but not too squat, with a trilobed tulip in harebell blue rising from a large five-lobed base in rose ash. The leaves below are green. The effect is not so bizarre as it sounds to be from its description, the potter's blue of the spatter subduing the

deeper blue of tulip and the rosy ash of its cushioning base so that the colors do not distract you.

In blue spatter of a different sort I have a handleless cup and its saucer with tulips in red against a white ground at the bottom of both pieces. Curiously, there are three tulips within the cup, joined trefoilwise, and four tulips in the saucer, similarly joined. Together, of course, the two groups add to the cryptic seven, but as to what is the symbolism of the four alone I have no guess.

In a deep soup plate of soft paste, the tulips occur again in fours. The six fours on the wide lip of the plate face out to the points of the compass, and are joined together by a circle of their own red. From one tulip of each four springs a pair of two-petalled tulips of similar hue. All are relieved by green leaves. In the bottom of the deep bowl of the plate four tulips depend from one side of a spray of green leaves. Again the cryptic seven in the number of the groups! But why the two added flowers to the four around the plate's edge? I like this soup plate in my cupboard, but it would be a little vivid, I fear, for daily use on the table.

Some hold that the red flowers on the Adams ware of red and green and white are tulips, but that is hardly a tenable position. These red flowers are, I think, undoubtedly pomegranates. On very like ware of red and green and white, however, tulips do occur, and in threes. I have a seven-inch plate with five such trios about its edge, a cheerful bit of color but far less taking than its Adams prototype.

You find the three tulips also on little pitchers of cream-colored soft paste, against which they stand out in the two-hued pink of luster. A few narrow leaves in green and a green line around the pitcher's top make the third color of the ware. The design is repeated on both sides of the pitcher, so that it bears six tulips in all.

My majolica butter plates are hardly antiques, even by that kindly interpretation which so calls everything over fifty years

of age. They came from the Phoenixville pottery in the eighteen-eighties, and so they cannot be much more than forty years old. Their design, however, of six-petalled tulips serrated like cockle shells, caused them to be quickly taken to the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch, the man who gave them to me cherishing them as heirlooms and believing them to be much older than they are. These butter plates come in several colors. One of mine is pink and blue, and the other cream and blue. A pitcher with a tulip on one side and dahlia on the other is of the same vintage of this Phoenixville pottery.

It is stoneware, probably, that has carried the decoration by tulip into most homes. The tulip is not common, it is true, on the stoneware of New York and New England, but it is found in such abundance on the stoneware of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware, Virginia and Ohio, that there are few of us who have not seen it on crock or pitcher, butter pot or churn. There are potteries in which tulips are still being painted by hand in potter's blue on the stoneware before it is submitted to the salt glaze almost inseparable from it. I am not a collector of stoneware, but in the few pieces of it that I have come by in one way or another in Pennsylvania, there are tulips present in nearly every specimen. A tulip in blue is pendent on the little grey pitcher, a potter's sample or a doll's house piece, that was doing duty as a candle-holder in a hot-dog stand in the Perkiomen Valley. Tulips spread out in two groups of three each on either side of our butter pot in daily use; tulips adorn our stoneware water pitchers that were made only yesterday in Haddonfield, New Jersey; and tulips attain distinction in their use on a water-cooler, a curious creation of Shenfelder's in Reading, that dates from the eighteen-seventies.

It is a big piece, this water-cooler, sixteen inches high and eight inches across at its base. It is a cylinder of varying bore, with its bottom one quarter of the way up, at a height of four inches above the floor on which it rests. There is a bung-hole

just above this raised bottom, in which a tap can be placed. A glass or a mug could easily be set on the floor under the tap when it was desired to draw from its contents of water or wine or cider or whatever else it was used to cool. It rakes in upward to the bottom four inches above the floor and then rakes out again to the handles on its shoulders. From these it rolls in again to its six-inch-wide mouth. It is of a warm creamy grey with which the potter's blue of the tulip plants and flowers make an agreeable contrast. There is enough tulip decoration to cover the whole front half of the vessel. Its design is as good as its colors. The tulips are none too realistic, but certainly tulips.

So characteristic is tulip decoration of redware that Dr. Barber called a whole category of it "tulip ware," and with justice. Of the twelve great ceremonial platters of redware on exhibition in the Pennsylvania Building at the Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition of 1926, there were unquestionable tulips on seven, and flowers that might be conventionalized tulips on two others. There were tulips, too, on the two richly-slipped jars and tulips on the incised drinking cup, of this same collection of slipware.

The two-petalled tulips, resting three together, one within another, are one of the prevalent designs on pie dishes. And tulips in other forms hold their own in pie dishes of redware made down into our day. A dish seven inches in diameter dated 1924, and made in the stone-hills above the Perkiomen, has the traditional three tulips rising from a pot that is hardly bigger than the two lower flowers and only about half as big as the large one that rises above its mates and bends over to the right. It so bends because that crested bird loved of the "Dutch" folk-artists is perched upon it. He, too, is wholly out of scale. The whole effect of the dish, however, in its red and green glaze, is more subdued in tone and more lasting in its appeal than those made gay with yellow slip in addition to the red of lead and the green of copper.

There are those among the old pie dishes as crude as this plate of 1924, but the crudity of yesterday is somehow more acceptable than the crudity of today. Indeed it is often the crudest of the old pie dishes that are the best to look upon. One that came from Eddington, close to the Delaware and not far from Philadelphia, seemed at first glance hardly more than the work of a child. It grew upon me, however, as I watched it during the long bidding, at the end of which I had to let the other fellow have it. It was about ten inches in diameter, of redware, slipped all over with a creamy yellow that was far more subdued than the yellow of white clay under the burnt glaze of red lead. It was sgraffito work, three tulips rudely traced through the creamy slip and two doves facing each other toward the top of the plate and on either side of the central tulip. The tracing was very narrow, so narrow that it showed only a slight line of dull red under the glaze. You had to look a second time, indeed, to see that the tracing of the birds and flowers was cut through the slip and not just incised down into it. It was the tone, the soft cream of it all, and the simplicity of the drawing, hardly less primitive than the primordial scratching with a stick in the mould, that gave the plate its charm.

This was a real pie plate, with all its bottom rounded so that it teetered a little when it was set down. A good many of the elaborately decorated pieces are really ceremonial platters with bottoms flat for three quarters of their diameters and sides that roll up to the rim rather sharply. Two such I saw in the season of 1925-1926, both in Sellersville. One was sgraffito, the other of decorations overlaid in slip. The sgraffito platter bore a legend about good eating round its periphery. Like the plate of doves and tulips, it was almost all cream color, but of a muddy cream color compared to the clear cream of the older plate. Here, too, were tulips, etched through clay that had been white before it was glazed, but somehow the glaze had clouded in the burning. So the surer drawing of its

tulips did not compensate for what it lacked in quality of tone and in simplicity of effect. This ceremonial platter had apparently never been used and it had not the appeal that comes from signs of long handling. Nor did the big slipped platter show any signs of wear. I had rather have the plate I lost at auction, chipped on the edge and cracked to the center though it was, than either of the nearly perfect specimens. This slipped dish, too, was just a bit too gay, in its yellow and green and black slipped dextrously on its red base. I like "Dutchy" things by birthright, but I am afraid this platter would be a little hard to live with, day after day.

A mended old hero of a plate from Governor Pennypacker's collection was the only other one of this ceremonial slipware that I came upon on my rounds of auctions and dealers' shops from October of 1925 to June of 1926. They are rare as hens' teeth, save in the museums, these elaborately slipped or sgraffito pie dishes of Pennsylvania Dutchland.

It was in the thirties and forties of last century, indeed, that tulips were in their heyday. Woven coverlets of those years bear them, in white against a blue background, in blue against a white background, in green against a red background, and in red against a green background. Patch work quilts bear them, too, conventionalized and realistic. Sometimes both sorts are to be found in one quilt, as one that a friend of mine picked up in the Tulpehocken Valley. On it, straight-sided tulips, cut out of pink calico, alternate with rounded tulips quilted into the white of its body.

The elaborate "show" samplers of this same time are gaudy with tulips. In one of 1838 they are embroidered in yellow and red silk and laid on a background of white paper in astonishing combination with lesser flowers in blue and pink water color.

No sampler of Pennsylvania origin is likely to be without a tulip if any flowers at all are added to its lettering. That of Hannah M. Hillborn, of 1832, a lovely thing of tones between

mauve and lavender, has worked upon it a tulip in rosy ash and of natural size. It hangs over bell-fashion on the upper right of the sampler, balancing an uncompromisingly stiff and cabbagy rose on the upper left.

The tulip of Mary Ann Mann, that she embroidered in 1818, is pink. It is a little flower, one of nine that divide the second and third styles of lettering two-thirds of the way down a long sampler. You can see but three petals of the flower, as is the way when you look at one in a hanging basket of pottery swung on the level of your eye in the south window.

There is as great a diversity of use of the tulip on hooked rugs as on samplers. It appears in rows around their borders, in the familiar three in the center, and as thickly all over the space within the borders as in any parterre of the garden. I have watched a dealer throw off rug after rug of a pile with every third rug bearing the tulip motive, and again I have gone week after week to auctions in which I failed to see one tulip rug. On the whole it is not so usual a design on hooked rugs as you would expect it to be from its prevalence on other objects of household arts, but this absence may be due to the fact that the hooked rug is not the standby in "Dutch" Pennsylvania that it is in New England. It so happens that the only tulip rug I know well is not beautiful. On it four tulips with green leaf and red flower stand stiffly, one in each corner, about a white cat of benevolent expression and Gargantuan paunch.

It is not claimed for a moment that the tulip in American decoration is restricted to the Pennsylvania Dutch parts of the country, or to the parts that have come under such influence, whether in Pennsylvania itself, or in Kansas. We all know the tulip on Connecticut chests and on agateware and Parian pitchers from Vermont and New York and Northern New Jersey. We know it well as a favorite design for quilts in Maine and New Hampshire. We know that the love of the tulip reaches as far east as Persia, where it is still a common motive in the designs on fabrics. We know the tulip as an element of design

in the art of many European countries. We have met it on Czecho-Slovakian glass, on Swiss chests, on delft from Holland, on great platters from Denmark and on blue-dash chargers from England.

Just what the tulip meant to our forefathers in Pennsylvania, beyond a thing of beauty, I am not sure, save, of course, that, in threes, it was an emblem of the Trinity. Yet I am sure that it was more than a thing of beauty and a symbol of the true faith. A friend of mine, whose house is fairly hemmed in by tulips, cannot tell me why he so likes them that every bit of available space in his yard is filled with their bulbs. He thinks it is just his instinct to have all of them he can. I have asked literally scores of Pennsylvanians what the tulip means to them, the flower itself and its representation in design. One said it was a symbol of "conjugal love." Another that it was a charm to keep off witches. A third that it was the flower that sprang up where Christ set his foot. This reply set me to wondering whether or not it was not once the flower of the earth goddess Hörsel, and afterwards associated, as are so many pagan symbols, with the Christianity that superseded the old gods. Hörsel is in some ways a Venus or Aphrodite, and certain uses of the tulip might well establish it as the flower of a goddess of love.

The use of the tulip in its six-lobed form on barns naturally suggests it as a symbol of fertility. So, indeed, does its use in many places else, on wedding spreads, on brides' dower chests, on birth certificates and the like. There are proverbs in Pennsylvania Dutch that make explicit this meaning.

The so general use of the tulip in all forms of household art as well as the so general cultivation of its bulbs in the garden indicate for it a more general significance. It seems to me to be the symbol of all things associated with the home. It brings to mind peace and plenty, as well as increase and multiplication. It bespeaks contentment and permanence. It promises abiding

prosperity. It carries with it the suggestion of kindliness and shelter and warmth. It is all this, to the Pennsylvania Dutch; and it is, apart from all this, beauty in the concrete, beauty tangible and cherishable, the essence of all beauty in a little thing at hand day in, day out.

For
Charles E. Meyers,
with whom I have known good hunting on
Lancaster highways and byways

SPATTER AFTER ITS KINDS

Of recent years the term spatterware has come to be restricted to a particular kind of Staffordshire designed by its makers for the Pennsylvania Dutch market. Soft paste and stoneware, evenly sponged all over with color, are to be found up and down the Atlantic seaboard, but only in Pennsylvania and the "Dutch" parts of neighboring states was spatterware with hand-painted decorations on it at all widely sold. This hand-painting is of birds and flowers and buildings.

Peacocks on spatter are most prized by collectors, but cocks and doves and parrots are rarer. Tulips and pomegranates are the flowers most commonly met with, the almost only flowers in the better grade of spatter. The rose and bell-branch of bluebells are very occasional indeed. The little red schoolhouse is the most distinctive building.

So far as my experience goes, little cognizance of this ware is taken in the china and pottery books. Dr. Edwin Atlee Barber does mention one kind of spatter as "guinea pattern" in his *Ceramic Collectors' Glossary*. It is thus he describes it: "A figure of a bird rudely painted on cream ware in bright colors, on a dappled or sponged ground of blue, green, etc.; first produced in Staffordshire, England, early in the nineteenth century."

The only other reference, outside of those in sales lists and catalogues, that I have seen, is that of Mr. G. Wooliscroft

Rhead. He refers in *The Earthenware Collector* to "a peculiar class of sponged ware made by Adams of Greenfields, examples of which appear in the Tunstall Museum, in which the ground is produced by color applied by means of a sponge, and a curious conventional bird painted with a brush."

As one interested in all phases of Pennsylvania Dutch culture I have been paying heed for several years now to all the kinds of spatter. I have gathered together a collection of perhaps a hundred pieces, most of them from southeastern Pennsylvania. My best piece, however, a large peacock platter, is from Ohio, and I have picked up several specimens in Maryland, and one in New Jersey. Inquiry proved this Jersey item had been brought from Pennsylvania in comparatively recent years. It was a coffee cup without handle, Adams, with a peacock upon it. I have heard of other specimens of spatter long resident in Virginia and West Virginia, but I doubt if much of it was sold through stores outside of the five states of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, and Ohio.

I can account for the presence in New Hampshire of the cup in blue spatter with a tulip inside that I picked up at an auction at Leighton Corners, not far from the Maine border, in the summer of 1926. How to account, however, for the five pieces I found in the summer of 1927, in Franklin, New Hampshire, is another matter. The man whose effects were being sold at Leighton Corners had lived many years in Philadelphia. He had come back to his birthplace in old age, and had died there. He might well have brought the cup from Philadelphia on his return home.

Of the five pieces I ran upon at Franklin, one, a curiously spouted cup, or sauce boat, came from Concord. I could not trace it further than a dealer's shop there. The miniature bepeacocked cups in blue spatter, with sugar bowl and creamer, had been bought from an old lady in Tilton, New Hampshire, who had been given them, in girlhood, by her grandmother. I could not find that there had been any connection with Penn-

sylvania of this grandmother of the mid-nineteenth century. I think it is not necessary to presuppose such an association, for I have learned of other pieces of be-peacocked and florated spatter in central New Hampshire. It is rare here, known to comparatively few, even of those interested in old things, but it is not so rare as I thought it was before I had these five pieces to show my neighbors. It is a fair guess, I think, that a ware designed by its makers for one section of America should be tried out now and then, in another part of America, by an enterprising broker in Philadelphia or Boston, or by a shipment direct from Staffordshire, to see whether a new market could not be found there.

In all my excursions into Pennsylvania Dutchland and into sections of neighboring states that have come under the influence of our "Dutch" culture, I have found but one consignment of spatterware in the original package from England. That consignment is of three dozen cups and saucers, with peacocks,—one dozen in blue, one dozen in red, and one dozen in green. Fifty years ago their owner came upon them in the storeroom of a country store in Lancaster County, the very heart of Dutchland, and bore them home in triumph to the attic of his home in a neighboring country town, where they still repose in their original packing. Unused and "proof" they are, of course, nearly worth their weight in gold, but their possessor will not even show them to any save his closest friends, and not even to them on all visits.

All spatter that I have seen is either soft paste or stoneware. In soft paste, I have found it sponged in blue, pink, lake, deep red, green, yellow, purple, brown, and black, and with several combinations of two and even of three of these colors. In soft paste also I have found spatter not sponged but daubed on with open spaces between the bits of color, in a less number of colors. I have specimens, indeed, only in blue, red, green, and brown. There is a different feeling about this kind of spatter. Like the older sort, this other has most often hand-

painted decorations, but again, as on the older sort, you find transfer printed figures. I have never found peacocks on this later ware.

The peacock occurs on unsponged soft paste of the early nineteenth century, used as a decorative motive along with hand-painted flowers as conventionalized as the bird. The peacock occurs, too, on soft paste in which the spatter is not sponged all over the surface of plate or teapot, but is restricted to daubs used as bunches of foliage, to balance the main feature of the design. Both these sorts are early, from 1790 on to 1840.

Another kind of late ware that suggests spatter, but is not true spatter, has upon it daubings with a stamp instead of a sponge. Such a stamp will leave a crude sort of true lovers' knots in a ring about the margin of a plate or on certain faces of a twelve-sided coffee-pot. Or open or rayed "rosaces" may take the place of the true lovers' knots. Hand-painted flowers, pansies, pomegranates or bluebells, are generally the center of such decoration.

I have never seen a piece of spatter that I could honestly call beautiful. There is decorative value in one piece, perhaps, and an appealing primitiveness in another, but no true beauty. A twelve-sided plate, blue spattered about its raised edge and down a half inch toward its flat, with yellow acorns in dark cups in that flat, would doubtless less distress the artistic soul than any item in my collection. Leaves of light green attached to black stems blend in well with yellow acorns and dull brown acorn-cups. This plate is at least decorative. Its color scheme is good and it has the charm that pertains to all handwork.

Appealingly primitive is a plate of stoneware, blue rimmed, with a yellow bird amid blobs of leafage of green spatter. These blobs, of open sponging, are eighteen in number and connected loosely by the freely and strongly curved lines so characteristic of this sort of design. The bird is a peacock, but not the peacock of Adams ware, which is the typical bird of spatter.

Five inches long from end of tail to end of crest feathers, it is just off center in the seven-inch-wide depression of the nine-inch plate. It is a thin and attenuated bird, only a half inch through at its midriff. Neck, breast and wings are of a deep canary yellow. The tail feathers are almost burnt orange. Their thirteen ocellations are in black. The peacock's outline is done in deep brown, and deep brown, too, is its head, and the beggarly two crest feathers it is blest with. By some mischance these two feathers spring from just above its eyes and point down instead of up, as crests of well-conducted peacocks should point. Its wing bows are white, with dots in brown to show ocellations. Brown marks, too, the edges of its wing feathers. The decorative effect of this plate is spoiled by its blue margin. Were that margin green we could say more for the appearance of the plate. As it is, all we can say for it is that it is appealingly primitive.

Few if any spatter plates show real grotesquerie in their designs. Many, however, approach grotesquerie. Certain peacocks, for instance, have a Hittite cast of countenance that is engaging. One, on a stoneware saucer in green, and marked B & T, has a most aggressive and parrot-like bill. There is a certain abandon, too, in the way his two-toed feet meet the branch, black and bare, on which he has his hold. He seems to be on the point of springing up and down in rage. Actually raging is a fellow of this on a saucer similarly marked B & T, but which has no spatter. In spatter's place are flowers and leaves in dull green, as relief to the bounding bird. The ecstatic anger of this chap has lifted him clean off his branch, and he is dancing in space. These two are both white headed, slate blue of neck, yellow of body and maroon of tail.

Starved to almost insectlike proportions are two scraggy peacocks on saucers of blue spatter. They are not more than two inches long, and only a third of an inch through their bodies. They have white polls and bill, crest and tail of maroon, neck of cobalt blue and body of grass green.

I shall be put to it to explain why I like these fellows. If they fully attained to the grotesque, I should not have to explain. As they are, I can only say I have known such birds since that day, forty-five years ago, I went to my uncle's in Lebanon and ate my morning eggs out of a cup in blue spatter with a peacock upon it. I have not, however, lived with peacocks on spatter all my life. I have seen them off and on during up-country excursions distributed throughout my many years. It is only a few years, though, that I have owned any spatter.

Perhaps I can in part explain my liking of this ware by saying that although it is a long time now since I have heard in church "From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand," and that, although I think those words poor stuff, I still cherish the hymn. There are not, as a matter of fact, many hymns one can cherish for their beauty of poetry. A hymn in English that is good poetry is almost as rare as a piece of spatterware that has true beauty. It isn't really, though, early associations that make me like spatter. It is probably something in my blood. It always warms my heart, for instance, to hear the rising inflection with which my people speak, our purred "so's," and our "already's."

Lest I do injustice to spatter, I should say that I have cups in pale yellow with pomegranates in red in their bottoms, which have real daintiness about them; and a plate blue spattered about its rim, with a pomegranate in red in the center, that is as pleasant a combination of red and white and blue as one is likely to come upon. The four small leaves of dull green from which the pomegranate springs are inconspicuous as you look at this plate. Its red and white and blue were, I think, designed by the English potter to appeal to our love of the colors of our flag.

There is an ease of line and a freedom of execution about the peacock on my big platter in blue that make him effective, if not beautiful. One his like, save in size, on a coffee-pot, has this same note of something just short of distinction. This

coffee-pot must be Adams, too, but it is not so marked, as is the platter. Seven inches in length though this peacock of the platter is, and nearly two inches thick in body, his rather vivid colors of blue and green and maroon are so subdued by the large areas of sponged blue about him that they lose their startlingness. The platter is eighteen inches by fourteen inches and spattered right down to the bird in the center.

The shape of many of the pieces of spatter goes a long way to reconciling you to their crude designs and brightly pied colors.

I have a teapot of the color and texture of ivory, the shape of which delights me as much as the quality of its ware. I like its proportions. It is six inches to the tip of its acorn top; four inches to its shoulder, above which it curves in concavely for an inch, in like fashion to the footing of a cup, to the mouth three inches in diameter. Lid and spout and handle are good in themselves, and they balance. Midway between spout and handle, on either side of the pot, is a peacock in our Continental colors of blue and yellow. He rests on a shrub of eleven tufts of foliage in green spatter. Head and breast are blue, and wings and tail yellow a little streaked with brown.

A band of deep yellow belts the concavity between shoulder and mouth of this teapot. Another band rims the lid. Within the latter band are three sprays of a flower of nine brown petals above two green leaves. This is my pet kind of spatter, a soft paste with blue and yellow peacock in harmonious combination with leafage in green and brown. I covet often my neighbor's goods, but never more intensely than when I come on this ware. Fortunately, this is seldom. However, there is a store of it in one Lancaster County home that sorely tempts me. Three side plates particularly call to be carried off. Their little peacocks eye me in a most friendly fashion from their strange tangle of greenery. I am sure they would be happier in my little old house in the country than in this house which is so nearly a museum, and which abuts on a cemented street.

However, their owner refuses to part with them, and I must content myself with paying them an annual visit.

With the brown circle, usually attributed to Mayer of Hanley, are two other pieces of spatter I have. The coffee-pot I bought, handleless, for thirty-five cents at an auction on Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire, and the plate came from a long-established home in the heart of Philadelphia. Both show the peacock amid daubs of green spatter against a crackled and ivoried background of soft paste. There are two peacocks on the pot, blue-breasted fellows with orange tails and wing coverts of yellow rayed with black. Three crest feathers with rounded tops stand stiffly on the head of each. Both birds are almost upright in position, a posture rare among the Staffordshire variety of this fowl. The spatter is of the tufty and amorphous sort, and of thinly dispersed color.

On the plate the fowl is tight-feathered and dainty in appearance. He is blue-breasted and orange tailed, but there are many peacock eyes on his tail and on his wing coverts of light yellow, which have a curiously round center, orange and unspotted. His crest is all of a piece, which I have never seen in another of his race. But one of his legs, with its foot, is presented, in black. The tendril on which that one foot rests is in brown. This tendril winds around and joins others, the several of them supporting eighteen little blobs of leaves in green, and of loose outline. Two brown circles run around the rim, an outer one rather wide, and an inner one of just a line.

Another specimen of spatter that I have a "concern" about is a cup and saucer of soft paste secured in Montgomery County. Its base is of a cream color crackled all over by use in the oven. On the saucer, in "crimson lake," as they called it in the stamp catalogues of long ago, is a castellated decoration of two cylinders in the center, flanked on either side by two cones. Over these, and also in lake, rise two spattered trees. Between the trees birds wing away stiffly. Six strokes and

a smear in lake below the castellated device complete the decoration on the saucer. The two cylinders are repeated on the cup, but they are here flanked by two flattened beehive-like rounds, instead of by the cones. Across each of the rounds are three strokes in deep lake, in the very form of the goal posts of a football field. The trees in spatter and the birds in the air are repeated here. It is a futurist-looking decoration. The dealer of whom I bought it called its castellated design a steamboat, but I have sometimes wondered if it is not of older origin, though the cup and saucer are no doubt of early steamboat times. It may be a design all the way from Persia, of Zoroastrian fire towers and ash heaps or jagged rocks.

The longer I live with this cup and saucer the less do I dislike it. Its colors are not half bad, and though I cannot forget the fantasticality of its towers and cones, their possible association with Persia interests me. I may fall out of this interest again, but I have a sort of foreknowledge that I shall be faithful to cup and saucer after a fashion, and that I shall not progress further in disloyalty toward them than to say, as Richard Middleton said to his ladylove, "Damn you, in some queer way, I love you still."

I am fond, too, of a cup and saucer in purple spatter, and of an unattached saucer in spatter more purple still. I do not admire purple spatter. It is, indeed, most offensive to me of any single color in which spatter comes. It is almost as offensive to me as combinations of color in spatter. Blue is the only color in closely sponged spatter I more than tolerate. I like the design, however, on my cupless saucer, a wreath of red berries amid leaves of green. I have heard this called the cranberry design where it occurs in the penwork that embellishes old albums. The dark red of its berries is the very dark red of ripe cranberries, and the green of its leaves not unlike the green of cranberry leaves. The berries are smaller even than mountain cranberries, and the more proportionate, for that, to the size of the saucer. The twenty berries are in-

creased to twenty-eight on the saucer whose cup to match is still with it. This cup is twelve-sided, and footed, and of a shape so charming that even its purple spatter cannot wholly destroy its pleasing effect. There are twenty tiny berries in the wreath about the cup.

My collection of spatter has now put its best foot foremost. I cannot claim much for my specimens yet undescribed, save that they are curious and "different." I have cups and saucers in blue spatter of the older sort, with dove and cock on them, and a cup and saucer in red spatter with a parrot upon them. There are those who call both this parrot and the more common peacock birds of paradise, but they who so call them are wrong. I could prove their wrongness to them by a framed valentine I have which blazons forth two true birds of paradise.

Although I am an authority on all strange varieties of domestic fowl, I cannot tell you of what breed are the cocks on my footed cup and saucer. They have, it is true, long Dorking-like bodies, but no race of the many recognized as Colored Dorkings in old time had necks and breasts of yellow, wings of blue, and tails of maroon.

My doves I like better. They are of only two colors, and those two my favorite combination for figures on spatter, blue and yellow. The bird on the cup and the bird on the saucer are both outlined in blue. The heads and wings and tails are not filled in with any color. The breasts and bellies are yellow, and the backs are blue. The green of the sprays they perch upon blends well with the yellow and blue of the birds.

The parrot is the fowl most seldom found on spatter. I have not seen more than a half-dozen such parrots, and I consider myself lucky to have just this one be-parroted cup and saucer. My bird has tail of maroon, of the very hue of the peacocks' tails, but not serrated as those tails are. His tail is forked, of two long pendent feathers. His spread wings are green, his neck slate blue, and the white of his outlined head

surmounted with three plumes that end in roundish extensions of feathers such as occur on the tail feathers of some tropical humming birds.

My smallest piece of the old spatter is the saucer of a child's cup and saucer. It flaunts a most valiant bantam cock in yellow and blue and maroon that is the very replica of the cocks of my cup and saucer in full size. I have, too, a little side plate of soft paste, red spattered, marked B & T, with a diminutive peacock on it in colors similar to those of the cocks. I have other peacocks on cups and saucers of blue and green, of green only, of red, and of purple. I have tulip cups and saucers, with flowers of red and white and blue, in blue spatter and in purple. I have pomegranates in red on blue cups and yellow cups and black cups and purple cups. I have a variety of flower I cannot call by name on red cups and saucers, and cups and saucers striped in red and yellow. All these are in the old spatter of the heyday of Adams.

I have similar peacocks and tulips on dinner plates and soup plates; and a six-petalled single rose, very like a wild rose save for the extra petal, on a plate and on an octagonal sugar bowl. I have pomegranate plates and a pomegranate coffee-pot, both in blue spatter. All these are of the old sort of spatter, with hand-painted birds and flowers.

There were undoubtedly full dinner sets of this old spatter sent over from England a hundred years ago, but I have never heard of such a set preserved intact. I know collectors who have tried to build up a set, piece by piece, but even with unlimited money to spend they have not been able to gather the full complement. I have seen a full set of Staffordshire in soft paste, but without spatter, in that combination of blue and yellow and green found on spatter. It cannot be bought, even for a museum, but it exists. Why there should not be a similar set of spatter seems inexplicable, unless it is that the children's love of the birds and flowers on spatter led to too frequent use of it, with the consequent inevitable breakage.

Gravy boats and vegetable dishes are the hardest parts of spatter sets to come by. I have but one vegetable dish, for instance, and it is the only one I have ever had a chance to buy. It is in blue spatter, with tulip in red and harebell in blue, amid green leaves in its flat.

Of transfer-printed figures on old spatter I have but two specimens, both in blue, and both bowls. The smaller bowl has two eagles grasping arrows in their feet, on opposite faces of its twelve faces. These eagles are of an exceedingly fierce aspect, and the shield behind each has on it the thirteen stars of the original states. I take this bowl to be a creation of the last years of the eighteenth century. The eagle is in a brown-black very like printers' ink. The other bowl has inside of it, on its bottom, three knights on horseback, two of them with spears. The printing is in pale red. Greek columns and Turkish minarets can be discerned in the background, so I take this to be a scene in Constantinople. Both bowls are stoneware.

Of representations of buildings on the old spatter I have only two, both on plates and both of "the little red schoolhouse." I have seen cups and saucers and a large creamer in this design. My six-inch plate has a rim of blue spatter, with a daub of brown-black spatter under the "schoolhouse," and a daub of green spatter above the "schoolhouse" and to its right. The "schoolhouse" is deep red, as it should be, with yellow roof. In the eight-inch plate the rim is red, the daubs red-brown and green, and the "schoolhouse," against all use and precedent, a deep cobalt blue, roof and walls and chimney. The buildings on the two plates are as alike in outline as if they had been made from different-sized stencils of one design. They are not stencilled, of course, but freehand, and very like in their crudeness to those drawings you find on slates in abandoned schoolhouses.

On a little five-inch plate that I have, in blue spatter, are a castellated lodge-gate in black and mauve, with overhanging

trees in green, and five black birds in the sky. It is marked B 26 on the bottom.

A creamer striped black and yellow is my choicest piece of spatter without bird or flower. It is of the high-shouldered, high-handled type so characteristic of Staffordshire and all its imitations. Not so bad as some others are the cups and saucers striped red and blue. Only a little worse in effect than these are the cups and saucers with alternate circular bands of red and blue with particolored stars as center pieces.

Of spattered margin are five plates of uncertain origin that came from a dealer in Western Massachusetts. Four of them have blue margins, two eight-and-a-half-inch plates, and two seven-and-a-quarter-inch plates. The fifth plate, also seven and a quarter inches in diameter, has a margin alternately blue and green. The dishes are all covered with a white enamel, against which their highly colored flowers, in blue and red and yellow, and leafage in green, stand out in bold relief. The base is a rough earthenware, on which is laid the tin enamel. Over this the decoration is painted by hand and the whole then glazed. At least, thus it is with three of the plates. Two of the smaller plates seem to be lacking the final lead glaze. As a consequence some of the red and blue of their three-petalled flowers has flaked off.

The decoration of these two plates is prim, almost stiff. A black stem divides into two leaves of clear green, above which two buds in red spring from the stems supporting flowers to left and right. Each of these flowers has a central petal of red and on either side a petal of blue. This same flower is repeated above its two fellows, making the trio common to such decoration. The other smaller plate is loud with a tulip in yellow, brown splashed, and balanced by green leafage and four tufted flowers in dark blue. Where its rim joins its flat is a narrow band in black, as on its fellows of a size. On the larger plates is a similar but thinner band of black, but on

them, on the inner edge of the rim, green leafage balances their floral decoration in blue and yellow and red, which looks as if it might be a conventionalized ragged robin or clove pink.

The likeness of these plates in enamel and base and kind of floral decoration to the blue-dash chargers of England makes it likely that these plates, too, are of English origin. The only mark on any of the five is an "L. D." on one of the larger plates. This might stand for Lane Delph. I cannot find any potter, English or Continental, whose name these initials might indicate. The only ware like them I have among a considerable number of wares picked up in the "Dutch" counties is in a deep little dish that went back three generations in a Lancaster county family. The lip of this plate is barred, across rim, in bands of blue and green, but of solid color not sponged. In its center are five six-petalled flowers in red and black against a background of white tin enamel and relieved by green leafage.

I have two saucers and a cup of red-marbled spatter, less closely daubed than the old sponged spatter, that have on the saucers a transfer-printed stag in the brown-black of the eagle on the twelve-sided blue bowl. I have seen numerous companion saucers to these, but no other forms of transfer-printed deer. I have seen eagles and knights on other pieces, too, but stags and eagles and knights and a diminutive peacock on a balustraded terrace are the only transfer-printed figures on spatter with which I am familiar. On plates and sugar bowls and creamers of marbled spatter I have seen tulips, tulips of more verisimilitude than those of the older spatter. I have two plates and a creamer of this sort in blue; and a plate in green; and a sugar bowl in brown and red, but this without the tulip. Some of these plates are marked "Cotton and Barlow," and such are, I am told, of the eighteen-forties.

Hand-painted pansies are found on stone china plates with stamped "rosaces" of spatterlike effect. Hand-painted pome-

granates are found on similar plates with true lovers' knots multiplied about their margins.

Of cheaper sort yet is that plate of stone china, cheery and Christmasy and ugly, that was given me by an up-country dealer in antiques. It has twenty-one red dots around the rim, with green sponging raying off in eleven points about each dot. In the center of the plate are seven other berry-like dots in red with similar eleven-pointed sponging in green. Just what part the mystic seven plays here I have no guess. A full dinner service of such ware would brighten the corner where it was.

"Gay and beautiful" in the original darky sense is a similarly green-sponged plate with seven flowers in its inner circle of red. Another line of red runs along the margin of its twelve-sided outer circumference. Then comes the sponged design in green, twenty blobs of it. Then comes that inner circle of red in the flat of the plate and, inside of that, the seven flowers in purple and red and blue, and their green leaves. Midmost is a purple pomegranate. To its right is a rosebud of very bright red, and about it two sprays of harebells in light blue, of two flowers in one place and three in another. This plate is stamped "Harvey," as are several other pieces of crude spatter I have picked up in one place and another.

A bit of old ugliness that is worthy of that worst of words, "colorful," is a platter twelve inches by nine. It is stone china and stamped on the back, "Elmore and Foster, Tunstall." It was made in Staffordshire by some one who knew our "Dutch" taste for strong contrasts of color. Four bands of purple run around its octagonal rim, and just within this rim, on the outside of the flat of the plate, is a border of two-leaved conventionalized plants with black flecks within their outlines of green. These colors may be for a widow coming out of mourning.

To those who have pursued this recital of crudities of yesterday so far as this—if there are any such—I can only say:

"Come and see my spatter, all of it, in the 'Dutch' cupboard in my back room, and you may understand why I like it." There are people, we all know, who love reading in bed, and pug dogs, and salt on cantaloupes. As the sage says: "Human nature being what it is, anything is possible."

For
Nathaniel Long
of Manheim, first of collectors of things
Pennsylvania Dutch

DEER: RAMPANT, TRIPPANT AND LODGED

The deer is not common on decorative articles made for the Pennsylvania market. He is, however, more often to be found on such articles than any other animal. Tulips, peacocks, and pomegranates are the more usual motives, with the deer a poor fourth. Perhaps had he stood for something as widely appealing as those symbolized by flowers and birds, he would have been more prevalent. As things are, it is difficult to say if the deer has such prominence as he has for anything beyond his own sake, if he has any symbolical meaning. That he suggests much is obvious, but that he is a true symbol is doubtful.

In our own home-done decoration other animals are as common, rabbits, and lions, and horses, and dogs. You will find rabbits in plaster, obese and benevolent in expression; and, slenderer and of severer mien, on pie plates of redware; and, of a more decided individuality and more vulgar manners, on painted glass, rabbits resenting, perhaps, the antics of squirrels on the boughs above.

You will find thin lions, painted in yellow or gold, on chests, on the glass of clocks, on birth certificates; and chunky fellows, with shaggy manes, done in redware of bright glaze. Horses turn up now and then on pie plates, phlegmatic old fellows, harnessed for the plough. Others, saddled and bridled, with ladies on their backs, occur in red clay, modelled in imita-

tion of Staffordshire figures. They are commonest, perhaps, on the ceremonial platters, where we see them with men or women mounted on them, pounding across country in the chase of fox or stag.

Dogs, poodles especially, are familiar to all of us in plaster, and they are not infrequent in redware. Jacob Ditzler, Adams County potter, has left us a good many, some of them signed. Dogs, in various manifestations, are to be found in Phoenixville majolica, copied now from Bennington, and now from Wedgwood, and not unlike those in pictures of the chase on old pie plates. Cast in iron, long and low and dachshund-like, they make very real fire dogs.

It is plausible to say it is the very grace and swiftness of the deer that account for our liking and admiration of him. It is plausible to say that his liquid eyes and his lips that nibble so gently feeding fingers have won him, through the long years of his semi-domesticity, the regard of the generations of men. Yet these guesses may be no nearer the truth than many others.

It may be that our affectionate interest in deer is due to an ancestral memory come down to us from still earlier times than these referred to. At one time, no doubt, herds of reindeer were as usual in Germany as they are now in Lapland. We may, then, be aware, in some inner consciousness, that deer were necessary to the well-being of our stock, and we may cherish them as did our ancestors, and as we today cherish the so necessary dog and horse and cattle.

It may be, too, that the association of deer with St. Nicholas, or "Kriss Kinkle," or "Belsnickel," contributes to our liking. This saint, under whatever name, is the giver of gifts, the genius of Christmas, the patron of children, and the deer that he drives or that are associated with him in one way or another may share in the regard that goes out to him for his kindness.

There are both hart and hind, horned stag and hornless doe, on a cake mould in walnut that is one of my little treasures. There are nine moulds in all on this block of wood five inches

by seven, the two deer, hound and fox, bee and fish, and dove and peacock and goose. There is certainly some reason why there should be two representatives of deer among these moulds for "springlies," and only one each of the other creatures.

Why, too, are there so often deer on a *geburtsschein?* Rampant and counter-rampant, as the heraldists say, are the two fellows that face each other at the lower corners of the birth certificate of Christian Gross, who was born in Lancaster County in 1806. Above each deer is a dove perched on a spray of leaves, presumably of olive, and, above the doves again, nodding tulips. Flowers and birds and deer are brushed with a paint close to enamel, of which the base is perhaps cherry gum. Tulips and doves are dominantly red, but the stags, outlined in black and with black antlers and legs and tails, prance toward each other with bodies spotted red and black, laid on somewhat after the fashion of the markings on fallow deer.

Deer in red, three pairs of them, embellish the most pretentious door panel that I have ever seen. The linen towelling of the panel has mellowed to ivory with the years and combines most harmoniously with the old red of beasts and birds and flowers and lettering.

Seven antlered deer, six of a size and one little fellow, trot to the left on the sampler of Mary Dransfield, who lived somewhere in the Delaware Valley and embroidered this sampler in 1797. For all her English name, the sampler is very "Dutch." At the top is the flat-roofed house, familiar on the "sceneries" of the Sheraton mirrors; and, below, a line of peacocks and barnyard fowl, all headed, like the deer, to the left. The deer make the next line, and then comes a line of four ducks in a bracket and, curiously, a ship to balance them. Perhaps the little lady lived on the waterfront and put into her work what was daily before her eyes. The sampler is very faded now, worn to a monotone of grey, with the figures, darker or

lighter than the ground, hard to distinguish in certain lights. Whether the seven deer are a mere accident, or whether they had a definite meaning to Mary as she wove them into the sampler, it is difficult to settle at this late hour.

After horse and ox, sheep and pig, barnyard cock and fish, deer are the creatures most often used as weather vanes. Arrows are commoner than any creatures, and horse and cock and fish commonest among the creatures. Oxen and sheep and pigs are fairly common, too, and deer cannot be called rare. I have come on these whittled out of wood, and cut out of sheet iron and out of copper. They may occur in wrought iron, too, for I have found them so fashioned on those elaborate trammels made for the cranes of our great fireplaces. The use of the fish as weather vane is obvious enough, and the cock, beloved of Thor, is, too, a talisman against lightning. It may be well that the stag is also sacred to Thor, and, so, a protection to stable or barn against his thunderbolts. Or it may be that the deer are valuable as weather vanes because of their speed. It is perhaps felt that they can outrun the lightning.

What the stag is doing with the tail of a fish in a sgraffito plate by Friedrich Hildebrand, of Montgomery County, can be explained perhaps by some similar symbolism of the cult of Thor. Johannes Neesz, too, made at least one deer platter. It shows a stag running to the left. He is red in color and brown spotted, being cut through yellow slip to the redware base of the platter. All is coated with lead glaze. The leafage and flowers about the stag are cut down, too, to the red, and tipped with the green of copper that is so usual a combination with the yellow slip.

Unencumbered by such a fish shape, the stag on the platter by Isaac Stout is running with forefeet up and antlers back. He occupies the center of the platter, cut through yellow slip, green splashed, to its redware base. Below him is a hurdle of heavy withes, to the right a plant of indeterminate flower, and to the left a tree. It is not a very striking plate, but it

is another concrete testimonal to our love of the deer. It is dated 1790.

Two older ceremonial platters by David Spinner, of Bucks County, show the whole chase, stag and hounds and riders on galloping horses. On the one plate are the deer, counter-rampant, and the dogs, and the forequarters of a horse. On its fellow plate are the man and woman on horseback. If the right-hand plate is laid over the left-hand just a little, the design is complete. It was overlapping thus that they used to stand on the mantelpiece of the potter's granddaughter before Dr. Barber secured them for the Pennsylvania Museum.

On hooked rugs, too, the stag is often found, but no oftener in Pennsylvania than in New Hampshire. Wherever you find him, however, he is apt to be in orange-yellow or brown against a background of grey. I came on a stag, too, in a great sampler of overlaid silk four feet square. This stag occupies the lower left-hand corner, filling a space about six inches by eight inches. He is dark red in color and of more action, running counter-rampant, than you would think possible in such a medium. He is going it much harder than the deer on the hound-handled pitchers that probably suggested him, the leaping deer, I mean, on the smaller pitchers. On certain large hound-handled pitchers we see the stag at bay, waiting for the attack of the three dogs that are running at him abreast. Certain laid-on modellings in Wedgwood are probably the originals, in turn, of the Bennington pitchers.

The deer has held his place in decoration down to very recent times in Pennsylvania Dutchland. In the Phoenixville pottery, which burnt its first kiln in 1867, animal heads were one of the early specialties, stag heads sharing popularity with those of foxes and boars. You will still meet all three heads in country hotels, in what were once the barrooms. When this Phoenixville pottery later turned to majolica it made a plate in several sizes, of a stag running before hounds. I have it of eight-inch and nine-inch diameters. The designs

tally exactly, save that the deer on the larger plate is spotted, like the fallow deer of the old world, and that on the smaller plate is solid brown, like the deer of the hills within sight of Phoenixville. Both deer and dogs are in relief. The stag headed to the right, the dog close to its flank, and the head of another hound just breaking cover, are in light brown against a background of grass and woodland greenery. The lips of the plates are also in brown, and are moulded into forms of conventionalized leaves and flowers.

The most recent deer we delight in are, I suppose, those fellows in blown glass we bought at the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876. We have always been stout supporters of such celebrations, and we swarmed into Philadelphia in great numbers fifty-three years ago, as we did in 1926 for the Sesqui-Centennial. Many of the plain-clothes folk among us were in evidence at both centennials. As the theatre and kindred allures are taboo to Mennonites, Amish and Dunkards, the people of these sects are eager to attend allowable entertainments, and can be found at circus and fair, family reunion and church celebration in full strength, from youngest to oldest. A centennial, when it does come along, is an occasion of a lifetime and so to be recalled by some worthy memento. Apparently, we judged none worthier to commemorate 1876 than work in blown glass. All the way from Chambersburg to Easton I have found such work, its specimens of various sorts mounted on wooden stands and covered by bell glasses. Such a specimen holds a place of honor on parlor table or mantelpiece. It is still a treasure to be shown to visitors.

I have seen a curled snake, a pair of doves, coach-dogs single or in couple, a two-masted ship, and deer so mounted, and I have come on most of these also unmounted. Unmounted they are almost invariably broken, and even under the bell glass they are seldom without imperfection. There is, of course, nothing more fragile than this kind of blown glass.

Our two deer in white glass, with black eyes and ruby tips to

their antlers, are standing side by side on a stand of most intricately twisted glass cord. One is looking straight ahead, the other to the right. Their feet are out of sight in the heavy sward of white spun glass on which they rest. A band of cloth, deep red and roughened, rings the bell glass where it fits into the wooden base. This base is painted black. The effect of it all is one of daintiness, a daintiness that comes from the exquisite skill of the glass blower in bodying out his animals, and in the tilt he gives to their heads. Their noses are ready to sniff, their ears to quiver, their legs to spring and carry them away, if anything untoward threaten. If they are less than beautiful they are more than "cute."

It was not only at the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876 that such work in blown glass could be procured. I remember, as a child, that similar pieces were offered us by glassblowers, basket on arm, about the ferries as we went across from Philadelphia to Camden. These men came, no doubt, from all the glass districts of South Jersey. It may be, too, that some of these animals in blown glass are real antiques, and date back even to the days of Wistarburg, in the second quarter of the eighteenth century.

A whole family of deer, hart and hind and fawn, adorn an elaborate pitcher in Pratt ware. At least that was what the dealer, who tried to sell it to me, called it. I am not sure; it might have been Sunderland, but it was certainly pottery and not porcelain, and moulded and lustered. About six inches high and potbellied, it is as ugly a piece in its cream and pink and green as the bad taste of man ever devised. All three deer are in relief, and spotted with dark pink luster on a lustered ground of light pink. Above them are trees in relief with blobs of leafage in a vivid green. On one side of the pitcher, the antlered stag is standing placidly; and on the other side, an equally bovine doe drowses above a fawn lying down.

After the close of the war with her colonies, England began at once to adapt certain of her manufactures to the taste of

the United States. Plates and pitchers and bowls with pictures of Washington and Franklin and Lafayette on them were made in Liverpool ware and other wares and widely distributed all along our seaboard. Spatterware was made for our Pennsylvania market with the peacocks and tulips and pomegranates that we loved. I should doubt that the deer was deliberately chosen, too, to cater to us, had I not found it so often, transfer-printed, on spatter, the china we held dearest at this old time. After the eagle, the deer is the creature that occurs most often on spatter thus decorated. This transfer-printed spatter is later than most of that with the birds and flowers hand-painted, and even uglier. The deer is represented only once for cup and saucer both. It is printed in the center of the saucer, where it is out of view when the cup rests upon the saucer. On the cup is only that dispersed spatter of fairly large daubs, and no picture at all. The deer, an antlered stag with all four feet upon the ground, is spotted a browny black on a base that was white, no doubt, but that is now crackled and somewhat browned. So aged, it is less displeasing with the lake-red than it was, doubtless, in the days of its youth. I have seen a good many specimens of this ware, and all of it of an absolute uniformity, now and again in our "Dutch" counties, sometimes whole sets of twelve cups and saucers. It was, I think, like the eagled blue spatter, a popular sort with high and low.

Almost always, the deer on china are represented posing about on the lawns or against the shrubbery of great places. Belvederes and houses and farm buildings are in the background, as they would so often be in actuality in the English scenes that suggested the designs for the soft paste or porcelain.

One piece of soft paste I chanced upon, a cup and saucer, is the sort a child would dote on. There is only one deer on the saucer, but there are three on the cup, one inside, on the bottom, and two, opposite each other, on the outside of the cup. All four stags are after the one model. They are heavily

antlered beasts, and three of them spotted a lighter grey against a dark background. The unspotted stag on the inside of the cup is an inch high; the spotted fellows on the outside an inch and a half high, and the patriarch on the saucer a full two inches and a half from antler top to cloven hoof. The three larger deer are standing each on a tuft of yellow grass, by black and yellow shrubbery, with a sweep of grey lawn and a blue-roofed house amid trees in green and yellow for further setting. Skies of grey and dark blue of varying shades, with three tiny clouds piled high, brood over all.

The deer are standing quietly, but at attention, with fore-foot raised. All the little scene of the saucer, five inches in diameter, is framed by an inch-wide belt of blue and white flowers and green and yellow leaves against a black background. This belt extends from the flat of the bottom to the rim of the saucer. A similar belt encircles the top of the inside of the cup. The little deer at the bottom of the cup stands in the middle of a blur of green and black. This design must have been popular in old days throughout our country-side, for I have come upon it in places far apart, and once, in Lancaster County, on a set still numbering the full complement of twelve cups and saucers.

Other transfer-printed deer I have are the hind and fawn on an eight-inch soup plate of soft paste. It is unmarked, but it has the very texture of Davenport. Its design shows some influence of Eastern motives. Its colors are blue and white, and its tones are about those of the lighter-colored historical plates. A band of conventionalized flowers and leaves, with a diamond pattern, and feathers like those of Cashmere shawls, runs around the lip of the plate, and frames the scene of lawn and shrubbery and trees and summer houses in which the doe "passant" and fawn "lodged" are the central figures. These deer, too, are spotted. Their figures are very small, the hind being no more than an inch long, and the fawn over which she stands, but half her size and partly hidden by a stockade.

Wholly Highland is my Adams brown and white platter with running deer. It is a moulded piece fifteen by ten and a half inches, with cut-out handles at the ends, raised center, and a moat for gravy round about. Above and below and on either side of the central picture are little pictures of two Highlanders on a cliff watching dogs running a stag in a valley below. The principal picture in the center is more elaborate. A stag, with his tongue out, has just leapt from a crag on which a Highlander, gun in hand, is hurrying after him. A dog with hanging tongue, a rough-coated deer hound, has just reached the crag. In the background are three other hunters hurrying up along the shores of a loch. In the middle distance are the craggy shores of the further side of the loch, and beyond them, in the far distance, sharp Alp-like peaks in white lift into an angry sky.

It is, of course, story-telling art, this stag hunt, and with little rhyme or reason to its story, but it arrests one's attention somehow, and it is decorative in a way. It, though marked Caledonian and made in Tunstall, has long resided in Lancaster County, where I am told, it is a favorite design. There, too, and elsewhere in Dutchland, I have found other representations of deer against a Scots background. In my own family, for instance, Landseer's "Death of the Stag" was cherished from the very time of its engraving by Cousen in the eighteen-fifties, and later "The Stag at Bay" found a place on the walls of our dining room.

I am not claiming that a love of the deer in decoration is a distinguishing characteristic of the Pennsylvania Dutch. I would not claim the peacock even as peculiarly our own, although it is more characteristic of us than the deer. I would not claim tulip and pomegranate ours alone. All that I claim is that we have a predilection for peacock and tulip and pomegranate, and that we picture them not only for their intrinsic beauty but with a definite symbolism. We love the deer, too, and we have so long loved him that his choice as a motive

on china was inevitable on the part of Staffordshire potters seeking to sell to us.

Deer and their kind are loved the world round. No trophies of the chase are so universal as deer's heads and antlers. No pictures of wild animals are seen so often on the walls as the pictures of deer, and no pictures of any animals oftener, save of dogs and cats and horses. On the earliest woodcuts made in America deer were figured, and down through the Currier and Ives lithographs, such as "Deer in the Woods," to present-day engravings, they hold a prominent place. Bartlett has represented deer a number of times. He presents a stag drinking in his painting of "Indian Falls," near West Point; another stag, with companions, in "The Two Lakes and the Mountain House in the Catskills"; and still another, swimming in Lake George, in "Black Mountain." Bartlett was an English painter who came here in 1838 and travelled throughout the East from the Maine Coast and the White Mountains to Harper's Ferry and the Natural Bridge, painting what he considered the chief points of interest within that stretch of country. Everywhere throughout eastern Pennsylvania you will come upon his work, either in portfolios or as the illustrations to "American Scenery."

A lithograph by John Sartain after Doughty was popular, too, in Pennsylvania. A copy of it hung, in my boyhood, on the walls of my uncle's home in Lebanon, and another copy brought far away from there, in Bucks County, is in my study today. In the forty years that have intervened between my first sight of "Common Deer" and my coming into possession of a copy, I ran upon the picture in all places likely and unlikely in my expeditions up state. Those of us this side of the Blue Mountain knew our deer as often, I shouldn't wonder, from this picture, as from the creature in the flesh. Stag and doe and fawn are represented, the father of the family occupying the center of interest. Head up and tail up, he stands, in brown and white, on a green sward, by the water's edge, under

a heavy-trunked tree, against a background of far dark cliff. Doe and fawn are on either side of him. Further off than the dark cliffs, his background, are other cliffs, yellow in the sun, cliffs of Yosemite-like proportions, and over them a sky of blue and grey. It is not a work of high art, but it is fairly faithful to nature, and it is so appealing to children that they will attempt to pat its deer and be disappointed at the cold feel of the protecting glass.

Both Currier and Kellogg put hart and hind in a prominent place among the animals parading into their Noah's arks.

A whisky glass, two inches high, blown, and probably Swiss, and a match dish, moulded and etched and undoubtedly Bohemian, both of them long resident in Pennsylvania, have deer as motives in their decoration. On the whisky glass, the deer, bounding with forelegs off the ground, is in white enamel, and other enamel, in white and black and red and green, balances the little beast. The glass is very like in feeling to the enamelled perfume bottles and gaudy drinking cups the world calls Stiegel, and it is possible, of course, that the glass is American. The match safe, a bathtub shaped receptacle, is three inches long, an inch high and an inch wide. Its deer, an antlered stag grazing, is on the base of the trough. Around the four sides runs the well-known design of bunches of grapes and grape leaves and vines. The glass is the familiar red. Another piece of Bohemian glass I know, of like quality, but a squat perfumery bottle, has six different poses of deer on its six sides.

Familiar, too, in Pennsylvania, are paper cutters of wood with stags whittled out on their handles. These are most of them Swiss, but some may be of home manufacture. Many phases of Swiss art have persisted among us even to this day. Domestic, certainly, are the tin moulds of deer we use to make Christmas cakes.

It may be that one of the origins of the deer as decorative motive is, like that of peacock and tulip and pomegranate, the Persian hangings and rugs and illuminated drawings of

Renaissance times. Certain it is that a deer-like animal, an antelope most probably, is found on all three, and on block printing and brass of later years.

It is likely that a more direct origin is the deer that were to be seen everywhere in the Germany and Switzerland from which came, more immediately, our household art. Deer, after all, were the chief quarry of the chase, more truly a symbol of the splendor of sport than boar or bear. Stories of deer hunts have their part in many records of the entertainments of great folk, and in romance after romance are chronicled the runs of white hinds and of harts proof against even bullets of silver. Deer have from old time been blazoned on shields, and they have still place on many coats of arms. Huntsmen and forest rangers wear figures of deer on their uniforms.

It is probable, too, that for many the deer, in the end, harks back to the reindeer. It is as the reindeer that we find deer in the Atlas of the Heavens, a household book that many of us treasure as we do Almanac and Bible. The reindeer roams so far north in the skies that we do not know him well, but, though out of sight of most of us, he is not out of mind. Certainly it is the reindeer we think of as associated with St. Nicholas. Of that northern race are his antlered steeds. Until yesterday, when "Belsnickel" and "Kriss Kinkle" came to the farm homes of Pennsylvania on Christmas, one or the other wore some trophy of the deer hunt. There were no caribou, no reindeer, among Red Hills or Blue Mountains, but there were deer like enough to the traditional sort to furnish suggestions of the reindeer's trappings. If "Belsnickel," who came to reprove and whip bad children, wore a skunk-skin cap, "Kriss Kinkle," who came to give them nuts and apples, wore a deer skin draped across his shoulders, or a buck tail nodding from his hat.

Perhaps the very northernness of the deer, too, appealed to us, the northernness of the reindeer. He is so intimately a part of the landscape under snow, of the pageant of winter, of the

season of good cheer and high festival. What better, then, than to perpetuate and recall the memory of such times, by their symbol the deer, or reindeer, on *geburtsschein* and door panel; platter and powder horn; in Chelsea china, or plaster; in figure of blown glass, or on paneled chest. What better, then, than to buy, for cupboard or table, spatter with a deer on it, or Leeds cup or Adams bowl with him rampant or trippant or lodged?

For
Jacob Medinger,
of the Stone Hills

THE LAST OF THE OLD POTTERS

As a child, playing in the loft, I fell down the hayshaft. Its mouth was concealed by a few forkfuls of timothy thrown together to check the draught that sucked through there when the stable door was opened. I slipped down easily, preceded by the bunch of hay, and plumped, thus cushioned, on the sloping floor of the shaft. When I collected my senses a little I found myself gazing out into the friendly faces of the horses. As suddenly and as pleasantly I fell into Yesterday, the day after Christmas, 1925.

The day before Christmas I had met the son of my mentor in things Pennsylvania Dutch. For six weeks I had been busy of week-ends collecting pottery in Chester and Montgomery and Bucks. I told Justus of some of my finds, knowing that it would interest his father, with whom in old times I had had good walks along the Perkiomen. At eight A.M. two days later, the well-known voice of Michael called me on the telephone, and told me of a pottery still running in the neighborhood of our old stamping ground. It was the coldest day of the winter, but as soon as we had the house warm for the stay-at-homes, and our chores done, and the Ford made ready for the journey, we were off. We left home at 10:25 and did our thirty miles to the pottery by 11:45.

So careful had been Michael's laying out of the route that we did not have to stop for directions until we were almost

at our goal. Our final informant, cutting up tree roots thriftily on a power saw, was brief and to the point and clear: "Turn right, turn right, turn left, and it is the first house on the left." These last turns were all on narrow roads, cedar lined, and dotted with those little houses that are common everywhere in the poorer hill-lands of the "Dutch" counties. They are not of the first settlement of this countryside, these little boxes, but they have been long lived in, and their environing fruit trees tell of the years 1790 to 1830 as those in which their builders settled here.

The ruts in the clay road were frozen a foot deep for the last hundred yards. This bump bit was down hill by a trap-dyke through which second growth struggled for existence with a wilderness of grape vines. In a little bottom, whose center was an ice pond, the buildings stood, a quaint group and in good upkeep. At the dam-breast was an ice house, to its right the barn; the little white-walled house, still further to the right, concealed all the pottery but its high roof. It was the pond that attracted us first, because there were life and movement. Two boys skated round and round and round its circus-ring circumference, dizzying you as you watched them.

It was a snug spot, in a little bowl of the stone hills, cupping the sun and down out of the wind that drove by from the northwest at a spanking gait. Just up the road a little spire spoke a hill-top church, and a great Bible on the parlor table met my eye through the glass panel of the front door as I waited an answer to my knock. All without was shipshape; and all within was neat as wax, as I saw when the door was opened by Mrs. Potter, and we were told to follow the path around the corner of the house to the shop. Apple-butter crocks, unglazed on the outside, showed warm and red through the shed window; like apple-butter crocks, warm and red, were stood, their mouths down, on a table by the back door; a half pyramid of apple-butter crocks, larger and warmer and redder, caught

the sun where they were piled in orthodox reversedness under the clay-bespattered window that told of the potter's wheel within.

The pottery was whitewashed stone for its first story, and frame of a dull brown for the two stories above. The workroom was in the corner toward the house, the engine and the kiln to the right as we paused at the workshop door. As we pushed in, a be-spectacled face smiled a welcome from the half-light of the interior. It was a face narrow and long-nosed, of a type that has been constant among Germans, old world and new, since it was recorded in medieval prints. The potter was busy red-leading the inside of pie plates, or, as he called them, pie dishes, not the better pie plates that he shaped with his hands over a mould, but the cheaper plates that he stamped out on a great machine to the right of the door. We admired a lemon tree by the window to the left of the door, with green lemons on it, and another by the stove. Our words were with the two old shrubs, but our eyes were on shelf on shelf of unbaked pottery, of a soft grey color, and of many forms. Shelves on shelves revealed themselves as our eyes grew accustomed to the half-light, of pie plates, grey and unbaked, of stove-hole collars grey and unbaked, of jugs and pitchers, grey and unbaked. All this unbaked pottery was drying as it waited for the next firing, which would not be until the first of March.

The potter had been working at his wheel only for a little while past. A cider mill had engaged him almost all his time for two months and more. What luck was this man's, to have two such trades, both concerned with what is basic to the instincts and needs of men, and both romantic. Each firing of the kiln and each run of cider is an adventure. In both you may follow rule and precedent and yet fail miserably or succeed beyond your fondest dreams. Your thirty hours of firing and your week of cooling may result in redware of imperfect glaze or friable edges with a tendency to spall off, or it may result

in glaze of a glow unattained before, or in a burnt clay so hard it approaches the durability of stoneware. And the cider may be muddy apple-juice, or nectar of the gods.

We had told our errand on entering and so we were soon taken upstairs to where was what was left of old firings. Almost all that was here on both stories was already bespoken, most of it indeed was work executed under orders. We could get only one nine-inch pie dish, and a half dozen eights and sixes. Captivating mixing bowls of the clearest and most evenly run glaze over smudged manganese were not for us. We did succeed, however, in buying a taking pitcher, squat but most surprisingly of a quart-and-a-pint capacity. Its glaze was of like sort with that of the mixing bowls. A great flowerpot of the same glaze was, too, an order.

It was tantalizing, indeed, this little group of pottery for this neighbor, and that for this country store, and that again for a far-off shop, and objects in each that you wanted badly. Things were hopeless, indeed, when we came upon, in a corner, a pile of lids for jars and bowls. We picked out a half dozen, for lidless bowls and jars we had at home, but there were no tops among them of a glaze solidly brown or solidly black with manganese. Such were as badly needed as their red fellows. We did not buy any of the apple-butter crocks, since we had already a collection of them, probably the output of this very pottery, for they had come to us, filled with apple-butter, from a farmer of the neighborhood.

None of the pie plates we saw here in the pottery was slipped, decorated, that is, by white clay dropped into designs from a slip-cup, on to wet grey clay, and rolled into it before the plate was shaped and glazed. When the plate is burned the grey clay of the base turns into redware, and the white clay looks yellow through the yellow glass into which the red lead coating has turned under the heat of the kiln.

The potter said he had some slipped dishes, however, in the

house. Hither he led us through the kitchen, clean and warm and cheerful. Well-being was writ clear if not large on all within as on all without. We were allowed to admire two candlesticks and a vase in redware manganese-smudged. We were allowed to admire also three slipped plates, the design on one of them at least, we understood, done by the lady of the house. This plate had a man and woman etched upon it, somewhat on the lines of a famous plate by David Spinner. The plate had been covered by slip and the slip cut through by a style to the redware of which the plate was made. This plate was dated and signed.

This plate and its two fellows were not for sale, but we did secure four handmade pie plates, slipped, and with figures on them. Only one, a nine-inch plate, was slipped in that white clay that looks yellow through the glaze. This plate bore effigies of both fowl and flesh, cut through to the redware ground. There was a swallow with a very red breast tossing in the air above a harnessed horse standing very still indeed. Copper as well as manganese had been smudged on with the slip, giving the plate a rather piebald look. Above the swallow was the date 1924, made, like swallow and horse, by cutting through the slip. The artist of these plates was not the potter himself, but whether his wife or a wood carver who lived in the hills not far away, I am not sure. There was much talk about this wood carver. He was the artist of an unfired plate showing two birds in a bush that the potter gave us as we left, but I am not sure he was the designer, too, of our four finished plates. I incline rather to the belief Mrs. Potter was their designer. These collaborations were very interesting to me. They possibly explain kindred designs on old dishes from potteries at a distance from one another. We know that potters sometimes had wander-years, and it may be that those of them who were designers made visits from one pottery to another for just this sort of special work.

Two of the other plates we bought were also dated 1924, one with a cow, and the other with a peacock resting on the stem of the central "tulip" of the sort usual in Pennsylvania Dutch design. In this instance the three tulips rise primly from a properly conventional flowerpot. Manganese and copper are smudged on these plates as they were on the swallow plate of yellow slip. An attempt has been made to make the flowers green by dusting them heavily with copper. Where the date is in these two plates, the third bears the legend RABBIT. I had rather it had been HAS, but neither word is necessary to tell us that this boldly whiskered fellow is a cotton-tail.

After we returned from the house to the pottery, the potter shaped a crock on the wheel to show us his art. His hand had lost none of its cunning though he had lived beyond the allotted span. The crock took shape as if by magic under his practised touch, and was lined by his thumb nail as if by machinery. He seemed to me a happy man, and he should be happy, though he told us of ills the years had brought him and his. His own master, and with a demand for his work that would take more than he makes could he make it, he can "kick the wheel" when and at what rate he pleases. There is no pressure of need upon him, and money, as he says again and again, is not everything. He is working where his father worked before him, and with many of his father's tools. It is the two-quilled slip cup his father made that he uses for the decorations on his better pie plates. He has pride in his craft, and pride in the fact that he is, in this part of the "Dutch" country at least, the last of the old potters. It is the old redware that he makes, out of just such clay and in just such shapes as it has been made for two hundred years. For the most part he makes it in the old ways, with the old appliances.

The crock the potter had shaped on his wheel he promised to burn for us in his next kiln, sometime in March. It was

April, however, before he wrote us to come for it, and the first pewee of the season was dipping his tail assiduously from the picket fence when we drew up to the gate. We pointed out the friendly bird to Mrs. Potter when she opened the door for us and she said: "It will be good weather now. They say always it will be good weather when the pewee bird is back." Mr. Potter had my crock ready, and a few other pieces.

This time I asked him if he would be willing to make me a piece of pottery of every kind he had ever made, just one piece of each. I had visions of one *eckshunk* with a hundred pieces in it, all made by the one potter. He was not willing to undertake this, but he did promise me a signed plate, and a flowerpot with an eagle on it, and several other pieces. Later he made me a sugar bowl and two hanging baskets. He attempted a bird house with a bird on it, but this went wrong in its first baking and was judged unworthy of repair and glazing and a second baking.

All told, I have three sorts of pie plates of his manufacture: plain pie dishes stamped out by a machine; slipped pie dishes of various motives; and sgraffito pie dishes; jugs red glazed and jugs black glazed; pitchers red glazed and pitchers black glazed, and of various sizes from one pint to two gallons; apple-butter crocks of various sizes, some turned and some stamped out; a red-glazed sugar bowl; two red-glazed mixing bowls; a red jar, ovoid in shape; two red-glazed hanging baskets; a great flowerpot with an eagle on it; and a red-glazed candlestick. I have seen large vases, too, of his manufacture, but as these, whether handleless or amphora-handled, were not made in shapes traditional with him they did not so interest me as the other articles.

My securing of these pieces directly from the potter has enabled me to identify a number of other pieces of his manufacture come on in his part of Montgomery County at sales and in antique shops, and one from as far from here as Mount

Savage, Maryland. A number of these pieces are black from the oven, but those that I had from him directly are, of course, unused and in proof condition. They have not for me the appeal of used utensils, but they are some of them very good-looking pieces and all of them well potted.

None is a better piece of workmanship than the sugar bowl. Five inches high, three inches in diameter at its base, four inches at its midriff, and four inches at its mouth, it is of pleasant proportions. Two handles, springing from a coggled line just above its middle, join, flush, the rim around its mouth. These handles extend its top diameter to seven inches and make it low in effect for a piece of its height. It is irregularly splotched with manganese under a glaze of red lead. Its lid is but an inch high to its button top and it fits down inside the rim of its mouth.

The two hanging baskets are more elaborate, with crimped lip, two lines of coggling around the sides, and crimped button at the bottom. They are bell-shaped, with a bulbous extension at the bottom. They are six inches deep and ten inches in diameter at the top. They are very heavily potted, with sides of nearly a half-inch thickness.

All this potter's work is, indeed, designed first for durability. His pitchers, pint, quart, two quarts, three quarts, gallon and two gallon, are as heavily potted, proportionately, as the hanging baskets. They swell out and in from the base to the high neck, and then open quickly to a wide mouth. They are beautifully glazed, as is all his work. All these pitchers, save one, are red glazed over manganese daubing. Some have splashes of green glaze, and the one that is not red glazed is a fine specimen of black manganese glaze.

I have two even finer specimens of his black glaze among my jugs. One of them I bought from the potter himself, and the other, the very spit of the first, was bought by a friend, in

Frederick, Maryland. It was carried home by that friend to Mount Savage, in the western end of the state, and thence shipped to me. This jug had travelled far in its very short life. The facts of its journeying show how futile is all reasoning as to the place of manufacture of an article from the place where it is found. It is the "silver dross" in the glaze of these two black jugs that wins me most of all to them. They meet all the utilitarian requirements possible of two-quart jugs. They are strong; they are water proof, which all redware is not; and they balance perfectly, their axis at forty-five degrees with the earth, when you swing them with your finger in their handles.

I have a couple of dozen of his stamped-out pie dishes of various diameters, with no slip decorations. I have one slipped plate with three pairs of twisting snakes in yellow across it. I have two others with the six twisting snakes, in three rows, and dots between. I have a number of sgraffito pieces. Some of these I have described above, and others, with peacocks and pomegranates on them, in the chapters devoted to these decorations. I have another peacock plate of his, cut through yellow slip to the red of the base and green-sponged here and there. This bird was cut out by the wood carver of the neighborhood. He, too, is responsible for the double eagle of another sgraffito plate, of a curious orange glaze. He is responsible, too, for still another plate with an eagle on it. On this two other birds sit above him, doves perhaps, in a pomegranate tree with three flowers.

One of the other plates with incised design in the redware base is of a cow, done with a real economy of line, and rather well done at that. This, I think, is, in its design, the work of Mrs. Potter. There are a few spongings of manganese on this dish, but the whole effect is of a dull red, and very pleasing. The plate is dated 1924. It is the only "Dutch" pie plate with a cow on it that I have ever seen. Most interesting

of the series, however, is the one in yellow slip, green daubed, on which the potter has inscribed these lines

I made this dish
without a pie
now try and
make a pie
without a dish.

I have seen the sgraffito dishes of my old friend sell for high prices at city auctions, and I have seen still higher prices asked for them in New York shops, where they are listed as Pennsylvania sgraffito ware, with no word as to their age. His eyes twinkle when you tell him of such adventures of his pieces, and he wonders what the "antique fellows" will be up to next. He sells his pottery always at what it is worth, or at less than it is worth, never at more than its worth. What happens to it later he, of course, cannot control.

A good deal of his business is still with the country stores about or with near and far neighbors. Mechanics building chimneys have come to him while I have been at his shop for stovepipe-hole collars, and I have seen dozens of his little stamped-out crocks for apple-butter stacked up for delivery to a country store that advertises it still sells all its apple-butter in redware. Apple-butter boiling is fast becoming a business for the few. No longer is a great copper kettle kept in every home, and slung, at the right time of the year, above the outdoor fireplace that still is to be found in most backyards.

Just around Mr. Potter, however, Yesterday still prevails. No matter when I visit his bowl in the hills, winter, spring or autumn, the aspect of the countryside is what I was born to and not what I have had to content myself with, these last years, in less remote places.

Change has, of course, come to this corner of the stone hills. The old stock is to some degree losing its hold on the little farms. Neither of the potter's sons is following his trade.

PEACE AND PLENTY IN THE RED HILLS

But there is still hereabouts much of that Yesterday he loves, not only in the look of the countryside, but in the ways of its people. At a country tavern a short distance from his home there is a deserted barroom with three Windsor armchairs and a Currier and Ives print of horses racing. Round about him for miles the country stores boast that they have his pie dishes. And people of our stock come to these stores all the way from Philadelphia for this so necessary pottery. They know, if all the world does not, that there are no pies to equal those baked in dishes of redware.

For
Harold J. Christ and William J. Phillips,
with whom I have shared rare days on
the hills of Berks

BICKEL'S IN MAY

It is good to go anywhere early in May, but the best place to go is Bickel's. It is homeland all the sixty miles you go, north and west from Germantown. The bridges of stone that carry the road you travel; the great barns with witch-foot symbols that you pass; the way the farms are laid out; the hosts of cherry trees spiring white along the fence-rows—all have the authentic stamp of Pennsylvania.

Spring house under the hill, mountain pink on the slope of crumbling shale, purple martins garrulous about their boxes, the soft thunder your wheels rouse in the half gloom of covered bridges, have all your life been to you the accompaniments of trips upstate among your people. The roads are broader now; the trees have been shorn from their sides; the little intimacies of this turn and that are no longer possible at the rate you speed along; but the contours of the earth are the contours you have always known; the farm buildings are still many of them in the red and white of old days; the sun shines as warmly as ever; and the wind blows as sweet. The valleys of white limestone, the hills of red sandstone, are their familiar selves, and the far line of the Blue Mountain beckons and invites as of old for more than half your journey.

It is blessedly country almost all the way. The Whitemarsh valley is suburban now, but once you have passed Norristown three miles to the left you have no real city to cross but Read-

ing. The Perkiomen is sadly be-bungalowed, but the old bridge of red sandstone by Collegeville, and its Inn, are attractive still, and the old church at Trappe is as quaint as ever. Limerick Square has still its lure for the martins, and Pottstown, for all its furnaces, has even yet a country air. Farm wagons stand at its curbs, and farm goods fill its store windows.

The pikeside is filling up with houses as you approach Reading; but here on the hills is a great orchard of apples yet to blow, and there on the hills, dogwoods' white and the pink of the Judas tree against dark cedars. And the greatest spread of old red tiles anywhere in the "Dutch" counties still covers farm buildings stepped down a hillside below the pike at the very threshold of Reading.

Once past that friendly city you win quickly to the real country along the Bernville Pike. From this pike all roads to Bickel's are back roads, roads that in old days were the tracks that led, by the easiest grades, from clearing to clearing. Back roads, too, are the roads in from the Harrisburg Pike, if you take your way west from Reading. It is as good to go one way as another. I think now I like best the way by Leinbach's, and now the way by Hain's Church. Again some other road calls and will not be denied, as that furthest to the westward, that goes by the stand of wild plum of old limbs, black and gnarled and laid along the bough with thick clusters of white bloom. This back road leads on along a tumbling and trouty stream, past log house after log house, each low and weathered, and up the hill where once stood the thatched cider mill famous throughout all this countryside.

By whichever road you go you come at last to the hill-top house of red brick, where there is always a wind astir without and a hearty welcome within. It is the house and its people that hold you when you get in. You are a little tired from the journey and from the joy of seeing so much beauty by the way. There are inquirings about the health of theirs and yours, and how the world is with each and every one. It is not yet

the time for long talk and good talk. That comes later, when supper is gotten and gotten over, and the dishes are washed and all about the farm made ready for the night. Then we all adjourn from the summer kitchen across to the house and settle down for the evening in the living room. Here is the corner cupboard with Adams ware of pomegranates and peacocks, and here the high case clock whose face bespeaks it old-world German of two hundred years ago. Here is the great fireplace, its wooden doors now closed and its capacious recesses hidden. When they open the doors you find you can walk in upright. It is so deep and long you wonder if there were not benches set in its sides so that the family could warm themselves there on winter nights long ago. You wander around a while renewing acquaintance with old treasures and then draw to the table to hear what has happened round about since last you came to Bern.

The wind is up without though it is May. There are just enough leaves on the trees to temper its moaning to a gentle swishing sound when the great gusts die. Then the wind rises again and the swishing is lost in the old moaning that has haunted man since the beginning of time. It is good to be indoors, it is good to be among so many and so kindly folks. The good company defeats the wind. You forget it in the talk that is loosed as the dandelion wine and pretzels are passed around. The annals of the valley are recounted, variants, with local color, of all the three-and-thirty stories known to man. Politics, accidents, fluctuations of farming, church and school and state, murder and sudden death, time and change—all have their place in the talk as in all other homes the world over.

To bed, you fall asleep, lulled by the rain that has followed the wind of early evening. You are wakened by the birds. There is a wren bubbling around in the dooryard under your window, and an oriole fluting from the cherry tree that lifts high above it. A bluebird warbling from the orchard mingles

with the nearer shrilling and calling. You lean out of the window drinking in all the blessed countriness of sounds and sights. You cannot stand it longer indoors. You dress and hurry out. Low clouds are driving past in the wind from the west. You visit first the garden just beyond the windmill. There are still a few blue-bottles and crocus-low irises in bloom in the borders. The tulips are not very plenty but in lusher bloom than last year. Leeks and onions are well started, but most of the garden stuff has just broken ground. Spring comes late on these high hills. You notice the orchard as you come back across the road. Its apple trees are just coming to the height of bloom. You have not smelt it before because it has been down wind from you, but now as you pass into it its odor flows over you and drenches you with a great wave of sweetness.

Barnswallows are about you now, swooping down between the rows of broad trees. You stir up the turkey gobbler as he stands guard over his hen, close on her nest in the fence-row. You round past the woodpile and chopping block to the back garden. You find there the high lifted bells of the Christ's Crown (*fritillaria imperialis*), late come in the shade of the boxbush, and even finer in fettle than last year. Its red and orange flowers warm your heart in the dull morning.

You work your way out, back of the tenant house, to the road, and walk north, with only one house in the offing to break the lines of the long-backed hill. One sparrow song, a vesper's, detaches itself from the bird chorus, as you leave orchard and dooryard trees behind. Then you pick out another, and then another, and then a fourth that is different. They are vesper-sparrow songs, three of them, and the fourth, the thin song of the grasshopper-sparrow. A killdeer's crying lifts and is lonely, when the sparrow song dies down. It is clearing fast. You can see the hanging wood of hemlocks way off across the Tulpehocken, and, as you swing and face north again, the mists blow off the hills to the northeastward and reveal the

little gap beyond Schnokaschtettle. It is going to be a fair day, at any rate, for our little expeditions about the country.

The hope of early breakfast lures you home again, but there are no signs of its imminence about the summer kitchen. You pick your way through the darting peeps under the windmill to the barnyard gate. Alvin is poulticing a live toad to a ringbone on the old mule's foreleg. It is a sure cure, he tells you. The cows stand about, sleepily licking and sleepily enduring licks. Hens are busy everywhere, but most in earnest, by their cackle, in the row of pigpens below the garden.

You visit the porkers next; and then you seek the house again, the keener for breakfast after your stroll. You recount your little adventures of the morning, and they tell you what of the strange, wonderful, new, and interesting has happened recently to the stock. You learn the shingles on the northern slope of the barn are those put on at its building eighty years ago. You talk over the auctions that will be this noon. There are several to choose from, as Saturday noon is almost the only time for them in this countryside.

In my four week-ends of May at Bickel's we have visited sales at Oley, Hamburg, Wernersville, Sinking Spring and Shillington. At all of them we have come on treasures. Sometimes we have purchased these and brought them home in triumph. A wooden rocker, low and gaily flowered, in my Germantown home, recalls Hamburg, as do Betty-lamp and turks-head. Sometimes, however, it is only memories of gear of yesterday that we carry away, as that of the pile of redware pie plates, with yellow swallows in their bowls, that we saw at Shillington, or the old-world figure embroidered in red and mustard-yellow, on the sliding frame of the mahogany screen-on-stand we saw at Sinking Spring.

All this countryside of Berks and Lebanon and Lancaster is incomparably rich in objects of household art, dating back, many of them, to mid-eighteenth century Pennsylvania, and some even to the Germany of the seventeenth century. Not a

town, and hardly a village, but has its collector. Here he is just a "picker"; here a junkman; and there a full-fledged dealer in antiques. At one place you will find a whole secretary bookcase of cherry, inlaid with box and satinwood, chock full, shelves and drawers alike, of china, Riley's choicest gaudy Dutch. At another place you will just miss the finest painted chest of all the neighborhood, rescued years back at a cost of fifty cents from its place as a feed-chest for hogs, and sold but yesterday at an exorbitant price to the buyer for our richest collector of Dutchiana. At the third place you will secure a pie plate with seven twisting snakes in yellow and green and black that owe their motive to the asp of Persian decoration.

From Reinhold's Station, over the South Mountain into Lancaster County; from Wernersville, from Brownsville, from Reading itself, I have brought finds of one sort or another and first gloated over them in the hill-top house of red brick. This little sauce dish, of crimped edge and sides daubed black with manganese, has stood on my window sill, filled with crowfoot violets, within a little while of its homecoming to Bickel's. And this sugar bowl, redware like the sauce dish, has stood in the same place, all its four-inch diameter solid with arbutus just brought in from the river hills. Roused from bed by the flowers' scent and by thought of the delicate enamelling on the bowl, I have sought them out, flashlight in hand, and have rejoiced over them, in the small hours of the night.

The woods of this countryside are seldom more than budded early in May. On the woods' floor, though, at this time, below oaks and hickories, we find always the wild pink (*silene Pennsylvanica*) in blossom. Its lines of bloom, running along ledges almost lost in the leaves, are like strata of quartz or feldspar through a cliff of mica schist. There will be perhaps twenty bunches of this low-growing plant in a row, and, nearby, twelve to twenty feet away, another row of them on another just outcropping ledge. Their pink, pale and clear, does not

fuse together as does that of the mountain pink (*phlox subulata*) in little rugs of deep magenta bloom, but holds itself apart in separate stars, each one distinct from its neighbors and perfect in its aloofness. The wild pink is at its best when it grows along little benches on a rock-face. On one such rock-face, just above the Tulpehocken, the wild pink stands out against a background of weathered grey, lichened and crumbling, in pleasing relief, asserting itself with just the proper emphasis in stiff little whorls of fresh and tender color.

On a bank above a little branch of Plum Creek is a stand of crowfoot violets almost beyond belief. When you come upon the bed of them, steeply pitched on the lowest slope of a bare hill, a stand of blue and purple flowers a hundred feet long and twenty feet wide, you can hardly believe your eyes, so much bloom is there and of so harmoniously contrasted colors. Both *viola pedata* and *viola pedata bicolor* are here, the so long remembered blue, clear and soft, of the former in predominance. There are enough tufts, however, of the rarer bicolor, with the two upper petals of strong purple, to avoid the monotony there would be in so large and close-studded a stand of one color. The green is only beginning to creep into the bank which is the crowfoots' background, a bank rounding up with sparse grass of bleached brown against a slaty soil. There is a dazzle of sunlight on the bank, a warmth almost like that of a greenhouse, but with the free scent of all out-of-doors budding.

We follow the little run down to Plum Creek, and turn toward home by the Hiester place, imposingly manorial even now, in house and offices and orchard, after the neglect of years. Here on the bottom land of limestone, just at the exit of the dragon's cave, is the lushest stand of wild columbine I have ever come upon. A half dozen clumps in full bloom form an irregular circle in a pocket of the limestone. They are so perfect in their ensemble and in their detail that we should not have even touched them. Their red and yellow bells (*glocke*

blume), trembling above their foliage of light green, with the deep green grass for background, are grouped into one whole and cut off from the rest of the world by the grey rock of the pocket's edge. As we have no camera to harvest them, we cannot refrain from picking some of the high sprays. Home, they arrange themselves admirably in a crock of black-glazed redware that we had picked up the day before.

It is, of course, on rounds on foot that we get to know intimately all the little sanctuaries of the countryside. You cannot take in all the beauty of a shad bush, fleecy white against bronze cedars, as you rush by in a car. You cannot get to know the oven, with whitewashed walls and roof of old red tile, until you potter around it and compose it against this background and that, with this pie plant or low lilac in the foreground. You will miss entirely the feeling of the springhouse, with the trout in its deep dip-hole, if you slide past it awheel on your way to visit its owner and enjoy his many and varied wines of grape and wild strawberry and quince. You cannot be aware, from a car, of half the little bits of landscape that come to you when you follow afoot the padding dogs along the old canal by Tulpehocken. Here it is a bank of old limekilns with irregular patches of mountain pink on their sides. There it is four ducks dead-white on a stretch of creek silver under slanting light, and in a frame of willows just breaking into a mist of green. Again it is the many-storied mill of iron-stained and weathered limestone against the curve of a high hill in stubble, and that white smoke that pillars up so high and bends so far across country and is so slow to waver away.

You can take in much, it is true, from the car, if you are not driving. You can note the low homesteads in the winding little valleys, each one a picture in itself with its log walls and whitewashed picket fence and dooryard banked with cherry bloom. You can take in a curve of the Tulpehocken, with water deep green under grey cliffs sparsely spotted with hemlocks

black and drooping, and the fishhawk that startles the drab quiet into life as he sweeps out white and screaming, and wings upstream. You can take in, too, this eight-sided schoolhouse transformed into a dwelling, and that old church, which, by some chance, has not been rebuilt to meet the demands of a growing congregation.

What good places there are to visit—Dauberville, Leesport, Shaefferstown, Klopp's Store, Womelsdorf, North Heidelburg, Pleasant Valley, Obold and Schnokaschtettle! The names are homely enough, but they have one and all the very savor of this corner of Pennsylvania, a countryside of "villes," and "towns" and "burgs." And the places themselves are all of interest. One is on a hill top, with a view, and another in a fold of the hills with the woods at the back doors of the homes. In some, old trades linger, blacksmithing for instance, which is really working in iron and not mere horseshoeing, or carpet weaving by a weaver with an eye to color as well as the artisan's knack. One village stands high in the annals of hexerei; another boasts a broad churchyard of white tombstones in a setting of mountain pink; and a third is famous for the diversity of the ironwork, wrought and cast, in its cellar windows.

Womelsdorf for many years sheltered the kiln of Willoughby Smith, last of our potters of redware who did business in any large way. A storekeeper to whom he had long sold his flowerpots and pie plates remembers how carefully the old potter had them packed in the wagon from which he peddled them, and how determined he was that no chipped or fire-warped piece should ever be sold for anything but a "second." His name, stamped on his redware, is still to be found on pieces picked up here and there in the broad country between Susquehanna and Delaware. Every bulb and plant on a stand at Klopp's Store, squill and fuchsia and crab cactus and what not, revealed his name on its pot's bottom when I lifted it high to look. Pots of daphne in Lititz and of tulips in Kintners-

ville told themselves of similar origin when I examined them. They were stamped "W. Smith, Womelsdorf," on the bottom.

All the scores of roads of the neighborhood that we have followed have led, in the end, back to Bickel's. It is the hospitality of that red house on the hill-top, its good cheer, its good talk, its many household treasures and their associations that make it for me the heart of this countryside, and the representative, par excellence, of the life of my people. There, on the week-ends I have been a visitor, callers and guests have been always coming and going. There has been there the bustle of a center of social life. Relatives and friends from near and far have journeyed there. They have been welcomed and fed and fêted, those who came on foot and those who came in limousines. They have been listened to, and talked to, and sent away, many of them, with something from the farm. And when all have gone, and the long labor of the day is ended, and only family and over-night guests remain, there has been still enough energy in the household for long talk about the table in the living room, and for wine and pretzels. Sometimes the talk has turned to old china; and sugar bowls with peacocks and blue spatter, long laid away in the attic, have been brought out and examined and admired. Sometimes the talk has turned to old sayings and I have heard again much of the proverbial wisdom I heard from my father in childhood. One saying is better in rhythm than any I heard before, with an odd and pleasing fall to its words. There is much of spring and of old years in it: "The boys used to say, 'Now we can go barefoot, the bumblebees are out.'"

There is a security in a home such as this that few homes can know. Nearly everything eaten on the place, by man or beast, is raised on the place, meats, vegetables, milk, butter, eggs, fruits of all sorts, grain, fodder, hay. The flour for the bread is ground at Bechtel's Mill from wheat grown on the place. The sausages and hams and dried beef have all been prepared right here from stock raised on the place.

Day before yesterday, of course, still more of what was used on the place was grown on the place. The forbears of our hosts did not live on this farm when they spun their own flax and wove their own wool, but there are still among their household treasures, sheets and towels, blankets and coverlets, made at home by their people on farms not far from here.

Before we turn in for the night we go out to look at the weather. We want tomorrow to be clear. It will be Sunday and our last day. There, south by east, is the glow over Reading, and there, to the westward the flares from the furnaces at Robesonia. The busy world of modern industry is only a few miles away, but here on the heights is still the peace of yesterday. The windmill, it is true, clanking away there in the darkness overhead, is semi-modern, but it is a bit of detached semi-modernity. The windmill is ungeared now, and the only noise, other than that of the wind, is the chatter of the guineas off in the orchard. Something has aroused them, perhaps our pumping at the well, but they are settling down again with little cries and chucklings.

The clouds are low above us, shutting out the stars. It is doubtful what the weather will be tomorrow. Meanwhile the present is good, good through and through. We go in, a sense of well-being hugged close to heart. We are well housed, snug against the wind and night. We are as sure of a happy morrow as men may be.

For
Charles S. Diehl,
of a long line of Lehigh painters

POMEGRANATES IN PLENTY

The pomegranate, flower and plant, never had such a place in the daily life of the Pennsylvania Dutch as had, and has, the tulip. The pomegranate is a shrub that it is difficult to winter about the house. It will not lie dormant in a sunny cellar with the patience of the oleander or the crape myrtle, or thrive in a parlor window, like the daphne, if the temperature is kept just above the freezing point. It cannot adapt itself to the kitchen window as can the crab cactus. The pomegranate grows too large, for one thing, and for another, it will not suffer the widely different temperatures, night and day, of such a situation. It does best in the cool greenhouse, but the cool greenhouse has been, for a generation and more, almost a bygone institution, and it was never common in Pennsylvania Dutchland.

Yet the pomegranate, after the tulip, is the flower most prevalent in all forms of our household decoration. It was a symbol of fertility, of plenty, of prosperity, in the art of the homeland. The seven petals of its common variety and of its conventionalized decorative form associated it with all that is lucky and fortunate, and with the strangeness and mystery that pertain to that cryptic number. It was constantly before us in the Bible. It was the flower of Solomon's temple and of the *Song of Solomon*. It was all the more important that it was not a known and loved flower like the tulip, but a some-

thing removed from daily familiarity, a something associated with things hidden and august and old.

Like so many motives in our art, the pomegranate harks back to an East more easterly even than Bible lands, to Persia. It grows there today, and still plentifully, so the botanists tell us, in little groves and thickets. It has spread to all warm temperate zones about the world, working its way eastward to China and Japan, and westward by way of the Mediterranean to Mexico and California. From these latter countries its fruit comes nowadays to market in all our larger towns, but it can hardly be said to be, in this form, easily recognizable by our folks as the decoration they know on painted chest or painted tinware, on Staffordshire china, or pie plates of earthenware, or in fractur.

It was a battered old coffee-pot of painted tin that led me to question seriously whether that flower usually listed as a rose, by cataloguers of auction sales and of museums, was really a rose. These cataloguers have a habit of calling a rose or "rosace" the many-petalled flower in red that you find on English stoneware or soft paste made for our "Dutch" countryside, or on painted tin made in that countryside for home consumption. This rose or "rosace" has six petals as the least number, ten on an average, and twelve petals on this particular coffee-pot. Generally there is an open space toward the top of the flower, enclosed above by inbending petals, and showing within them the white of the china or the ground-color of the painted tin. In this coffee-pot the space usually open is filled in with a red that seems part of the six inner petals, a red picked out with four rows of yellow spots, thirty spots in all. These spots would seem, undoubtedly, to be seeds. They might, perhaps, be rose seeds, but as we have a similar display of seeds breaking out of the top of what is obviously a pomegranate on the lid of a slipped dish of redware, and what are certainly seeds breaking out between the halves of the fruits on the famous sgraffito platter of 1762 in the Pennsylvania

BLOCK-PRINT SHOWING THE PERSIAN ORIGIN OF
"DUTCH" MOTIVES

Museum, it is likely that the seeds of this "rosaceous" flower on the coffee-pot are seeds of pomegranate and not of rose.

The rose—the flower, that is—was better known to us in old time than was the pomegranate flower. The rose bush had a place in the dooryard. The rose figured in public ceremonials like that of the rose festival in Manheim in which a rose is given by the Lutheran Church there as payment to the heirs of Stiegel, the glassmaker, for his gift of the ground for the church. The rose is one of the flowers found on samplers and door panels of towelling. As symbol, too, of that mysticism that cropped out in so many religious communities in Pennsylvania, the conventionalized rose was familiar to many in early times. Yet the rose has no such place as the pomegranate or tulip or pink in the illuminated and decorated writing made at Ephrata, or elsewhere throughout our home counties. Nor is it common on any other form of household art.

I am not sure that the pottery dish bearing the pomegranate on its lid is of American origin. It was said to come from Lancaster County, near Manheim, but I have never been able to secure the details of its finding. It might be South German or Swiss, or it might be that it was made in Pennsylvania by a workman from the other side. I have several pieces of pottery said to be of such origin, and pretty well authenticated at that. They are, however, of mid-nineteenth century make, and this is dated 1780. It is seven inches and a half in diameter and nearly six inches in height to the top of the pomegranate that is the handle of its lid. The dish is of that chocolate-brown glaze that Dr. Barber first described and which he thought was all the product of one American pottery.

The bright yellow fruit on the lid is not half life-size, being scarcely larger than a walnut. The seeds bursting from its upper side are of a duller red than that of pomegranate seeds which I have seen. Two leaves, moulded and laid on like the fruit, and attached to its stem, show their basic redware through green slip. To one side of the pomegranate is a cluster

of flowers in slip of cream color, two of the five very like the "rosace" of Staffordshire china. In these two the center of the "rosace" is yellow. There is, of course, a variety of pomegranate, *punica granatum albescens*, with creamy white flowers, but one can scarcely expect realism in such use of conventionalized flower forms. It is to be remembered, however, that the pomegranate flowers on my fractur (1726) of the eighty-fourth psalm, are of the very scarlet red of the double pomegranate flower, the variety most usually to be met with as a greenhouse plant in America. Another pomegranate cluster is found on the inside of the lid, partly slipped and partly sgraffito. This cluster is in red and yellow and green, and it bears above it, incised, the date 1780.

On the lower part of the dish are to be found, on opposite sides, two six-petalled flowers of yellow slip with a pinkish-yellow center, and set between green leaves. The piece looks, in some ways, like a well-known sugar bowl from the Bergey pottery on the Perkiomen, in the collection of the Pennsylvania Museum. In other ways it looks like a diminutive sugar bowl in my own collection which came from this same corner of Montgomery County. I have seen pieces very like the pomegranate covered dish that came from the Gibbel pottery in Manheim, near where it was said to have been found. I have, indeed, a hanging basket with a pear between leaves as its finial that looks as if it had been modelled by the same workman. There is a wide difference in the glaze of the two pieces but not more than between pieces I know to have come from one pottery.

The pomegranate is found, both as fruit and flower, on a pair of trays of painted tin that have spent their long life in my native Germantown. These trays are of a sombre richness such as I have not found possessed by any other painted tin. At a distance their gold and black has almost the effect of lacquer. They are twelve inches by nine inches, of heavy metal, and their stencilling is in "proof" condition. Their basic black

bears two bands of stencilling in gold and ruddy gold and pale gold. The first band, two inches broad, encloses a parallelogram of black, six inches long and three inches wide, in the center of the tray. This first band has rectangular panels that run the long way of the tray and are centered above and below the parallelogram. Each panel bears two pomegranates of ruddy gold, set among little leaves and flowers. In the four corners of the band are eight-petalled flowers in oval panels.

The outer band, on the raised edge of the tray, is only an inch wide. On it is repeated, in halved proportions, the design of the wider band on the flat of the tray. Half sunbursts, the rays of which are like flower petals, fill in the corners of the outer band, and, on the short sides of the inner band, the spaces between the oval-panelled flowers. It is only after you have long looked at these trays that their detail begins to stand out as I have described it. At first glance all you notice is the glow of the rich shades of gold against their sombre background.

These trays are rich and beautiful. Gay, and something short of beautiful, is my quart measure of painted tin with a band of pomegranate flowers and fruit about its mouth. These are of bright yellow and brighter red, very typical in such combination of the contrasts dear to our hearts. Three black seeds in little yellow daubs at the top of the red fruit proclaim it the pomegranate, though it has a depression, like an apple, instead of the protuberant top of the pomegranate. However, the protuberance is really there, though it is detached from the fruit and placed just above the depression in its top, instead of being fitted into it. Properly placed, this brown daub with a black seed upon it would round out the fruit to the shape conventional in decoration for the pomegranate.

A later find than any of these seems to me to confirm the contention that the "rosaceous" flower is the pomegranate. This find, another teapot of painted tin, settles the question that its battered old fellow raised. This teapot, too, comes

from Lebanon County. It shows fruits that are obviously pomegranates coming from the stem from which comes the "rosaceous" flower common alike to toleware and Staffordshire pottery. Upon the brown-purple groundcolor of the pot stand out two sprays, one on either half between spout and handle. The stems are in yellow, the leafage in yellow and green, the flowers and fruit in real pomegranate red, streaked with yellow. One spray bears one "rosaceous" flower in full blow, of red and yellow, at the lower right hand with three unopened red buds catercornered to it at upper left. At upper right is a plump pomegranate, and at lower left another plump fellow to balance it. Both are in pomegranate red with yellowish streaks. On the other side of the pot a "rosaceous" flower at lower right is set over against a fruit at lower left. The flower is red, yellow-streaked, and the fruit pomegranate red. Above, crowning the spray in green and yellow, are three small pomegranates in red and yellow. Although the colors are elementary and in strong contrast, shellac and the brown-purple ground of the tin and the years have toned them down to old red and old yellow and old green. They harmonize and render the teapot as pleasant in color as it is good in design. It warms one's heart, if in a different way from that spiced wine of pomegranates that the Bible alludes to so lovingly. It is my belief that the so-called four-leaved clover design not uncommon as a barn symbol is in reality a conventionalized pomegranate. This symbol is almost always eight-petalled, four swirled leaves in white alternately with four leaves in the red of the barn's color. Like most barn symbols, this pomegranate design is enclosed in a white circle. Exactly this design, but with its conventionalized flowers of twelve or thirteen petals instead of eight, is found on the ceremonial platters that are a kind of glorified pie plate. Two such platters were sold at the auction of the Temple collections in Philadelphia, January 22-28, 1922. One of these had a central pomegranate of twelve petals, with seven

more similarly petalled pomegranates about it. The other platter had five such conventionalized pomegranates, with a conventionalized tulip of six petals as the sixth flower. On still another platter of this collection conventionalized pomegranates divide the design with less conventionalized tulips.

This design occurs also on the pie plates of Jacob Medinger. I have one seven and a half inches in diameter in which a large formalized pomegranate is the center figure. Six pomegranates of lesser size are spaced evenly about the central one. Each pomegranate has six petals of red and six of yellow. The red and yellow petals are alternate, the red petals being made by cutting through the yellow slip of the plate to the base of red clay. The yellow slip left between the cut-out petals of red makes the yellow petals.

It is a conventionalized form of the fruit that is found on a large cream jar made by John Bell, of Waynesboro, Franklin County, Pennsylvania. A wreath of eight pomegranates in glaze of red lead encircles the shoulders of the jar. Save for these and daubs at the corners of its arched handles the outside of the jar is unglazed. The fruits in burnt almond stand out clearly, but not too clearly, against the dull red of the unglazed ware. This big jar has the shape of a Roman urn. It is fourteen inches high, and it swells out from a base seven inches and a half in diameter to a diameter of eleven and a half inches at half its height. It rounds in again slowly to a diameter of nine inches just below the heavy rolled-out lip at its top.

Six petals in red about a circular red daub very nearly reproduce the tulip barn symbol in the center of a Mayer plate I have, with seven "rosaces" in red among green and black leaves on its raised lip. These "rosaces" are, I think, pomegranates. A pomegranate, too, is the red flower in the center of another and unmarked Staffordshire plate, of a pale cream color with decorations in red and maroon and blue and green and black. Pomegranates, too, I think, are the flowers in red

on the familiar Adams plates with red and green decorations on a white ground. Four little bellflowers with a large pomegranate flower make each unit of this design.

That some of the English makers of these "rosaceous" pomegranates thought they were painting roses on the plates is evident, however, from the fact that, in instances, buds accompanying the "rosaces" are very like rosebuds.

The pomegranates on a pitcher and basin by Wood that I have are in blue, six of them around the outside of the bowl, and four within the bowl, and four more on the pitcher. This blue is a dark blue, darker than the usual cobalt of potter's blue. There are no pomegranates among the uncolored moulded flowers that occur as decoration along with the pomegranates painted in blue. Here are only tulips, and daisies, and roses that are roses beyond a shadow of a doubt.

There is a central pomegranate in blue on a Davenport side plate of six-inch diameter that I treasure greatly. There are other touches of blue on this bit of soft paste, but its decorations are dominantly in yellow and olive-green. The white of its background has in it just a touch of cream. Almost milk-white is a fellow in size and general aspect to this Davenport plate, with a wreath of leaves of brown and green and of yellow fruit, enclosing four pomegranates, two in yellow, two in blue.

Gay of color as are many of the pomegranates I have come upon in the decoration dear to us, I have never seen the exact combination of Aaron's robe. We are told in Exodus 38:33 that it bore on its hem "pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, . . . and bells of gold between them round about." I have seen pomegranates of each of these colors, and bells of gold with each, and pomegranates of two of the colors and bells of gold, but never pomegranates of the three colors together, and bells of gold. You will find pomegranates of blue and of scarlet with bells of gold on much of the gaudy-ware made in Staffordshire for the "Dutch" market. You will find

pomegranates of purple and scarlet with bells of gold on some of it. Most common are pomegranates of just one color and bells of gold. Before me as I write are two saucers with pomegranates in blue and bells of gold. They are of soft paste and hand-painted. In one the pomegranate is nine-petalled, and, in the other, ten-petalled. Between the petals little bellflowers in deep ochre are tucked away snugly, nine in the one flower, ten in the other. About them is leafage in dull green, in three groups, one of which bears three ochre bells. Two smaller pomegranates in blue are set over against this bell-branch on the opposite side of the saucer. A blue line runs around the rim. The milk-white of the soft paste rather isolates the decorations in blue and ochre and green. Were it cream-white it would better hold flowers and leaves together, and the effect of the saucer would not be so staring as it is.

A gravy boat of similar ware but whose crackliness gives it a mellower texture adds a chain to the pomegranates and bells. Such a chain is said (II Chronicles 3:16) to have been hung with pomegranates on the heads of the pillars in Solomon's temple. The colors of this gravy boat are similar to those of the saucers, dark blue and ochre and dull green. There is added to these, however, a lighter yellow. The chain in blue circles the boat between the blue line of its rim and that other blue line at its widest circumference a little above midmost its height of five inches. On its lower part is found, on one side, a large and conventional pomegranate flower in ochre, and seedy fruits in light yellow, and leaves of dull green. On the other side is a smaller flower in ochre amid similar leaves of dull green, and bellflowers in ochre with another seedy pomegranate.

The pomegranate is as usual as a motive on bride chests as on barns, or plates, or tin. It is perhaps here that most of us are familiar with it, for the decorations of these chests are often reproduced and described. As the symbol of health and

hope, of fruitfulness and abundance, the pomegranate is appropriate to such chests.

Like the tulip, its constant companion on these dower chests, it is common on their lesser fellows in wood, ribbon boxes and bureau boxes, jewel cases and the like. A large ribbon box, two feet long, nine inches wide and six inches deep, which came from the mountains back of Lewistown, in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, has the bravest display of conventionalized pomegranates that I have ever seen. They stand out, in the exact creamy white of the pomegranates of my pottery dish, but against a background of slate grey, in a contrast not very pleasing. They are seven-petalled, all of them, as have been actual pomegranate flowers of my acquaintance, though those I knew were scarlet red in color.

More luxuriant are the pomegranates on my bureau box with curved lid. Ten by six by six, this box is marbled all over a dull blue-green. On top and all four sides are sprays of four flowers, all centered. There are, in each spray, three conventionalized pomegranates in red and yellow, very like those of fractur, and one "rosaceous" flower with many petals of red and cream. This large flower may be a rose, but it is more likely that it is a very double pomegranate. He would be an optimist, indeed, who could call this box beautiful. It is, however, sui generis, and it must glad every heart in which beats even a modicum of "Dutch" blood.

Of less pleasing proportions, but of more interesting decoration, is another bureau box with curved top, a box seven inches long, five inches high and three and a half inches from front to back. This box was evidently intended to be kept with its back against the bureau back, for the back is undecorated, just painted a plain white. The ground color of the rest of the box is blue. There are white stripes down its edges, and there are decorations on three sides and the top, of birds, star-shaped flowers, and what are certainly pomegranates. As you look at the front of the little chest you note a bird, in cream

and red, in the center below the lock, and a well-opened pomegranate flower in cream, streaked with red, green and blue, on either side of the bird. On the front of the lid of the box is a pomegranate fruit in the center and a star-shaped flower on either side of it. Like the bird and flowers below, this fruit and these flowers are cream and red in color. Leaves are about both flowers and fruit but time has so dimmed their colors that it is difficult to say if they were originally dark green or black. The leaves have the sharply serrated edge that usually accompanies this flower and distinguishes it from the tulip it in some instances resembles in outline. Each end of the box has a five-petalled flower in cream with heart of red on the lower half, and a pomegranate fruit in cream and red on the upper half. This box is a piece of good cabinet making, of maple, and nailed together; its painting is crude and much the worse for wear.

Of later make, though of an earlier type of woodwork, is a little pegged box of white pine. I know it is later than the maple box, because its painting is of the very style of a larger fellow dated 1850, to which it is undoubtedly a companion piece. The maple box is a generation earlier in type of decoration. This companion piece was marked "Maria Weber, 1850." Both were bought from one house in Kinzer, Lancaster County. The larger box had diminutive ogee feet, beautifully whittled out. It went too high for me at the auction where I met the pair of them, so I had to content myself with the undated little fellow. It has, however, "David A. Weaver" written on its bottom, so it is all but a marked piece. It is five and a half inches long, three inches front to back, and three inches high. It has no feet. Its "hardware" is hinges of thin wire, a staple of thin wire, and a hasp of thin tin. It is painted that brown-yellow which the Pennsylvania Dutch turned to for all purposes about the place just about 1850, when we began to give up the brown-red long beloved of our people, and so much more pleasant to the eye.

The pomegranate in white and red of its top is what first catches your eye. It shoots up between two deeply serrated green leaves. A green line with strongly marked corners makes a panel of the top of the little chest. Next you notice a firmly executed tulip on either end. The flowers in cream and slate green, picked out in red, rise each from two sets of leaves, the upper two black, the lower two yellow.

The house on the front of the chest is of the very sort you had, if you are an oldster, in the Noah's Ark of your childhood. And like the trees of that old Noah's Ark are the two formal trees that stand by the house, one on either side. Green trees, and house of pink and light yellow and light red and black, rise from a greensward of wavy outline, a greensward that surmounts two wedges of yellow, and a humped band of black across the bottom of the chest.

A water jar in wood is one of my real finds in Pennsylvania Dutch "stuff." It has pomegranates both painted and gouged out for its decoration. It is a circular vessel, carved out of one piece of wood, spout, body, and little lugs of feet. Its body is nine inches in diameter up and down and five inches through from front to back. Its hollowing-out was made possible by a round opening on one side, into which a wooden disc, three and a half inches in diameter, fits so snugly that I have been unable to get it out. Perhaps it is not intended to come out, but was fitted so tightly that the jug might not leak. It is perhaps only our modern notions of sanitation that lead me to feel the plug should come out so that the interior might be cleaned.

A ring of four gouged-out pomegranates of six and seven and eight petals encircles the outer part of either flat side of the jug. Once there were, apparently, carved bosses in the centers of these circles, but they are gone now. A painted spray of pomegranates bearing two flowers is found between spout and feet on either round of the cylindrical sides of the jug. The seven petals of the flower are of true pomegranate red.

The center of the flower is dark blue. The flowers are borne on plants of black stem and green leaves. These colors, like those that once filled in the gouged-out pomegranates, are sadly dimmed by use and time. I have never seen another wooden vessel like this one, but it is not far from the shape of similar ones in salt-glazed stoneware and in porcelain.

I hold no pomegranates dearer than those on the utensils of painted wood turned and decorated by Joseph Lehn of Lititz. All three of his pomegranate pieces that I have, I secured in his neighborhood, and one of them, a saffron box, from his grandniece. When he made this saffron box I did not discover, but it dates, I think, from late in his life. He was born in 1797 and he was still alive and making his ware in 1889. The saffron box has lost some of its paint, but there is enough of the black still left to show the pomegranate shapes against a background of dark green. I bought it, with dried saffron in it, from the kitchen cupboard of a farmhouse. When you realize it had been taken down for years at each churning that its contents might give a proper yellow to the butter, you do not wonder that its paint is a little rubbed. Its colors are the black and dark green I have referred to, and a dull red. Its pomegranates are very "rosaceous."

The two egg cups are much gayer than the saffron box, the three pomegranates on the bowl of each standing out in decided color against the background. In the smaller cup, which is a green on bowl and base with red on stem and bowl bottom and base top, each pomegranate nestles its red and cream plumpness in leaves of dark green. In the larger cup, a pink on bowl and a green on base, each pomegranate nestles its cream and red and black in leaves of light green. I doubt if eggs have ever been eaten from either cup. Eggs have perhaps been brought to table in them on state occasions, and then eaten from china or glass, and colored eggs must have been set out in them at those Easter ceremonies in which eggs play so important a part.

There are pomegranates in plenty, too, in our printed books, and in books printed in Germany in old days and circulated here. You find decorated slugs of seven-petalled pomegranates in Spener's *Passions Predigten* (1709) and tailpieces with equally conventionalized pomegranates as part of them in the *Martyr Book* (1748) printed at Ephrata. There are stencilled pomegranates on paper-covered hat boxes and printed pomegranates on paper-covered pin boxes. A little one of the latter sort that I have bears a coat of heavy wall paper with flowers of the very red of *punica granatum flore pleno.* There are pomegranates in the baskets of fruit in plaster of Paris that, like the doves and rabbits, the dogs and cats of similar composition, took the place of Staffordshire ornaments in many an upstate home. The pomegranate is so prevalent, indeed, that one must believe that had it been as familiar in flower and fruit as it was as a motive in decoration, it would have challenged the popularity even of the tulip.

I. M.
David K. Workman,
from whom I learned of folklore
and of that Bible of hexerei,
"The Long Lost Friend"

THE GAY AND BEAUTIFUL

Those things that belong to the category of "the gay and beautiful" are many and diverse. Those things that belong to "the sublime and beautiful" are few and not far apart in kind. It was an old darkey that gave us the newer phrase, plebeian enough, but as helpful, perhaps, as Burke's itself. We all cherished it from the moment of its first utterance in our hearing, for it filled a long-felt family need. We had no phrase for that large department of life and that larger department of art to which it is applicable.

Mistah Cummings was looking at some Sussex hens, Speckled Sussex, red fowls whose body feathers are black-striped down the middle and end with a white tip. They were comfortable looking matrons in fine condition, and puffed up with "the mild and placid pride of increase." I had secured them to outcross with my Red Dorkings, a breed the Speckled Sussex number among their ancestors. The Red Dorkings, I had thought, were handsome fowl. They have a game-like carriage, and plumage of a mahogany red, spangled with black, and relieved from too much redness by lustrous green-black in wings and tail. Yet Mistah Cummings had never vouchsafed the Dorkings a word of praise. Immediately his eye fell on their descendants, the Speckled Sussex, with white added to the Dorking red and black, he broke out into loud admiration for them with a "Yessuh, yessuh, dey's shu gay and bootiful."

"The gay and beautiful" might be interpreted as meaning "very beautiful." So my most philological friend pointed out when I shared my joy in the phrase with him. It was not so, however, that Mistah Cummings meant it. I, too, had wondered if he had intended to say that the Sussex were just very beautiful, or whether they were "gay" plus "beautiful," or whether they were "beautiful" because "gay." I led him into further expatiation upon the fowls and I am sure that his meaning was somewhere between interpretation No. 2 and interpretation No. 3.

Certain it is that there are many things that are at once "gay" and "beautiful," and not the less "beautiful" because they are "gay." I would not restrict the phrase, however. I find it convenient to designate a great deal in color effects, as in other phenomena, that wins the liking and warms the heart of some people, and at the same time hurts the artistic sensibilities and provokes the contempt of others who believe they have special knowledge and taste.

I think, of course, that I am of those who can distinguish between "the gay and beautiful" which is really beautiful, and "the gay and beautiful" which is just a kind of old ugliness or new vulgarity. I think that Adams ware in white, with decorations in red and green, is "gay and beautiful," that a peacock is "gay and beautiful," and that the Grand Canyon of the Colorado is "gay and beautiful." Another may say that of the three only the peacock falls into this category, that Adams ware is only childish or cheap or gaudy, and that I grossly belittle the Grand Canyon by calling it "gay and beautiful."

But whatever I might reply to such argument, I hold for a wide application of the phrase, claiming that "the gay and beautiful" may approach on the one side "the sublime and beautiful," as it does in the Grand Canyon, and that on the other side it may near that so elementary and primitive delight in the variations of red and green and white, as it does in the Adams ware, or in the flag of Italy. Yet, after all,

some of the loveliest things in nature are red and white and green, or pink and white and green, apple blossoms and certain sunrises of mid-May for two; and some of the loveliest things in art, painting after painting down the years putting the pink and white of human flesh in green forest glades or greener meadows.

These colors are constant, too, in decoration, whether of old silks or old chintz, woven coverlets or wall papers, hooked rugs or Highland plaids, soft paste porcelain or luster, butterfly ware or Chinese medallion, "Dutch" dower chests or Victorian painted furniture.

Red and green and white joined in the gay plaid of the silk wedding dress of Lydia Swayne, which must have made a mild scandal in that New Hampshire meeting house in which she became a bride. Its round neck was cut rather low for the first decade of the nineteenth century in Puritan New England, and for Quaker discipline anywhere, and either she must have been a mite of a girl or its folds fell little below her knees. It was so sheer that one could crumple the whole of it in one hand. When I was shown it by her granddaughter's widowed husband in his old age, it was still in perfect condition and unfaded.

It may be that these combinations of colors are either bridey, like the dress, or nurseryish, like wall papers of pink and green and white I have come upon in old houses, or, better preserved, in the lining of corner cupboards. Such a lining, heavy and of stout texture, brightened the back of an *eckshunk* I bought for my "Dutch-ware" of spatter and mocha and sponged blue. This paper is divided into panels by silvern bands, but the wreaths of red roses and green leaves against a background of creamy white are its first and distinguishing effects.

It was this same combination of red and green and white, in medallion ware, that deeply delighted a crowd at Ossipee. It was a largely attended auction of the household treasures of a family long established in that section of New Hampshire, and inheriting a good deal of rare Chinese china and of rarer

old mahogany from ancestors who had sailed out of Salem in Massachusetts. There was just enough of a scandal about the conditions that forced the sale to bring out natives and summer people alike. Old glass and old brass had been sold, and a wing chair, a table Duncan Phyfish, an unusual Chippendale mirror, and a high-posted bed with canopy, but, except for subdued exclamations at the tall prices, the crowd was indifferent and very quiet. There had been little brisk bidding, for two families with inexhaustible pocketbooks had been dividing between them what was most desirable, as if by agreement.

A good deal of Canton and Nankeen of a blue particularly deep and cool, and some of it literally gilt edged, had been offered and shared by the pundits. It was very grateful to the eye, that cool blue, this hot day of early September. One thought of one's dining room at home, with other Canton and Nankeen on shelves and in cupboards, and of the appropriateness of these wares, in every way, to a house early American in quality. The Canton and Nankeen awakened, however, little interest in the crowd; they were too cool in color for the popular taste.

Then, of a sudden, a vegetable dish in medallion was put up. At once the crowd was loud with murmurs of admiration, which grew to "ohs" and "ahs" as the folks realized how "gay and beautiful" it was in its red and green and white. The medallion was passed out among the crowd, the dish in one direction, the cover in another. Envy of the two rich ladies bidding against each other for its possession began to creep into faces in the crowd. The auctioneer held up another dish, a fellow to the first, extolling it to the skies in response to the tribute of the crowd. The richer lady got the dish, and its fellow, and a third like the two, only a little larger, for $105 the three. That was the acme of the sale. Even very usable, practicable things, a palatial refrigerator for instance, excited little interest after the medallion. What is there which can be else than bathetic after "the gay and beautiful"?

Look at the flags of the nations if you are not convinced of the general appeal of red and green and white. These three colors have place in other flags than the familiar tricolor of Italy. You find them in the flags of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Persia and Mexico. Red, of course, is to be found in nearly all flags. It is the color of all colors that makes these ensigns "gay and beautiful."

It might almost be said that there must be some element of redness in all that is "gay and beautiful." That would be a too sweeping statement, but it is not too much to say that there must be either red, or pink, or bay, or orange, or deep yellow, or gold, in all color that is "gay and beautiful." The plum-pudding dog in his vivid black and white is not "gay" to his admirers, but the bright bay of the piebald horse, added to black and white, makes him indispensable to any rightly organized circus. The crowd about the ring thinks him "gay and beautiful," as it thinks "gay and beautiful" the march from "Aïda" to which the opening procession paraded by. It considers such highly colored music "oriental," too, and so "oriental" becomes, in popular use, almost synonymous with what I have called "the gay and beautiful." And as the circus crowd with the piebald pony, so the small boy at home with his guinea pig. That harmless and unnecessary little beast runs, too, to bay and black and white.

You will not go far wrong if you say that there must be, in all that is "gay and beautiful," either quick movement, or sheen, or sparkle, or iridescence, or vivid colors from red through copper and bay to orange and deep yellow and gold.

Things in red and white, without the green, may be "gay and beautiful," but things in green and white, without the red, may only be beautiful. Things in red and green, too, may be "gay and beautiful." There is nothing gay or warm about a white platter in soft paste, with a green border of acanthus leaves. There is warmth and gaiety unequivocal and decided in that old heirloom, our woven coverlet in red and buff. These

colors cheer you as you come into the bedroom of a cold night, cheer you so much that you will feel warmer underneath the coverlet so hued, perhaps, than even its "all wool" composition warrants. This coverlet has just a little green and just a little blue in it. Were its green blue too, it would be less "gay and beautiful," for blue has always a subduing effect, if it fills any large part of a pattern on coverlet or rug dominantly red. Blue is, with red, the commonest color in Asiatic rugs, which, beautiful as they may be, are not as a class in the category of "the gay and beautiful." The blue may add richness, may give them something that is better than "the gay and beautiful," but it certainly lessens the "gaiety" of anything in which it is a large element.

Few of us will deny beauty as well as gaiety to the red and white uniforms of soldiers on parade, or to the red coats and white breeches of fox hunters on a cross-country run. Red and white, in liberal proportions, can be too strongly contrasting for living with day after day, but out of doors, or for certain indoor occasions, state functions, or Christmas dinners, they are what we would have. Highland plaids are not all of them gay, but we like the gayest of them as we like the gay skirl of bagpipes, if we do not get too much of them—of bagpipes that can be as wailing as gay. That is often the way it is with "the gay and beautiful," a good thing in moderation, too much of a good thing if too constantly in evidence.

In place, too, "the gay and beautiful" is desirable, out of place certain manifestations of it may shriek to heaven, as the bagpipes on occasion. A Dalecarlian peasant costume I have lived with most of my years in an oil by Thulstrup. It is worn by a stout lump of a girl. She is out of doors, on a path through woodland, and the landscape is wintry. The costume is so toned down by dull snow and darkling woods that you are glad not only of its reds and buffs, but also of the little bit of low sunset in winter yellow that you catch in the background.

In old days, when the Carlisle Indians still were, and came

down to Philadelphia to play football with Pennsylvania, it was good to see their splurge of gay color. The red and yellow of their blankets and pennons, and the rawer color of their cries, had just the right wildness under the grey November sky. Even the purple and red so beloved of the negro have their place and function. They belong to the abandon of the cake-walk, and to the even more orgiac abandon of the campmeeting. Here they have an emphasis not unlike that of the all-pervading and ceaseless drum.

Colors bizarre or even barbaric, may seem "gay and beautiful" for a little while, as when they are used, say, by a Bakst in the sets for Russian dancers, but these same combinations affront you if you meet them on weekly visits to a concert hall. So, too, you accept the kindergartenish magnificence of New Year's shooters or Mardi Gras. Outdoors, under the winter clouds, you have no more distaste for them than for a child's gewgaws.

In a similar spirit you accept the inharmonious and jumbled gaiety of colors on a Christmas tree, knowing that the child who rejoices in them is not condemned to a life-long admiration of them, as the savage is of his beads. There may be, of course, Christmas trees that are really beautiful as well as gay, and Christmas decorations in home and school and church that are throughout in good taste. The wax candles and white cakes, the bunches and wreaths of laurel and ground pine and holly, with red berries gay in the glitter of the many lights, make the Christmas festival in a Moravian Church something to remember with delight. The Bach you surely will hear there is not exactly gay, but the Mozart they may give you may be.

As natural as gewgaws to children is warmth of color to old age. Old age wants red and yellow and orange and gold about it, fires of color without to compensate for the waning fire of life within. Your old man replaces the white trim of his colonial house with butternut of a yellow glow in his bedroom and with mahoganized cherry in his den. You do not approve, but you

understand, as you understand the delight of old folks everywhere in golden glow and red sage in their dooryards.

It is easy to understand, too, why old people, or people of primitive taste, repaint their rooms with one color after another, even before the old color has begun to wear badly. An old woman of seventy-eight had just painted her kitchen, when I first entered it, the brightest of bright pinks. She was alone in the house with no companion save a yellow cat, which I suppose she preferred because it, too, was a bright bit of color.

An old lady of this same neighborhood, of the purest New England ancestry, had an even greater love for bright colors. A carpenter who was called in to fix her kitchen door told me of his astonishment at finding the six panels of its inner face painted in six different colors and its frame left the original white, a seventh. She might have had on her door the seven colors of the spectrum, and she did attain to five of them—blue, green, yellow, orange and red. The sixth panel was pink. I have wondered if she had not copied her colors, perhaps unconsciously, from her window and garden plants, with which she is very successful. She had blue ageratum; yellow abutilon, which she called false maple; orange lilies; red amaryllis; and pink impatiens. She had other flowers, too, in these six colors, and flowers of other colors in her window and dooryard; and to her, at least, there was no "swearing" between brick-red geraniums and the soft pink of clove pinks, between blues of ageratum and heliotrope, between orange and magenta of turks-caps and phlox. To her, no doubt, the door was in its effect very like the effect of the polychromed bouquets she loved to arrange in her gay old mugs and sugar bowls of Bristol and Staffordshire.

It is only by speaking with a little more irony than one cares to use that one can include such Joseph-coated combinations as Mrs. Blank's even in the lowest orders of "the gay and beautiful." Perhaps it is in these lowest orders we should class such flowers as the red and yellow chorozema, a widely

grown greenhouse plant in the days when Australian plants were cherished. And where should we place that luxuriant-leaved plant, the strelitzia, whose orange and blue flowers were thought regal by gentlemen's greenhouse men of yesterday? And what of that camellia blotched cerise and white? Surely against the green gloss of its massed foliage its flowers were "gay and beautiful." As you see this variegated camellia, look further down that cool greenhouse of the eighteen-eighties and see that other camellia of old rose, and you will at once realize the disparagement that is possible in the phrase. The camellia in old rose is beautiful, the camellia in cerise and white only "gay and beautiful," after the fashion of the lower orders of "the gay and beautiful."

Shift for a moment to out-of-door plants, and debate the beauty of devil's paintbrush in its vivid burnt orange among the grass of the hayfield, or of the cardinal flower by streamside or in swamp. You cannot question the beauty of either. There is sure beauty in both, and no disparagement or reservations in the phrase when you call them both "gay and beautiful." Nor do you feel very differently about the gaiety and beauty of the two plants though you know the one a pest and to be found everywhere and the other a rarity save in a few places.

It is a never-to-be-forgotten sight, a belt of cardinal flowers forty feet wide and a quarter of a mile long. That was what I came on in a swale of the Poconos years ago, and was drawn back to again and again. In a little cleared place by the water way they marshalled their myriad ranks, backed by white birches to make that red and white and green so characteristic of "the gay and beautiful."

Common in every way is "the gay and beautiful" of beds of tulips solidly planted with the old red-and-yellow veteran they now call the Duchesse de Parma or that mingling of cockscombs of muddy plum color and marigolds of bright orange that lasts until hard frost.

We would have no ground to stand upon at all if we did

not mean "gay and beautiful" to be wholly appreciative when we apply it to the red and green of holly, of ardisia, of teaberry, of partridge berry, of mountain cranberry; to the red of Smith cider apples hanging in the tree after the leaves are gone or in pyramidal piles on the frost-bitten grass of the orchard floor; to Flemish Beauty or Florella pears, piled high in a bowl of redware for the centerpiece of the Thanksgiving table.

In these days of the return of wood fires we make much of the brightness of brass and copper about the open fireplaces, of the glint of firelight on andirons and warming-pan, on shovel and tongs, on ladles and toasting forks. Surely such a fireplace, with burning logs of oak or hickory, cherry or sassafras, is "gay and beautiful"; but we must not forget in our enthusiasm over it that a coal stove irradiating red light from its many windows of isinglass is, too, "gay and beautiful."

To say of Sullivan's music in *The Mikado* or *Pinafore* that it is "gay and beautiful," and to say the moment after the same thing about *The Bird of Fire* of Strawinsky indicates at once how inclusive is the phrase, and how different are the kinds of art that may be designated by it. Perhaps one may say that there is a gaiety which is light-heartedness, and that is Sullivan's, and that there is a gaiety of flames at play, and that is Strawinsky's. Somewhere in between these gaieties come those of Bizet's *Carmen,* in which we can say that Calvé was in another sense "gay and beautiful," but with a gaiety and a beauty ominous and foreboding tragedy. There is gaiety and beauty enough in all gypsy music, but with a kind of wildness, too, always close at hand.

In nature, too, very different things may be catalogued under the phrase. Trout as they play in sunlit water, turning, darting, flashing their sides, are "gay and beautiful." And shells of many bright colors, pink and red and white, and coral, washed up on the beach by a storm, are "gay and beautiful." And fireflies, trailing their lives out against the dark; and June

bugs, gold and green; and beetles gold and peacock-blue; and orange butterflies about milk-weed—all these are "gay and beautiful."

Still gayer and more beautiful are many birds, orioles in golden yellow and black; Blackburnian warblers in orange and black; redstarts in red and black; tanagers in scarlet and black; and cardinals; and ruby-throats; and redwings. It is hard to come to an end. It is in the warblers in their hosts, on some morning of early May, that gaiety and beauty reach their intensest among birds. All the woods from undergrowth to the tasselled oak tops are alive with color and movement, with twitterings and calls and songs, with the impulse of spring. Feathers of red and orange and yellow, of green and white and brown, are flashing everywhere. Wings are fanning, throats bubbling with glad cries of homing. The sun fills all the woods to the brim. The wind is west by south. The air is like wine. All the world is "gay and beautiful."

Wine! Need one more than mention it to bring up image on image of gaiety and beauty? The very names of its infinite varieties are almost as lyric as the names of birds. Champagne, of sunlight all compact, and heady as the airs of Araby. Sherry, sweet with secrets of all good things. Tokay, syrupy and slow moving, with a savor akin to that we knew when gathering honey-dew, in dream, in paradise.

Old wines in old bottles are just as good to look at as to drink. Indeed, in one collection that I know you are allowed to hardly more than look at both bottle and wine. The corner cupboard that treasures them is locked, and it remains locked unless you and the collector are alone together. At other times he switches on lights in the back of the cupboard and the bottled wines glisten like jewels and semi-precious stones of red and white and yellow. Some are medicine bottles, of thimble size, that once held precious drugs. Others are perfume bottles of Wistarburg and Stiegel. Others are quart decanters that graced old sideboards in happier times. Alone with their owner

you may be allowed to sniff at one or two, and guess at what the bouquet has been, but only from the latter-day sort can you hope for as much as a taste.

There is glass that in itself, without any wine within to liven it, glows and sparkles like diamonds, or amethysts, or rubies. Such glass was made in many places in America, from Stoddard, New Hampshire, down through Massachusetts and Connecticut to New York and Jersey and on through Pennsylvania to Ohio. You find it everywhere as peacock-tinted panes in old sash, as bottles and demijohns of green and amber, as knobs of silver or amethyst on doors and furniture; as ships' lanterns and night lights in Sandwich reds; as Stiegel blue in lamps and tableware. Firelight on the clouded knobs of a kitchen cupboard will quicken them to a strange glow, and the reflection of lamplight on the bubbly amber of a pitcher within that cupboard's doors will flash and gleam like goldfish in a bowl.

All blown glass is surprisingly quick to come to life in flashing lights. Enamelled, it is "gay and beautiful" in its red and green and white, its yellow and slate blue and black, without the aid of any quickening light. South Jersey glass on the whole is of livelier colors than any Stiegel save the enamelled specimens. It had the chance to be. There were so many more blow works east of the Delaware and south of Philadelphia than there were west of it in Lancaster County. The old-time glass blowers of Alloway and Glassboro and Hammonton made strange objects in glass for the fun of making them, as exhibitions of their skill, and as catchpenny devices. Their successors of today but rarely hawk such curiosities about the streets of Philadelphia of a Saturday afternoon. We all know the lilies and canes they blew, and the turtle and frog doorstops that they fashioned so crudely out of bottle glass.

Whether a bottle that I have, and picked up down in Jersey, was made under such conditions I can but guess, but it may well have been. It is five inches high and two inches in diameter, and

in shape like an attenuated Pennsylvania Dutch crock of redware. It has a very high shoulder. Its color is, however, its chief peculiarity. That color, too, is like those of pottery, red and black and brown. Instead of the stippling that we have in pottery its colors twist round it in agate-like coils. It looks as if its maker began with a green glass and ran in the colors that make it red and black and brown.

In certain witch-balls the colors are much more fantastically blended. White or pink or amber is the color usually run in with the basic clear glass. I have seen white and pink and amber together in swirls around such a ball, without, however, in this case, the clear glass.

It is a far cry from such gewgaws, which are "gay and beautiful" only to the primitively minded, to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which, if "gay and beautiful" at all, is so only in a sense that approximates to "the sublime and beautiful." So we have said now for the second time, but are we sure? Is there something about the Grand Canyon that may make it one of the Seven Wonders of the world and yet which leaves it lacking the highest kind of beauty? Do its purples and reds and ochreous yellows fall short of splendor? Is there something barbaric about it, something chaotic about it, something all but grotesque about it, something that deserves its designation by the untutored as "a hell of a hole"?

The Grand Canyon has not a beauty that draws you back to it again, as does the rich beauty of the Yosemite Valley, or the austerer beauty of the high sierras above it. You will not forget several aspects of the Grand Canyon; the thunderstorm that caught you in its depths; those depths as you saw them, still tumultuous with driven clouds and lightning, from the rim you had regained; the vividly colored strata of its rocks in the sunset glow; the way its purple depths had of composing with an ochreous and butte-like ridge of rock as you saw it in the morning light, after rain, and past a straggled pine on its verge.

You will not forget these, but you do not treasure them in memory as you do the alpine glow faintly flushing its old rose over leagues on leagues of granite, ice-flecked, as you saw them from Glacier Point, above the Yosemite. Nor do you treasure these memories of the Grand Canyon as you do those of the narrow valley of narrow spruce along the rushing water from the Asulkan Glacier, and the alpine meadows at its head, thick studded with little heaths in pink and white, and the glitter of the tilted icefields still above as you saw them across those miles of tumbled grey rocks and under that sky of blue.

More beautiful to me, if less imposing, than the Grand Canyon, were mountains seen in the evening glow across the Arizonan desert as we neared California, mountains without vegetation, in an unearthly bloom of blues and soft purples and old rose. Here were no reds and yellows, and hence no gaiety, only beauty unbelievable.

My inability to see beauty of the highest kind in the Grand Canyon may be as provoking to some as is to me the dictum of an artist on our northern woods. This man always leaves his summer home in the White Mountains about the middle of September to escape the vulgarity, as he calls it, of autumn foliage. "Red and yellow," he snorts, "Indian taste!" And folds up his tents and hurries away to Boston town.

One difference between the red and yellow of maples and birches in New Hampshire, and the red and yellow rocks of the Grand Canyon is, of course, that the combination of the Colorado's gorge is unrelieved, save by the purple shadows here and there, while the red and yellow of maples and birches is relieved by the black of spruces among these hardwood trees, and softened, too, by the distance. The red and yellow of fall in New Hampshire does not rise up against your eyes and smite them, as does the red and yellow of the Grand Canyon. Another difference is that the Grand Canyon is cut off from all the rest of the world. You stand on the south rim and you cannot see out above the higher rim on the other side. In the White

Mountains the masses of red and yellow are but part of an extended landscape, with often a foreground of farmland in green and brown to mitigate the intensity of the primary colors.

Great things, then, as well as little things can be "gay and beautiful," and fall short, some of them, of the highest beauty, and attain, some of them, to the highest beauty. Great things, for better or worse, are always harder to live with than little things. Have we not the authority of Kipling for saying

> "the big things pass
> And the little things remain,
> Like the smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg
> Riding in, in the rain."

It is the little things that most often fall within the designation "gay and beautiful," and nowhere will you find more of such little things than in the household goods of the Pennsylvania Dutch. These little things may be of all the many kinds of "the gay and beautiful." They may be childish, elementary, primitive, simple and fresh, variegated, Christmasy, Joseph-coated, strongly contrasting in color, bizarre, grotesque, barbaric, splendid. They may be bright, lively, dancing, iridescent, full of light, full of laughter.

The pelican in fractur of Rudolph Hoch that shows her feeding her three young from the blood of her breast is a childish thing. It is in red and pink and faint blue on paper aged to cream color. Its drawing is not beyond that of primitive man in his cave pictures. Its artistic significance is nil. It was, however, no doubt, a thing of joy to little Rudolph, for whom, or more probably by whom, it was made. It is "gay and beautiful" in the lowest sense of the phrase.

There is naïveté, simplicity, freshness, about my miniature pitcher and basin in Adams ware of red and green and white. Perhaps I should say, Adams-like ware, for there is no mark that surely identifies them. The design is authentic Adams.

It has the Adams "rose," the Adams pomegranate, the Adams spray of green leaves. There are two sprays of a red "rose" and four red pomegranates and green leaves opposite each other on the inside of the bowl, and three green leaves with a single pomegranate in the center of its bottom. This central design is repeated three times on the outside of the bowl. Its compote-like shape is very attractive indeed. The pitcher is an exact following of the shape of the typical Staffordshire pitcher in soft paste. Here, too, are two wreaths opposite each other on the outside of the pitcher, but with only two pomegranates in red added to the red, red "rose." There is a line of green about the mouth of the pitcher and up and down its handle. There is a moulded decoration around the edge of both bowl and pitcher. The pair make an exhibit of "the gay and beautiful" at its average.

I am sure of the artisanry, but not of the artistry of my four-inch flowerpot with mocha-like glaze. It is fashioned in the white clay that is generally used only as a slip on redware. A slip of red clay has been run over its base, so that the bottom of the pot, when you turn it upside down, looks as does the red clay of the usual flowerpot. There is red clay, too, in the slip of white clay run over its sides before it was brushed with red lead for its glazing. There was also a slip of brown manganese, and a slip of green copper, daubed on over the slip of white clay and red. There are those who think this marbled effect, of yellow and red, green and brown, has an agate-like beauty. There are others to whom it is a figment out of a disordered dream. To me it is exhibit A of the lower order of the bizarre "gay and beautiful."

Outdoing this flowerpot in vividness is a plate of good quality, obviously Staffordshire soft paste. This is of that make we call gaudy-ware in Pennsylvania. Its "rose" in red, halfway toward transformation into a true lovers' knot, is painted in to one side of the depressed part. About the rose are daisies with yellow hearts and red petals, and some little

flowers with green leaves, flowers that one might call forget-me-nots were they not in red. On the inner side of the plate's lip are feathers in red, a double thirteen of them. The feathers are bent out in the middle and touch at both ends the cross-hatched outer band of pink that extends to the edge of the plate. Four sprays of the little flower aforesaid, two in red and two in blue, break the continuity of the pink band. This plate is of six-inch diameter.

Another manifestation of this gaudy-ware, but in stone china, is an eight-and-a-half-inch plate in blue and gold and red and green. The twelve strawberries of its flat, each half in red and half in dark dots, and the green tendrils between, are exactly like the strawberries and tendrils I have on three plates I bought in Bridgeton, Maine. These three plates are in soft paste and marked "Stubbs." The mark on my stone china plate from Lancaster County looks like "T. Walker," but I cannot be sure. The plate is unquestionably of a composition very like that of Riley ware. It has the blue and gilt so usual on that ware, and its red is the Riley red. There are three plants on this plate. From green leaves on the margin spring fruit stems in gold and leaves in blue, gold touched. From these fruit stems lift the four strawberries in pairs, the lower pair reaching further right and left than the upper. Three times repeated, this motive fills the plate, save for three five-lobed fruit in red on the margin, separating the strawberry plants. This ware is very strong, and admirably potted.

It is, no doubt, an English ware designated to cater to our "Dutch" taste for "the gay and beautiful." It is curious that almost this phenomenon is being repeated today. So far as I know, Staffordshire no longer makes china especially for Pennsylvania Dutchland, but American dealers in antiques go now to Staffordshire and there buy up china that they think will appeal to collectors of Dutchiana. One such plate I waylaid, and bought on its way to being planted upstate, flaunts a gorgeous tulip in red and yellow. With its ivory base and its

green leaves and green edge, it is not too gaudy. It is in the ware we know generally as Leeds, with a moulded line of dots about its eight sides. It is as light and fragile as the strawberry plate of stone china is heavy and strong. It is as perfect a piece of potting as its rugged and plebeian fellow.

"Gay and beautiful" in a higher sense are those pieces of furniture in yellow rock maple and deep red cherry or mahogany, which you find as often in New England as Pennsylvania. Drawer fronts in bright birds-eye stand out in strong contrast to their surrounding red of mahogany in a dining-room linen chest I have. I cannot honestly say I think it beautiful, but it is a cheery bit for the eye to fall upon when all out of doors is white with snow.

It is in pottery that "the gay and beautiful" is at its best in our household art. Take for example the exhibit at the Sesqui-Centennial in Philadelphia in 1926. The most unusual piece of this collection was a jar or vase of redware with sgraffito decoration, dated 1788. Its oval shape glows all over with a perfectly blended red and yellow and green. It has been undoubtedly baked twice. It came out of its first firing the ordinary redware of flowerpot color and consistency. It was then completely coated with a white slip, through which four panels of tulip decoration were cut down to the red of its base. It was then sponged here and there with green, and tastefully, as this ware so seldom is. When all this slip had dried, it was coated all over with red lead and then again fired. The red lead, turning to yellow glass in the kiln, yellowed the white slip a soft warm yellow, and gave its usual effect of burnished red to the redware exposed by the much cutting-away of the yellow slip for the decoration. The tulips so cut out are of a warmth and depth of glow you would not expect. Indeed the whole vase is warm and glowing, without the rawness of color even age has not diminished in much of this ware. The glaze has softened the green of the copper sponging so that it falls into harmony with its companion reds and yellows. It is the large cutting-

away of the yellow slip and the consequent glowing redness of the vase that give it its unique character among pieces of its kind. It is their too much yellowness that makes less beautiful two platters of the collection to which belongs this choice vase. They fail somewhat in design, too, the twin doves of the one and the peacocks of the other, added to their tulips, making both a little too bizarre.

An even better "gay and beautiful" is that of a Persian hanging of block-printed cotton, in red and yellow, that I bought because it has on it so many of the motives common in our Pennsylvania Dutch household art. The asp I have seen on other Persian hangings, and in so many pie plates as "the twisting snake," I have not been able to find on this hanging, but every other most characteristic figure of our art is here. The "pineapple," the pomegranate, the carnation, the tulip, the urn, the flowerpot, the peacock, and the deer or antelope are all here. There is also on the hanging what its salesman called the royal lion of Persia, but which is striped black and yellow like any tiger of convention. However, he carries his tail above his head like the lions of heraldry and imperial flags. He carries a blue and totally unconcerned antelope in his mouth. There is unity to the design despite this wealth of detail, and there is color beyond praise. Reds and yellows at once bright and soft dominate it, and old blues subdue it sufficiently to save it from over-emphasis, but not enough to tone it down below "the gay and beautiful." The design is very interesting but not so fine in itself as the color. Its center figure is a great "pineapple" of elongated shape, framed in by bands of several sorts and supported at the bottom by a mound of reddish shells with fantastic animals, and two brilliant peacocks above the mound. The outside border, two inches wide, of twisting and flowered vine, runs around the sides and bottom, and a four-inch belt of herringbone runs within this border on either side. A five-inch band, of more intricately twisted and flowered vine than the two-inch band of sides and

bottom, crosses the top of the hanging. Under this is another band of decoration, not more than an inch wide, and below this another wide, five-inch band of red "pineapples" on a buff ground. Save this buffy border, all the borders are of a reddish cast. This "pineapple" belt, with variations, extends more than halfway down the sides within the herringbone border. The center of the design, the great "pineapple" above referred to, has certain affinities to the curved feather-like figure of Cashmere shawls, but its upper point stands straight, instead of curving to the left. Below this central "pineapple" is the tulip, and below the tulip the pomegranate, and below the pomegranate a compote-like stand that suggests the flowerpot of our fractur. Antelopes in red and yellow flee up the shell heap of reds and yellows, as yet more fortunate than the blue fellow that graces the jaws of the tiger. Above these beasts, the peacocks in red and blue, with tails outspread, face each other across the great blue pomegranate. The effects of the reds and yellows were no doubt gayer when the hanging was new a hundred and more years ago, but it is still "gay and beautiful" in the highest sense of the phrase.

There is an appeal to the imagination in this far travelling of color combinations and symbolic designs all the way from the Persia of Shah Abbas to colonial Pennsylvania. One sees a caravan loading with bales of precious goods for the golden road westward from Samarkand. One sees the same bales on the decks of old ships headed across the Mediterranean toward Constantinople, old ships that

> "sail like swans asleep
> Beyond the village that men still call Tyre."

One sees mule trains on the broad highway that was built in Byzantine times northward to the Danube, and on that narrower road over the mountains into German lands. One sees Swiss clerks, and Rhenish potters, and Dutch weavers, turned almost from artisans to artists as they strive to copy

worthily the tulips and fuchsias, the asps and doves, the deer and peacocks, from Persian books and Persian pottery and Persian hangings brought with so much effort from the East.

One can feel how grateful the warm reds and yellows of Persian art were to these Teutons in their grey north, where there is the voice of winter in the wind even on summer days. One can understand why, with the conservatism of their race, they remained faithful to these Persian colors and Persian designs for century on century. One who knows them does not wonder that these old stand-bys of their folk art were just as dear to them, transplanted to the New World, as they had been in the Old. Persian color and Persian design were thoroughly assimilated in Germany long before the German emigration to Pennsylvania began in the late seventeenth century. They fell into place in German folk art with no more disturbance to what was native in that art than the religion that came to the Germans from the East made in the religion they inherited from their own ancestors. The West has always been able to take what it needed from the East.

In the last analysis it would seem that this love of things dominantly golden and yellow and red is only a phase of the instinctive turning toward the sun of all that has life. Winter aconite unfolds its yellow star eastward in the first sunlight of the spring; the stray cat is curled at winter daybreak in the shelter of the straw-stack just where the first rays will strike and warm her, and bring her tortoise-shell coat to a glow; man all the world round does obeisance in one way or another before the rising sun. This man in the East prostrates himself in prayer. This one in the West buries his dead on some high spot that glows red in the dawn, buries them with their faces and feet toward the East. The love of "the gay and beautiful," then, is nothing more nor less than man's love of the color of life. It is an instinctive love, and so not discriminating, and so not necessarily disciplined by good taste, and so not inevitably tried and proved by the stern principles of aesthetics.

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